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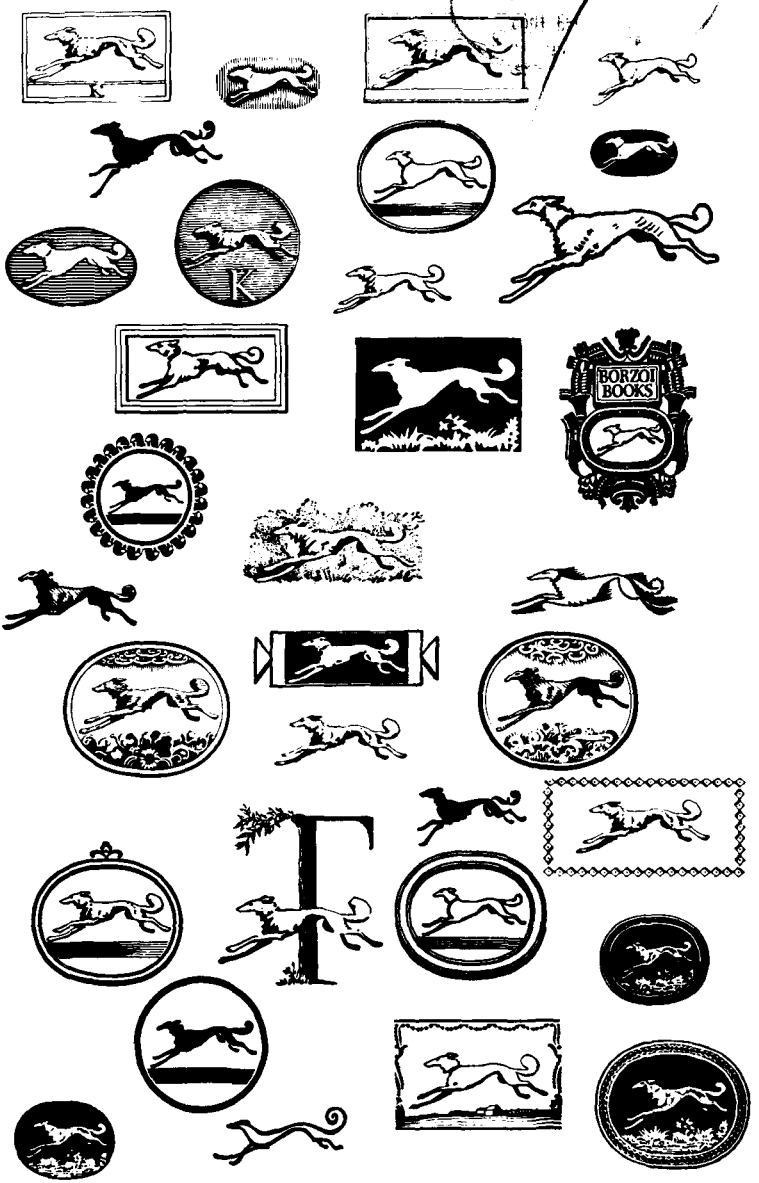

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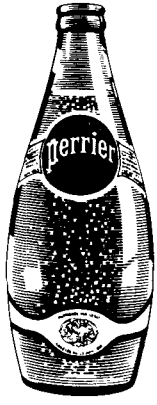

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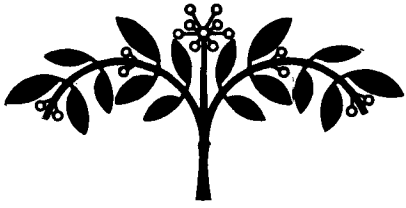

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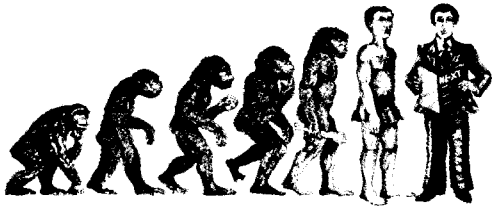

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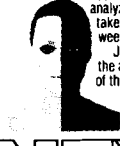

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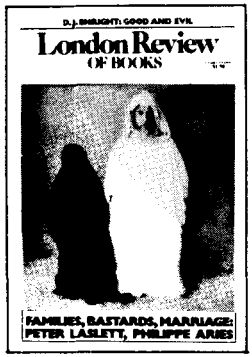

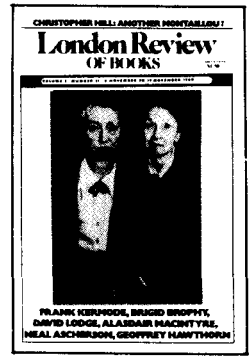

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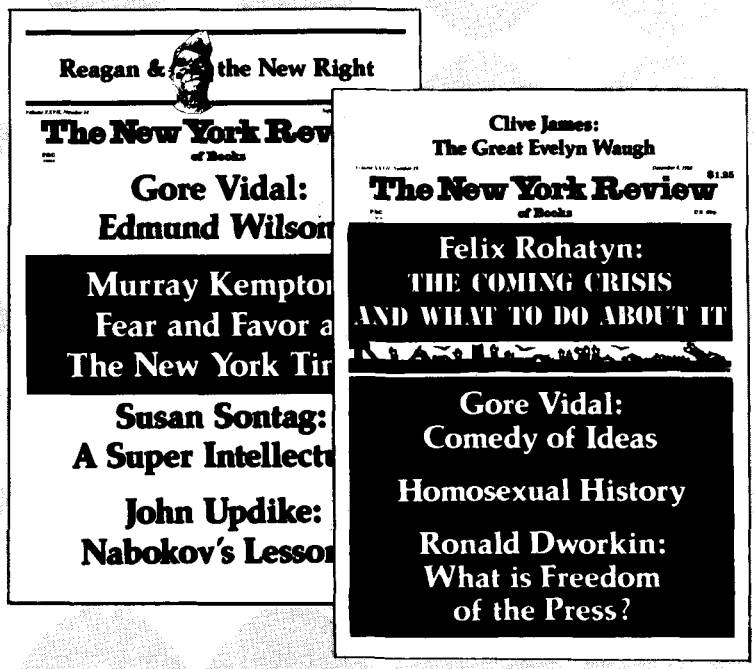

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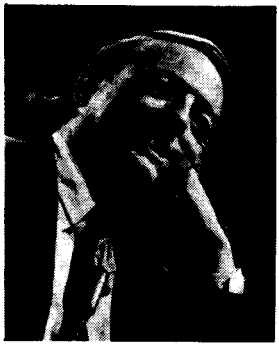

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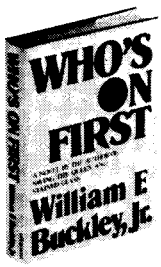

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Memorandum from *Newsweek's* Paris Bureau—October 11, 1953

One midnight in Paris last November a left bank gendarme spotted six figures creeping out of a window into a courtyard on the Rue Garancière. Taking no chances, he shouted "stop" to the startled youths who hurried to explain they were editors of a magazine and had been locked in the building while working late. Had literature touched his curiosity more than crime, he might have learned that the six young men are the editors of the *Paris Review,* the newest publication to appear in the solid tradition of American literary magazines.

New York Times, **October 10, 1967—Mineola, L.I.**

A trustee of the Farmingdale Public Library who admitted having confiscated a copy of a literary quarterly in the library because he considered an article obscene was found guilty of petit larceny today. A district Council jury of four men and two women took only 28 minutes to convict Carl E. Gorton, 31 years old, of 76 Lockwood Avenue, Farmingdale. He was accused of having taken a copy of the *Paris Review* from the South Farmingdale branch on April 5.

New York Times, **July 2, 1969—"WELFARE ISLAND RENTED FOR PARTY" "Use of Property for Benefit Called First and Last Time"**

Sections of the city-owned Welfare Island were rented last week for a private party for writers, actors, models and their friends but city officials said the Island was no longer for rent.

The $25.-a-ticket party was the fifth annual benefit for the *Paris Review,* a literary quarterly which paid $50. for rental of a wooded area and adjoining parking lot with a view of the city skyline.

The money was given to the Hospital Commissioner Joseph V. Terenzio, whose Department is responsible for the land which is linked to Manhattan and Queens by the Queensborough Bridge at 59th Street.

City officials said that the Island had never before been rented to a private group for a party. Asked if the Island could be rented again, Tom Morgan, the Mayor's Press secretary replied, "of course not."

The party's 800 guests, many in formal attire, danced to a rock and roll combo out of earshoot of the 2,800 chronically ill patients in the city's Bird S. Coler and Goldwater Memorial Hospitals on the island.

"People wandered around and looked at the ruins," said Mr. Plimpton, referring to abandoned buildings near the hospitals.

MEMORANDUM FROM *NEWSWEEK*—SEPTEMBER, 1980
A TOAST TO THE *PARIS REVIEW*—FOR GIVING US SO MUCH PLEASURE OVER THE PAST 25 YEARS, AND FOR DOING IT WITH UNFAILING WIT, STYLE AND GRACE. SALUT!

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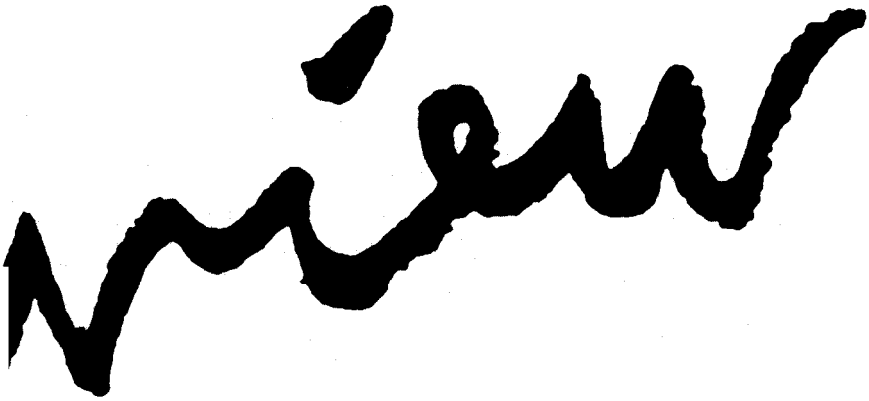

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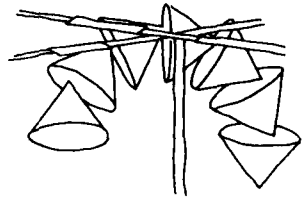

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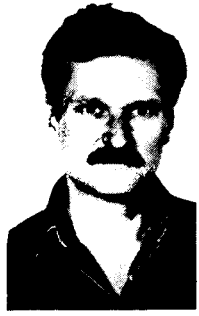

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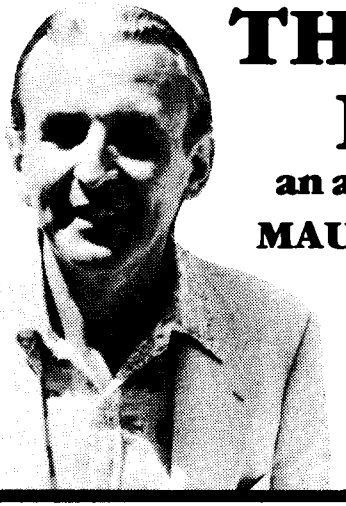

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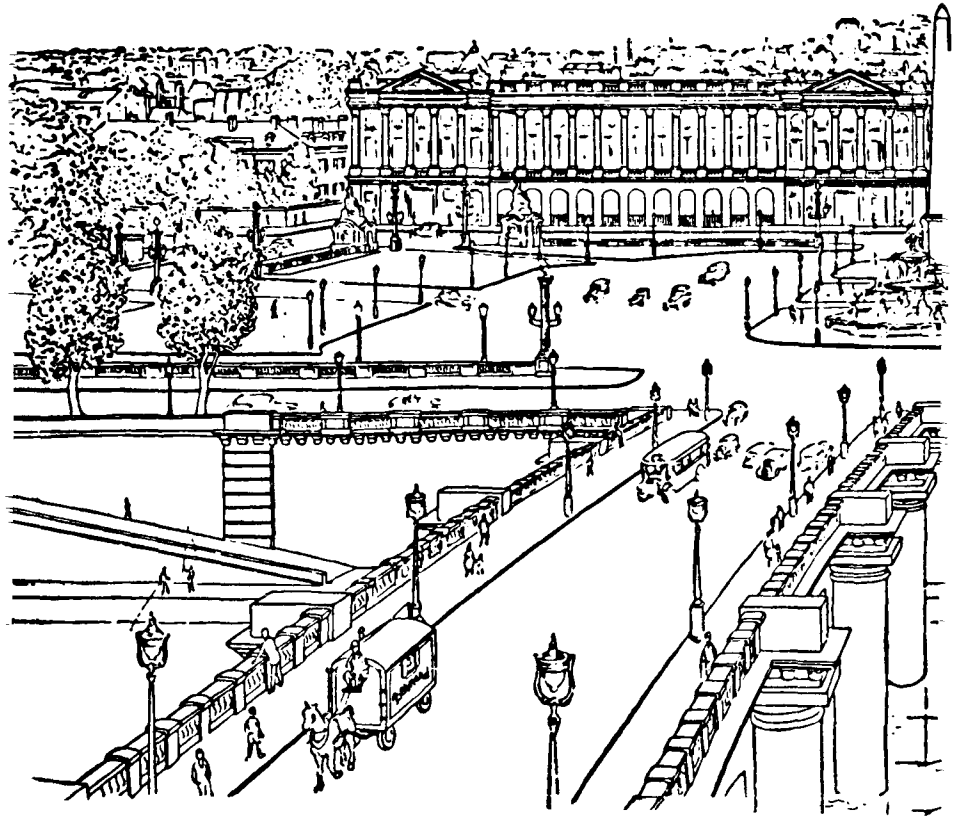

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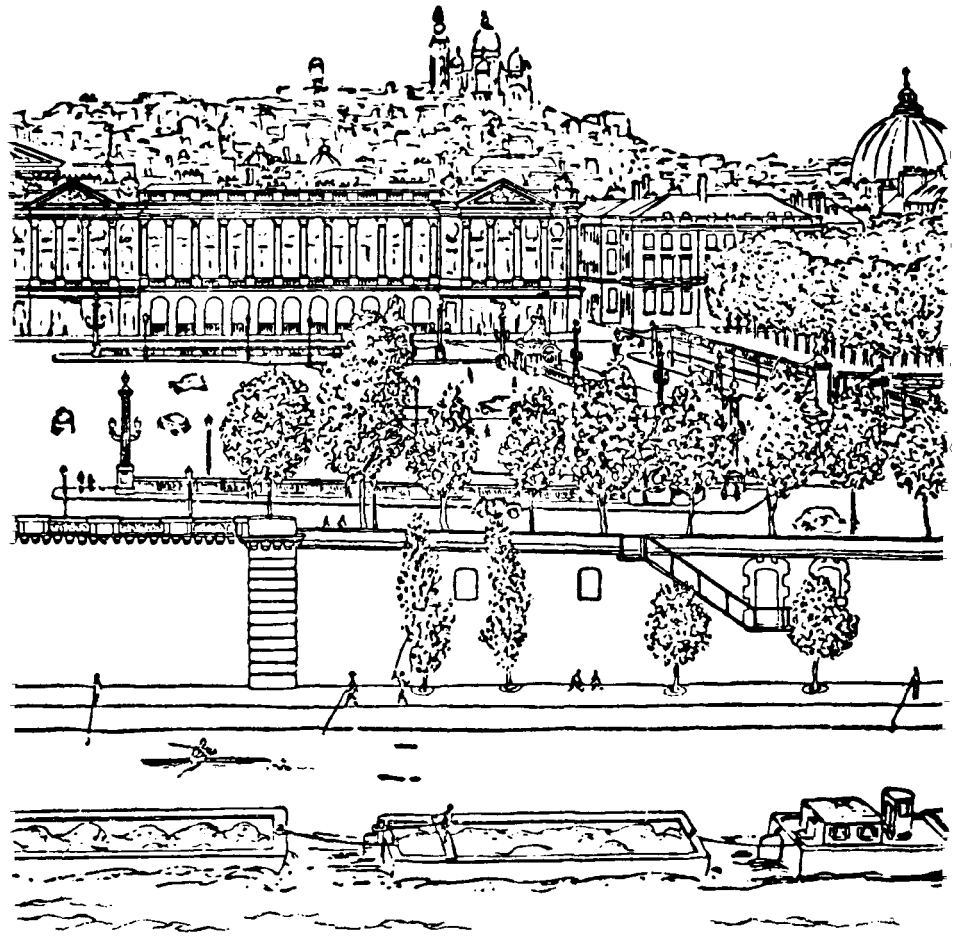

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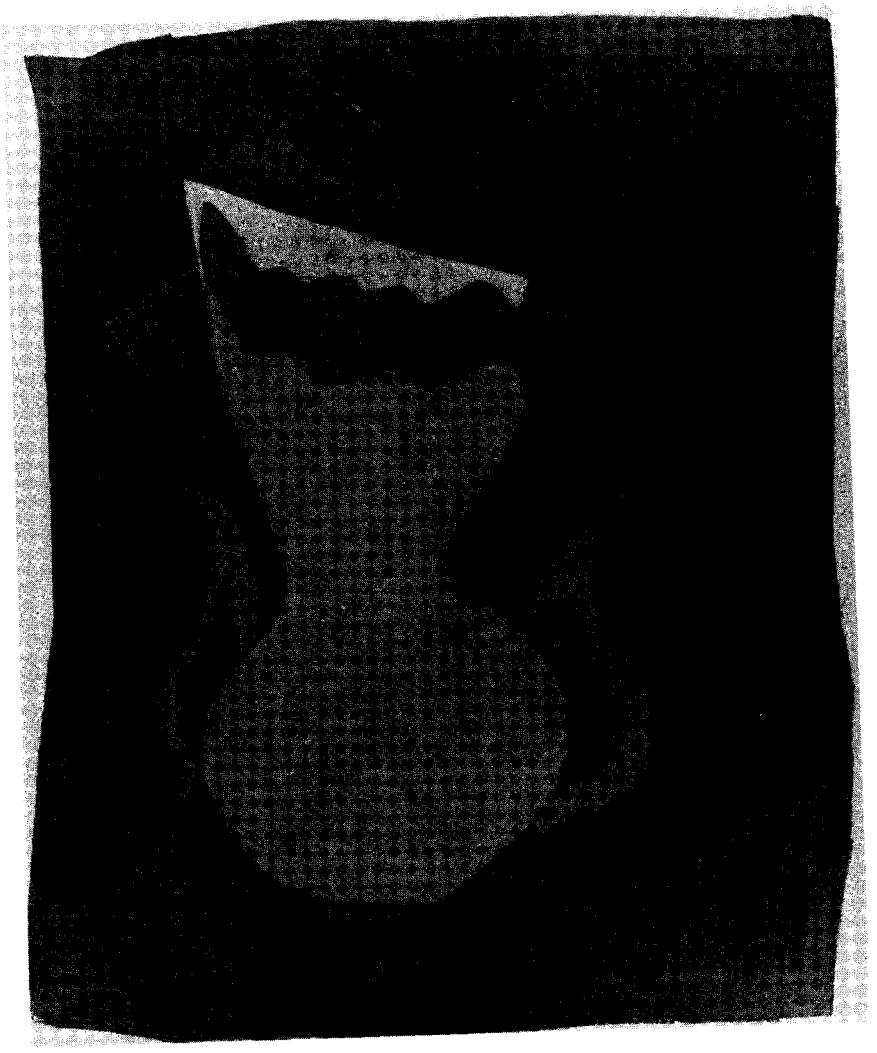

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NOTICE

This issue commemorates the 25th Anniversary of The Paris Review. *Actually (since the first issue appeared in the spring of 1953) what is being celebrated is the twenty-*seventh *year of the magazine's history. The twenty-fifth year slid by without anyone raising any hoop-la; no one can remember why.*

In truth, it is not surprising that The Paris Review *is celebrating its silver anniversary in its twenty-seventh (or is it the twenty-eighth?) year. The magazine has not been known for the punctuality of its appearances. It gets its seasons (and thus librarians) mixed up. The summer issue is prone to arrive in February. A quarterly which has been in existence for over a quarter of a century should have provided those subscribers who have been with it from the start with over a hundred separate issues to line their shelves.* The Paris Review *has not really come close, which can be checked by looking at the number on the spine of this commemorative issue. The anomaly (to those who are concerned) is for a myriad of reasons, largely financial, and also because its huge staff—the magazine has one of the largest mastheads in literary history —consists entirely of people doing something else.*

Nonetheless, the subscribers and librarians have not been short-changed. The issue eventually arrives, very often double in size to make up for its tardiness—like a guest who arrives with gifts because he knows he is going to be late.

For example, as a fillip for this particular issue, a kind of history composed of contributions by many of those involved in the magazine has been arranged. It takes up the final third of the magazine. Photographs, too. It will be evident enough to those who browse through the history that the magazine has never been a chore for anyone involved with it.

G.A.P.

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The Attack on San Clemente

Jerry Bumpus

O'Connor's agent dropped him off at Theodore's restaurant. At his agent's insistence he had put on the black beard, his auburn mane was stuffed up into a gray wig of conservative length, and he was wearing the security suit, as his agent called it, a pocketless blue plastic suit and a paper shirt with a red tie painted on it.

O'Connor was studying Theodore's menu when a large man came over and told him there was a phone call for him. "This way," he said and led O'Connor to the men's room where another big fellow was waiting. They introduced themselves as Walt and Ernie, and said they were his transportation.

The three of them sneaked out the back door of the restaurant to a shiny black Volkswagen bus waiting in the alley. After they were on the freeway and heading south, Walt and Ernie confided to O'Connor that they were private dicks and they'd gladly tell where they were taking him, but they didn't know. All O'Connor's agent had told him, when he tricked O'Connor into this damned package deal, was that his client lived in or near L.A., and that he was willing to pay—"I mean like *pay*, man!"

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Walt, Ernie, and O'Connor stopped at a Jack-in-the-Box and bought a big sack of hamburger and three strawberry shakes, by remarkable coincidence the favorite of all three of them!

They got back up on the freeway and followed the directions which they dug out of the bottom of the sack. They cut off the freeway, backtracked north for a while, south again, then zigzagged back and forth across it, and up and down the streets of beach towns along the way. The directions left them at a gate at the end of a road where three young men in tan uniforms and mirror sunglasses invited O'Connor to step out of the bus. Assuring O'Connor this was part of the plan and everything was all right, Walt and Ernie drove off and one of the guards took O'Connor through the gate into a garden. They passed through a bougainvillaea wall and entered a small side entrance to a Spanish style house. They left O'Connor in a room empty except for a recliner in which he was allowed to doze a while. A man woke him by tickling a nostril with a broomstraw. He introduced himself as Horace Pardee, and said Mr. Nixon was waiting.

The next day while O'Connor was poking through cartons of documents, correspondence, photographs, and scraps of paper covered with indecipherable scribbling, he heard voices from the South Wing carrying on the still air, laughter, then shouting, followed by crashing furniture. Later, Horace Pardee came floating around the corner patting sweat and spittle from his face with a paper towel. Ignoring O'Connor's greeting, he surveyed the mess spread on the table and floor, sighed, and told O'Connor he could use the pay phone in the Press Room if he had to make any outside calls.

Horace Pardee wore a security suit and paper shirt identical to O'Connor's. He was fiftyish, tall, thin, and very pale, an Anglo Dracula with an arrowhead nose and a neat, straight, lipless mouth.

"Also," Horace Pardee said, "if I were you I wouldn't try anything cute on the phone. It's tapped, of course. For secu-

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rity reasons. Okay?''

''Okay.''

''So. How did it go last night?'' There was a skeptical slyness in the way he asked, as if it were a loaded question, or as though he expected O'Connor to come forth with a transparent lie.

Last night had gone all right, O'Connor supposed, though how does one judge such things? Mr. Nixon and O'Connor had settled down to get something done. (That was how Mr. Nixon put it, with gruff heartiness: ''All right, O'Connor, let's settle down and get something done.'') Mr. Nixon had worn a short-sleeved blue, red, and yellow flowered shirt with the tail out, white Bermuda shorts that came just below his knees, and black plastic thongs. O'Connor couldn't help but notice Mr. Nixon's feet. They were nice feet, very shapely feet. The toenails were neatly trimmed and had the soft satiny sheen of a recent pedicure. More than once Mr. Nixon caught O'Connor staring at his feet, and O'Connor could tell by Mr. Nixon's demure expression that he was quite proud of them.

Mr. Nixon paced slowly about the study, his hands clasped behind him as he delivered a long monologue, glancing often at a tape recorder slowly spinning on the desk. He told O'Connor he expected him to take good notes; now and then he looked over O'Connor's shoulder at what he was jotting down. ''Even though all I'm doing now at the start is what you might call thinking out loud''—he paused to give his ear a thoughtful tug—''you never can tell. All of this is important, you know. We never know when I might say something, if you get what I mean. Even the little things are important in their way. That's something most people never seem to realize, how even the little things count and have to be taken into consideration. That's what this is all about, to let everyone see how there's always more than what you think.''

He talked for about thirty minutes, then stopped and stood gazing out at the garden, its paths dimly lit by knee-high gaslights. ''Give your notes to Mrs. Pardee. She'll see that they're typed up,'' he said without turning, his voice trailing

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off. Then he went over again some of his points—the need to get straight the general philosophical terms, the scope of everything general that's involved in any situation. "Then we can start breaking it down and putting in the smaller things, the parts that always get overlooked and cast aside but which are so important. Something like this might make a good introduction, you know. But maybe that's what everyone does. But if I don't say something about the general philosophical overview of things, then they won't know how everything else is fitting in. They might think something is wrong, that it's just. . . here and there."

He turned from the window and stared at O'Connor. "I'll be back," he said vaguely and left the study. O'Connor waited, helping himself to the liquor, then went next door to his room.

Horace Pardee nodded at O'Connor's account of the evening. "About your notes and all the rest of this"—he made a dismissive downward waggle with the long fingers of his left hand—"my son Perry types everything up but you're to have nothing to do with him. Is that clear? Give your notes to my wife, Lurla, and she will take it from there.

"Now. Do you want a word of advice?"

O'Connor said he did.

"Listen but don't listen. You know what I'm saying? And don't push—not that I'm implying that you would, but it needs to be said. And if he offers a cigar, politely refuse. Don't interrupt, ever, even when you think he has stopped or completely lost the thread. If there's a word that seems just out of reach, don't hand it to him. That's called prompting—you know what I mean? Don't do it, ever. Not that I think you would do any of that, but a little friendly word of advice never hurt anyone, did it?"

O'Connor agreed, then accepted Horace Pardee's offer of a nice bath.

That became the routine. O'Connor would rise about two or three P.M., wander off to the nearest kitchen where he would breakfast lightly, and spend the rest of the day doing

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some researching, some catnapping, some gazing out at the garden, and phoning the hospital every thirty minutes to learn there was no change in Wendy's condition.

Mr. Nixon and O'Connor got down to work evenings after Mr. Nixon's guests left and the South Wing was quiet. On the intercom Mr. Nixon would beckon O'Connor to the study and after O'Connor took up his pen and pad, and after the recorder began its slow spin, Mr. Nixon would discuss philosophical general terms. Each night these led more directly and more frequently to lengthy and thorough analyses of the theory of football, with illustrative references to recent games on television which Mr. Nixon would play back from a video tape machine. There were discussions of movies.

Once Mr. Nixon discussed O'Connor's books on the boyhoods of famous generals. O'Connor's own remarks on the books Mr. Nixon seemed to find rather drifty and beside the point, which indeed they were, and several days later Mr. Nixon asked O'Connor to confide in him and admit that he had used a ghost writer to do the child-generals books. O'Connor gladly confided and, going further, said that all his books had been done by subcontracted ghosts. For a moment Mr. Nixon seemed puzzled and almost suspicious. O'Connor allayed this mood by saying, "All my own work, the work I do myself, goes into what I ghost for other people."

"Ah," Mr. Nixon said, slowly nodding. "Now I get it."

A wide range of matters wove in and out, though O'Connor continued taking notes since Mr. Nixon's glances at the pad on O'Connor's lap indicated he was expected to keep jot of it. But after a week or so the note-pad was left behind as their discussions took them deep into the South Wing where they shot some snooker, while continuing discourse, and played some ping-pong, and in a converted greenhouse full of mirrors played a game new to O'Connor.

Mr. Nixon called it darts, though it was unlike any darts O'Connor had played. The game involved motorized wheelchairs, welder's goggles, all the large stationary mirrors and numerous little hand mirrors for defense scattered along the

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"tracks" through the maze of mirrors, and "stingers," as Mr. Nixon called them—submachine gun-shaped weapons that emitted intense beams of light which popped when they hit their target and stung sharply if that target happened to be human. A shot to an opponent's ear (worth five points) was so intensely painful it usually ended the game. Not infrequently Mr. Nixon and O'Connor were up until dawn, and several daybreaks found them haphazardly chipping onto a practice green adjoining the compound, while security guards moved among the shadows of the palms beyond the sand traps.

Every two or three days Horace Pardee took O'Connor to his own cramped quarters where he was allowed to shower and shave, and Pardee provided him with clean security suits and paper shirts identical to the others. Horace warned O'Connor against lounging around with his mustache off and his hair down. "Don't get me wrong, chum. It's beautiful, truly beautiful," he said, stroking O'Connor's hair. "But if the boss sees it, you're finished."

That same evening, when a hard knock on the wall by O'Connor's head beckoned him to the study, he forgot, of course, to put on the mustache and wig.

"That's it!" Mr. Nixon said, gawking. "I couldn't put my finger on it at first, but you look just like what's-her-name. Are you related to her?"

O'Connor said he wasn't, as far as he knew. Mr. Nixon insisted O'Connor leave off the wig and mustache from now on. "Usually I find long hair on a man sissified. But you look so much like . . . oh, you know who I mean . . ."

"Barbara Walters."

"Right! You look so much like her . . . well, that makes it another matter."

That night they didn't bother with philosophical general terms but talked about actors and actresses and TV personalities. Sitting with O'Connor on a sofa Mr. Nixon called him Clive and said it was okay to call him Dick.

The next morning when O'Connor was sleeping it off, he woke to the abrupt chuffing sound outside of what he took for

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the report of a gun being fired with a silencer, followed by a ping. He leaned forward but saw nothing unusual in the garden. There was another shot, another ping—and this time O'Connor detected movement in some foliage above which some big white blossoms jiggled nervously. A round gray object bobbed among the flowers, then disappeared. Suddenly a Japanese gardener wearing a helmet jumped up and ran. From next door there were five rapid shots but no pings as the gardener ducked around a hedge. O'Connor went back to sleep and was awakened again by the chuffing sound, which he now recognized as the report of a BB gun, and more pinging. Knowing what to look for, he soon spotted the helmet moving through the flowers as the gardener tried to stay *under cover as he did his weeding.*

Horace Pardee and a large fellow in a gray suit brought a crate of papers into O'Connor's room. This was Jose, Horace Pardee said, the chief of security. Jose winked at O'Connor. People were always winking at O'Connor, but there was something about this fellow that was vaguely familiar. Perhaps the other O'Connor had encountered him on one of his deeper penetrations into the bowels of the city. It wasn't until a day or two later, when O'Connor saw Jose rip out the seat of his pants while kneeling down to retrieve a remote-control rat which Dick Nixon had misrouted under a sofa, that he recognized Jose as the guy O'Connor had taken for an agent from Downey, Bollege, Tinkin, and Wu during that dawn raid on his place at the Jardins du Grandiose.

The cartons Jose and Horace Pardee carried in were full of documents, letters, coded notes, and hundreds of telephoto-lens shots of Asians wearing sunglasses, short-sleeved shirts, combat boots, and toting machine guns. Horace Pardee explained that all this material was documentation and substantiation for the memoirs. O'Connor seemed not to have got the point, so Horace Pardee explained that O'Connor was to go through all this stuff, decode what needed decoding, index it, put it in order, learn it by heart, and separate the parts that would be useful as footnotes to the memoirs, from

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the parts that were too sensitive security-wise.

The next morning when O'Connor tottered forth for another day, soggy from yesterday's work and last night's gin, he heard the steady tapping of a typewriter coming from the cubicle which he had assumed and hoped he would find stonily empty so that he might catch some rest, though waking now and then to leisurely sort through a ream or two of documentation and substantiation, until he would be called out for a conference with Dick and the drink or two that would lead to the real conference that would last into the wee hours. As O'Connor paused outside the cubicle, his hand on the doorknob, he entertained for a moment the eerie sensation that he was already inside, unhungover and hard at work.

Cracking the door, he was further lured into the sense of spying on himself, for at the little desk sat a fellow who, if O'Connor had ever asked himself what he might look like if he could turn himself wrong-side-out to let the actual inner guy come out, roll his sleeves up, and sit down at a typewriter, that fellow would look exactly like the narrow, intense, black-haired stiletto of a lad pecking away at the typewriter.

Even when the fellow was clearly aware that O'Connor was standing behind him, he kept typing. Reading over his shoulder, O'Connor saw he was typing from a handwritten account on a yellow legal pad, making some changes, X-outs and adding a word or two along the way—

> and using that pressure, that vantage, I succeeded in keeping it from the press. For I knew they would choose to misconstrue, going for the wrong meanings, the wrong values, going for inflaming the folks out there in the public body with my heroism. I can almost see the headlines now: *Nixon Saves Girl Scouts from Crazed Zoo Ape Attack.* There would be photos, even, I'm sure of it, though there were no photographers present, thank God. But the press corps would somehow come up with half a dozen pictures, half of them staged, like that phony shot of Mao swimming, and claim they were authentic snapshots taken by visitors to the zoo, tourists from out of town who happened to be passing by when the ape scrambled up the wall of the moat surrounding the ape grounds or what-

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> ever it's called, straight for the Girl Scout troop that was standing there looking down at him, and there would be the photos, embarrassing to a modest, fundamentally self-effacing person such as myself, of the President, who had sneaked off from his Secret Service bodyguards for a moment of privacy, some solitude and meditation in the zoo, taking a stand between the screaming little girls and the ape, frothing, enraged, *crazed*—there's no other word for it. I cannot imagine what provoked that ape to such fury, unless the girls had unintentionally, innocently done something to give the ape the wrong impression. And there would have been two or three shots of the struggle between Man and Beast, taken from angles that would have shown my face in dynamic profile and

O'Connor tiptoed out, shutting the door behind him. He started around the house and met Mrs. Pardee wearing another of her daringly short skirts, this one a shiny green with taunting little yellow flowers. Her brilliantly red hair was titillated and frilled into hundreds of excited little curls. O'Connor had met her a couple of times and found her perversely attractive. In spite of himself, and in spite of all signs and signals which Lurla Pardee so directly blared his way, he found the fiftyish, severe woman almost painfully interesting. I sure can pick 'em, O'Connor told himself for the thousandth time, and put on a friendly expression—not too lovestruck, he hoped.

"Where are you going?" Lurla Pardee said, her gray eyes twitchless and level as a hawk's.

O'Connor explained that Dick had apparently replaced him with another ghost. "He's back there working away like the blazes," O'Connor said.

"Oh," Mrs. Pardee said. "You mean the young novelist, Mr. Coover. He's Mr. Nixon's guest."

"Oh. Then he's not on the payroll?"

"I really don't think that concerns you, but I don't suppose it will hurt if I tell you he's here doing some special interviews of Mr. Nixon."

"How much is Dick paying him?"

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Lurla Pardee arched her brows. "My! Aren't we the inquisitive one this morning!" She cutely, cruelly crinkled up her nose and pursed her lips. "How do you know Mr. Coover isn't paying Mr. Nixon? Had you thought of that?"

Thinking of that, O'Connor went to the kitchen with Lurla Pardee and had some tea and she let him suck up some sloe gin which he found in a broom closet among the wax, Lysol, and ammonia. Feeling worlds better, O'Connor went into a book-lined study and was settling down for a nap when he saw Dick Nixon and young Coover strolling in the garden. Dick was wearing a bright red and white Budweiser sport shirt and Bermuda shorts, and he walked with one hand in his pocket, the other in constant movement as he gestured. He smiled frequently and laughed as he spoke. Coover, in a black turtleneck and scruffy jeans, swaggered along with his hands in his hip pockets. He winced as Dick, distracting him with an upward spiraling of his left hand, jabbed him in the kidneys with his right and laughed. O'Connor decided Coover had been walking with his hands behind him to protect himself from these rabbit punches. But it was hard to outwit Dick.

That evening O'Connor, Dick, and Coover drove down to Dana Point for posada at Rosita's. Dick went around to all the tables and shook hands, and he had Rosita bring drinks for everyone in the house. Then he went back to the kitchen to say hello to Rosita's mother and sister. "They still believe in me," Dick said when he came back and sat down. "The little people have always believed in me and they always will." He took out his handkerchief and blew his nose.

O'Connor and Coover immediately got into an argument. It was a trifling point concerning a line by Gertrude Stein. O'Connor himself never quoted, considering quoters as fundamentally pompous, though he had to hand it to them on memory and their knack for skewing others' ideas into conversation. Anyway, nine times out of ten O'Connor had no idea whether they were quoting correctly, not that he gave a damn, but incredibly on this particular occasion he was familiar with the Stein poem, the one about her meeting

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Picasso for the first time. O'Connor recalled vividly that it ended with a couple of lines about what history teaches.

"You've got that wrong," O'Connor told Coover.

Coover's black little eyes tightened, he leaned forward, and if O'Connor had been in any other place with any other people and had seen that expression, he would have grabbed the nearest object to defend himself against the knife that was surely on its way out of the little rat's boot. "It goes like this," O'Connor said. " 'This is what history teaches: history teaches and preaches.' The way you said it, 'history teaches, history teaches,' doesn't make much sense."

Dick Nixon agreed with O'Connor that it didn't make much sense. "It's what I'd call a redundancy," Dick said. "But with preaches in it, it makes pretty good sense."

"But," Coover said, his voice very low, "the poem ends with 'history teaches.' "

"Tell me, Bobby," Dick said, "are you sure you saw the final version of that poem?"

Coover thought a moment before he spoke. "What do you mean?"

"I mean writers are always going back and changing what they write. Surely you know what I'm talking about—you probably do some rewriting yourself."

"No," Coover said, shaking his head with a jerk, "I get it right the first time."

"I do too," O'Connor said and smiled sharply at him. "Right the first time, every time."

"But most writers," Dick said, "do lots of changing. I know *I* do. All my speeches—lots of rewriting. When I was writing *Six Crises,* why I made all kinds of changes as I went along. A writer *has* to change things, I mean the wording and this and that. A writer who doesn't take advantage of the prerogatives to change things, well, he just isn't taking advantage of things."

"I agree wholeheartedly," O'Connor said. "Come to think of it, I seem to recall that Gertrude Stein kept going back and changing her work, sometimes for the better,

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usually the other direction.''

''You're thinking of someone else,'' Coover said, pushing back his chair, turning, and staring across the restaurant.

''You know,'' Dick said, laying his hand on O'Connor's arm and leaning toward him, ''I just this minute had a very interesting idea. Excuse me, gentlemen.'' He hurried across to the pay phone up by the pinball machines.

Coover looked at O'Connor out the corner of his eyes. ''Just who the fuck are you?''

''Mr. Coover, I am the single girl who wrote Helen Gurly Brown's *Sex and The Single Girl,* and I'm the naked dude who finished Normal Mailer's *The Naked and the Dud* for him, and I'm the Humbert who drove home the bolt of every other chapter of Saul Bellow's *Humbolt's Gift,* and the nouveau noir who wrote every other sentence of *Roots.* I authored *The Towering Inferno,* the remake of *King Kong, Star Wars,* and, believe it or not, while William Faulkner was out to lunch at Random House I wrote like crazy and piled up a stack of manuscript by his typewriter so when he came back he thought he had written *A Fable.* But my most satisfying feat was that I was the fourth-echelon editor at Doubleday who rejected the manuscript of your baseball book by running it through a paper-shredder!''

''Why, I know who you are.'' For a moment Coover's face twisted up horribly. ''Now I know,'' he whispered, leaning slightly forward as if to get an even better look at O'Connor. He spoke again, mumbled, too low for O'Connor to hear.

But what he said caused O'Connor to lean forward until their faces were close. ''Who knows what evil lurks...'' O'Connor whispered.

Coover's twisted-up expression slipped down and off. His face relaxed strangely, went quite blank, as if he had completely left. He rose and walked over to Dick Nixon. Dick covered the mouthpiece of the phone, nodded as Coover whispered in his ear, looking over at O'Connor. Dick nodded, patted Coover's shoulder, and called, ''Later, Bobby,'' as Coover walked through the cafe, glancing at O'Connor with a

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completely blank expression.

Rosita brought the posada and chorritos. "Will Señora's little boy be coming back?" she said.

"No," O'Connor said, "but leave his plate. I'm ravenous."

"Very honored," she said with a curtsey. "I'm Rosita."

Dick came from the phone rubbing his hands together. "Ah. Posada and chorritos." He took Rosita's thick little hand and kissed it, getting a smear of grease on his chin. "Best posada and chorritos in town."

They ate a while, then Dick leaned over to O'Connor and whispered, "Great idea. The one, you know, my idea about rewriting? *Wonderful* idea. You know, I get my best ideas when I'm around you imaginative types. Looking back... Well, anyway, I just put in a call to Boops Rink. Do you know Boops?"

"I've met her."

"Wonderful girl. Just wonderful. She's going to help us on this with some of the actors in her agency. We'll get cooking on it tomorrow!" He rubbed his hands together. "Bobby will have cooled off by then." He leaned over and nudged O'Connor in the ribs. "You know what that little shit told me? He said you're a Democrat."

"That's a filthy lie," O'Connor said sincerely: he was an Eisenhower Republican.

"I know, I know. He just said it because he's jealous because I picked you to be the head ghost on the memoirs and because you caught him misquoting Gertrude Stein. But he'll be happy when I let him in on this next thing. In fact we'll have to put aside the memoirs for a while."

O'Connor sighed deeply.

"I know, that's frustrating to a writer. You like to stick with something till it's finished and all that. But this new thing is going to take all we have."

"What exactly is this new thing? I mean, I hate to bring up such matters, but... well, can I shoot straight with you, Dick?"

"By all means."

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"Well, I was contracted to do your memoirs. My publisher said there might be other areas involved, but he was vague about the arrangements and how the terms would be negotiated."

"Let me put it this way," Dick said and laid his hand on O'Connor's, "have I *ever* done anything to lead you to think I was trying to pull a fast one on you?"

"No," O'Connor said.

"Right, and I never will. You can be sure that you'll do well by me, *very* well, like in the ballpark of something like triple what you're presently contracted for on the memoirs. Do you get me?"

"I get you."

"And how does it sound?"

"It sounds wonderful, that part. But the other part is still a little unclear. I mean, what exactly is the writing..."

"Rewriting."

"What exactly is the rewriting we'll be doing?"

"It will involve a little more than your basic simple rewriting. We'll get to do some acting, too."

"Really? Hm. On the stage?"

Dick chuckled, then laughed. And harder. He laughed so hard his face turned red and his eyes watered. He put his hand to his face. When the laughing subsided, he winked at O'Connor and said, "What's amazing about you writers and artistic types is that you're so goddamned imaginative but you can't put together how to *use* something. No, we're not going to do this on the stage. We're going to do it on tape!"

The next day they went to the golf course on the Marine base at El Toro. While Dick waited for the men he was going to play with, he knocked some practice balls off a tee. O'Connor and Jose watched and offered some advice. Jose said Dick was looking up. O'Connor thought that wasn't so much the problem as a little dip that Dick gave on his down-swing. "I do that when I want to slice," Dick said. "Look." He did the little dip on his down-swing and sliced again.

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"How do you keep from slicing?" O'Connor said.

"I turn the club like this." He turned the head of the club, drew back, started his swing, gave his little dip, and looked up before he had even hit the ball. The shot took off like a low-inside drive down the third-base line, then lifted, bending in a hook, but then corrected itself, straightening over the fairway, then warped around to the right into an even more severe slice than the others.

"Gee," Jose said. "That was some of everything."

"Hey, O'Connor!" It was Coover up at the clubhouse, yelling from the terrace outside the bar. "There's a long distance call for you."

"You go with him, Jose," Dick said, "show him where the phone is."

Jose accompanied O'Connor up the lawn. On the terrace Coover was having a large Bloody Mary. "Sounds like trouble, old fellow," he said, slapping O'Connor on the shoulder as he went by. "Too bad for you."

Inside, Jose ducked through a side door behind the bar. O'Connor picked up the phone and waited for the click of the extension being picked up before he said, "Hello. O'Connor here."

"Clive! Do you know who this is?"

"Yes, I think so." It was his agent, Auric Twant.

"How wonderful! And how are things going down there?"

"Things are going just fine."

"I'm so happy to hear that. Say, I bet you don't know where I am."

"You're right."

"Guess."

"I have no idea."

"Try a guess, anyway."

"You're in New York."

He laughed. "You're *cold.* Guess again."

"I have no idea."

"You've got to guess again or I won't tell you why I called and it's *very* important."

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"You're in Boston."

"No."

"Philadelphia. Baltimore. Norfolk. Charleston. Jacksonville. Miami..."

"No, but you're getting warmer!"

"Havana. Rio de Janeiro. Montevideo..."

"Sao Paulo," Jose mumbled.

"Who's that?" Auric Twant said. "Clive, are you still there?"

"I'm still here. That was just some interference. Listen, Twant, I must get back to work. So good-bye."

"But you haven't guessed where I am and if you don't guess I'll not tell you the important news I have about you-know-who."

"Who?" Jose said.

"*You* know." A pause, then, "Clive, who *is* that?"

"It's no one, Twant. Just tell me why you called."

"I called to tell you that our plans might be changing momentarily, so finish off there and be ready to jump on a plane and fly south."

"You've got it all wrong, I'm afraid," O'Connor said. "I won't be finishing off here for a long, long time. It looks like there's more work here than we expected."

"Like how much?"

"Like I think I'll probably not get away from here for five or six years, maybe longer."

"*What?!*"

"That's right. This is some package deal you got me into."

"But six years isn't in the contract. Why, that's out-*rageous*!"

Coover put his arm around O'Connor's waist and whispered in his other ear, "They're ready for you."

O'Connor covered the phone. "Tell them I'll be right there."

Twant was saying you-know-who was going to be in Key West doing some water-skiing and it looked like there was a good chance for O'Connor to pop into the picture. Coover

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was sliding his hand up and down O'Connor's ribs and blowing in his ear.

"Cut that out!" Dick Nixon yelled from the terrace door. He lifted his nine iron and came charging. Coover ducked away and Dick chased him down the bar and out the front door.

Dick came back—O'Connor had hung up on Twant—shaking his head and apologizing to O'Connor. "That little sneaking faggot. I'm sorry that had to happen, Clive. If I'd known he was a sneaking little fag I'd never have brought him in to work with you. Why, who would have thought it!"

Dick put his arm on O'Connor's shoulders and they went out of the bar and down the lawn.

The men O'Connor and Dick were going to play with were large Italian twins. They wore white silk shirts and black trousers and black and white golf shoes. Their bodyguards were slender young wasps in three-piece suits and crisp straw hats with feathers in the crowns. One of them carried what looked like a clarinet case; the other carried what looked like a trombone case.

As soon as Dick's friends saw O'Connor their eyes lit up, but when Dick introduced him to them, they squinted and got crudely suspicious looks on their faces. "Hey, Dick," one of them, O'Connor didn't quite get the name, it sounded like Guido Montefeltro, said and cocked his head to the side, "you're putting us on, eh? This here's Barbara Walters, eh?"

Dick laughed heartily. "That's what everyone says—isn't it, O'Connor?"

O'Connor said it was indeed what everyone said.

"This is Clive O'Connor, the famous writer," Dick said.

"Oh." Guido and the other one—Giuseppe?—nodded with due respect and suspicion.

Dick teed off, slicing viciously off onto green of Number Eighteen. His second ball was another slice and stopped within three feet of the first. Guido hooked into an arroyo. Giuseppe sliced powerfully beyond Eighteen, beyond a row of trees, and beyond the road to the golf course. O'Connor hit

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his ball straight down the fairway about thirty yards.

"Hey, Barbara," Guido said as he and his brother and the bodyguards piled onto their cart, "nice shot, but put more meat into it." Giuseppe said something in Italian and Guido and the bodyguards had a good snigger as they drove off.

Driving his cart en route to his balls on the Number Eighteen green, Dick asked O'Connor who that was on the phone from South America. O'Connor told him it was Auric Twant.

"Nice boy, that Twant. Has lots of good ideas and he knows how to set things in motion. That's what I like." He waved to the players on the Eighteen fairway who had stopped their carts well back to let him play. "I'd like to put him on my payroll, but he's got his own projects going. He'll go far, I'm sure. What would you use here, a two iron or a driver?"

O'Connor said it was a hard decision. Dick got out and using the driver scooped a great hole in the green. Glancing over his shoulder as he picked up the divot to replace it, he saw that a hillock on the fairway-side of the green concealed the green from the players waiting down the way. Winking at O'Connor, he packed the divot into the cup and spiked the Number 18 flag into the divot he had made. "Come on," he said, hopping into the cart, "let's get the hell out of here!"

Guido Montefeltro, Giuseppe, and their slender young bodyguards exposed themselves to O'Connor in a bunker back of the Number Nine green. He should have seen it coming, but nonetheless it surprised him. He had hit into the same sand trap where Giuseppe was already stuck, whacking away with his nine iron trying to get out. Guido, seeing O'Connor knock into the sand, picked up his ball while Dick Nixon was looking the other way, and threw it into the same trap. The four men stood in a row facing O'Connor, making water into four rings in the sand.

"How do you like our action?" Guido said. "You think you could get us on TV?"

"I bet those network guys got nothing like this, eh?"

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Giuseppe said.

"Well?" Guido said. "Whadda ya say? Which one of us you want? Giuseppe or me? These other two jack-offs don't count."

"Gentlemen," O'Connor said, "please put those away and let us finish our game of golf."

"Aw, come on, Ms. Walters," Giuseppe whined, quickly putting his away. "Guido is a slob." He hit Guido hard in the stomach, knocking a grunt and a sharp laugh out of him. "This wasn't my idea. I'm ashamed of myself and these guys, really I am. Let me make it up to you tonight, okay? A nice dinner, some dancing, none of this crude shit, okay?"

On Number Fifteen, O'Connor and Guido Montefeltro were in the rough together. "Hey, Barbara," Guido said. "Just between you and me, tell me about Nixon. You're the first woman I've ever known him to mess around with. I mean, Lurla Pardee's just like one of the guys, if you know what I mean. But I mean a real woman like you, you're the first. You must be really tops. So tell me, what gives with Dick?"

"He's a real man."

"Yeah? Hm." He scratched his head. "I don't know how to ask this, but . . . well, like a *man* how is he? I mean you seen Giuseppe and me back there, and for that I must say I am very much ashamed of myself and that rotten Giuseppe, but now that you seen us you *know* us, if you get what I mean. So how does Dick Nixon, you know, compare?"

"I've seen few horses with prongs as big as Dick Nixon's."

Guido's mouth fell open. "God's truth?"

"God's truth."

Guido shook his head. "Well, that just goes to show, you never can tell."

"There's only one problem."

"Problem?"

"It's too big for his own good."

"How could that be?"

"It's so big that when it's up, Nixon's down. All the blood

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rushes to it and Dick passes out.''

''My God! I've never heard of such a thing.''

Guido's game was off the rest of the round. In fact, he picked up his ball and didn't play the last three holes, riding in his cart with the bodyguards. Riding back to the compound, Dick Nixon asked if O'Connor had any idea why Guido turned sour. ''He wouldn't speak to me the last three or four holes,'' Dick said.

O'Connor said he had no idea.

Dick sighed. ''Well, I guess that shoots our hopes of getting their backing.''

''Backing for what?'' O'Connor felt a surge of anxiety stronger than any adrenalin.

''A little something I have cooking on the back burner. I'm sure we could drum up some interest in a film.''

''A what?''

''You know—a movie. I think it's a swell idea. You know, give the other side, the unknown side. It could come out about the same time we release the tapes. Think of that! First—wham! the tapes. Then—bam bam! the movie.''

Dick leaned forward and had Jose hand him the telephone from the front seat. ''Do you know David Frost, O'Connor?''

''Sure,'' O'Connor said limply. ''Everyone knows David Frost.''

''I think David just might be interested in a deal like this, don't you?''

He placed the call but had to wait for a line to London. ''Drive around, Jose,'' Dick said. ''I like to be on the move when I'm setting up a deal.'' He leaned back, the phone in his lap, and put his arm on the back of the seat behind O'Connor. ''You know,'' he said, turning to O'Connor and smiling, his eyes set and a little watery from the whiskey after the golf, ''I think our relationship is going to be very nice.'' He gave O'Connor's shoulder a little squeeze. ''What do you say?''

In the rear view mirror O'Connor saw Jose staring at him. He gave O'Connor a big slow wink and mashed down on the

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gas, the limo surging past car after car on the fast lane to L.A.

O'Connor was sleeping, more or less, in the game room when he became aware of the presence of something in the darkness, a slow movement of shadows pushing across the floor in that portion of the room not lit by the moon. Maybe it's death, O'Connor mused, and gave a slow sigh.

Earlier he had decided to leave Casa Pacifica—this after realizing that if all went according to plans, he would probably never be able to walk out the door in broad daylight.

But when he had looked for his shoes and blue plastic security suit, everything was gone.

That stunned him—and angered him. But he wouldn't be held against his will! If he had to, he would hitchhike on the freeway in his BVDs. He was slipping down the hall toward the kitchen with the thought in mind that the best escape route was out the back door, when none other than Dick Nixon himself popped around the corner.

"Oh. Clive! Well, how lucky. I was just thinking a while ago. You know if *Vengeance Is Mine* does even half-way decently at the box office, we ought to start up a movie company. Really plunge in. Do the whole thing. I have lots of ideas. Come to think of it, I had an idea about a movie about these kids who live on the beach. You know? No hippies or anything crappy like that, but these really decent, beautiful kids who live in the sun. I was thinking of the young man as someone like Troy Donahue or what's his name, that good-looking blue-eyed Jew. Paul. . . ."

"Paul Newman?"

"Right. He would be the star and there would be this really nice girl for him to meet and they could fall in love. You know the public wants things like that. Wholesome. And interesting, too. There could be lots of interesting things to work into something like that, don't you think?"

O'Connor had told Dick he thought it was a basically sound idea though there were some problems here and there, and he got away from him as quickly as possible.

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He tried sneaking out the back way, but a security guard popped up out of a rose bush, the floodlights came on, and in seconds flat there was Jose with what O'Connor ridiculously thought was Dick Nixon's BB gun, until he saw that it had a long clip hanging down below it like a big black schlong.

"Hey, man, take it cool, you know?" Jose said as he led O'Connor back into the house. "You want to take a stroll in the evening, you do it inside the house. That's a good place, you know? Okay?"

So O'Connor had sat in the game room trying to resign himself, as the old saying goes, and marveling at what an inane concept that was, to *resign* oneself, how impossible, how utterly intolerable. . . when he became aware that a wide section of the floor unlit by the moon seemed to be lumpily moving toward him. I am asleep, O'Connor told himself, and this is what happens to the world around us when we resign ourselves. But he knew he wasn't asleep. Those lumps, that movement, were real.

O'Connor. It came up from the darkness, maybe from the darkness inside O'Connor, less than a whisper, maybe it was the beginning of the murmur of conscience which O'Connor had read so much about, his poor secret inner self was going to ask if he could hide in O'Connor's closet. . . .

"Psst. Come down here," the lump of darkness whispered —and O'Connor recognized Coover's voice!

"Coover! I thought you had got kicked out!"

"Shh. I got kicked out but he changed his mind. Come down here. We've got to stay low."

O'Connor got down on his hands and knees. "This is worse than I thought," Coover said. "Do you know how bad it is?"

"It's pretty bad. Yes. I've known that all along. But what exactly are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about him. He's got us by the nuts with both hands. Tonight I told him I was leaving and he told me I wasn't. He's got the idea he can tell us what to do."

"He's given Jose the same idea."

"And the rest of them, too. Was that you out there a while

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ago?'' Coover asked.

''Yes.''

''How far did you get?''

''To the end of the garden.''

''Is that all? Christ. Maybe if we set up some kind of diversion on the other side of the compound, a fire or something, then I could go through the garden and out that way.''

''I'll go with you.''

''You're giving up?''

''Yes.''

''Good. Then you can do the diversion. Start the fire. It doesn't need to be anything big, just wad up some newspapers. . .''

He broke off when they saw through the patio doors a figure moving up from the hedge bordering the garden. All in black, he came up onto the terrace and to the doors. Nixon! No—the man was too large, a very large man, over six-foot-five, with a huge chest and square shoulders. But the head and face were Nixon's. The man was one of Jose's security guards wearing a rubber Nixon mask! He cupped his hands to the patio doors and looked in, then turned and passed across the terrace and out of sight.

''At night they all wear Nixon masks,'' Coover said. ''Okay. So get newspapers and wad them up. . .''

''There are no newspapers here.''

''No problem.'' He slithered across the floor to a bookcase and came with some books. ''Rip these up, wad 'em up, put it all in a waste can, soak it with lighter fluid—there's a can in the drawer by the sink—then light the paper and throw the whole can onto the roof of the garage.''

''That won't make much of a fire.''

''So what? It'll be enough to get Jose and the others to come around to that side of the house for a look. It'll give us a minute or two, that's all we'll need. Okay?''

''Okay.''

The luminous face of a watch appeared before O'Connor. ''It's a quarter past two now,'' Coover said. ''Go out and

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throw the can on the roof at exactly fifteen till three. Use the clock in the kitchen stove, I've synchronized my watch with it.''

In the dark Coover reached out and found one of O'Connor's shoulders. He gave it a squeeze. Then Coover was gone.

O'Connor went out to the kitchen with the books and sitting down at the table began ripping out pages and wadding them up. He found the lighter fluid in the drawer where Coover said it would be. He doused the pages and looked at the clock in the stove. He had only a few minutes to spare. He went out the back door. The night was immensely silent. He tiptoed down the flagstone path to the garage, counted ten, then struck a match and dropped it into the can. A tame blue flame hovered over the wadded pages. Maybe they would burst into raging yellow flame when they hit the air and scattered. O'Connor heaved the trash can onto the garage roof and high-tailed it back inside. He had just shut the door and was by the sink when a Nixon entered by the hall door. This was the real Dick Nixon, O'Connor believed; he was in pajamas. ''Oh. Hi, Clive. You still up?'' He got a glass out of the cabinet and went to the refrigerator. ''I like some buttermilk when I wake up in the middle of the night. Care to join me?''

''Thanks, Dick, but I believe I'd better hit the sack.''

''A little buttermilk will make you sleep like a top.''

''Well. . . all right.''

Turning from the refrigerator, Dick glanced out the window. ''Look at that! Looks like Saint Elmo's fire.'' He went to the sink and leaned forward. ''Say,'' he whispered, ''what if it's a UFO. . . ?''

From the other side of the house, outside, they heard muffled yelling, then a sharp whap as something struck the house by the kitchen window. ''Down!'' Dick said and squatted with the buttermilk tucked in close. O'Connor, too, recognized the sound of ricochets clanking stone out by the garage.

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"Jesus Christ," Dick whispered, grabbing O'Connor's arm with a tight grip. "UFOs. We're under attack! Follow me." He yanked O'Connor in the direction of the hall door. They went on their hands and knees. Outside, people were running.

"Run for it!" Dick said when they reached the darkness of the inside corridor. O'Connor got to his feet and ran after Dick down the hall and into Dick's quarters. Dick slammed the door after him, locked it with three big bolts that banged into place steel on steel, then he ran across to the windows, threw a switch, and a steel shutter slammed down with a deafening clang.

Dick then switched on a light, ran to his dresser drawers, and fumbled with some keys to a bottom drawer. "Oh shit shit shit..." He turned to O'Connor. "Come here, dammit. It's the little gold one."

O'Connor took the key ring from Dick's trembling hands, found the little gold one, and opened the bottom drawer. A bullet struck the steel shutter. "Oh Christ," Dick muttered. "Sweet Christ this is *it,* this is *it*..."

From the drawer he took a machine gun and a steel helmet. "Bring that one," he pointed to another helmet in the drawer. O'Connor picked it up and put it on. "Take that off your head!" he shouted. O'Connor took it off. "Follow me."

O'Connor followed him across the room to a large leather sofa. Dick flung aside the cushions and lifted a steel trap door where the springs should have been. "Come on." He went headfirst down the hole.

They emerged in Mrs. Nixon's room. She had closed her shutters, too, but she was working at her drawing board, a cup of coffee on the little stand beside her, and smoking a meerschaum pipe. "What is it this time?" she said.

"The UFOs are here!" Dick yelled.

"The UFOs?" Then—"What's he doing here?"—frowning at O'Connor.

"Clive and I saw them land," Dick said.

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"How many are there?" Mrs. Nixon said.

Dick looked at O'Connor. "How many would you say?"

O'Connor shrugged. "Two or three at least."

"At least. But who *knows*?" He paced about, gripping the machine gun. "Check that door," he told O'Connor.

O'Connor went over to the door, turned the knob. The door wasn't locked and, moreover, O'Connor unwittingly swung it wide open. There stood a Nixon in black holding a very large, very unusual sort of pistol unlike any O'Connor had ever seen and with which he immediately fell in love.

"Aiieee," the real Dick Nixon yelled behind O'Connor as the other Nixon fell back and out of the door. O'Connor instinctively dived away from the door just as the room erupted with the incredibly loud steady endless head-hammering sound of Dick Nixon's machine gun firing off more rounds per second than O'Connor thought possible, making him wonder, as he lay as flat as he could, his arms over his head, holding his breath, why he, O'Connor, had ever taken such a permanent and long-lasting fancy for small arms when in fact there is nothing equal to fully automatic water-cooled high-caliber weaponry.

Next morning at breakfast Dick told O'Connor that he had fired Coover again, that sneaking little faggot, and that now they could really get down to work. Which O'Connor took to mean that Coover had made his getaway. No mention was made of the UFO attack. The security boys put on overalls and got to work restoring the West Wing, and for three days the tapes had lots of hammering and sawing in the background. "That's all right," Dick said. "We'll use that. Clive, you work in something like some remodelling."

"Sure," O'Connor said, and jotted some notes to the effect that the floor boards in Lincoln's bedroom were loose.

"Good," Dick said, "very good," and on the tapes, in a conversation with John Dean (played by Jose), Dick commented on the noise in the background and how it was necessary to prevent an international incident. "Why, just think

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what might happen if some foreign dignitary got a toe pinched off while trying to sleep in Lincoln's bed!''

They were through taping for the day, stopping earlier than usual because they had been hitting the sauce a little too hard. In fact there was a good chance that the last two-thirds of what they had done today would have to be erased and redone. But Dick believed it was some of the best stuff they had done so far, especially the part where he got out his BB gun and started plinking away at Cato-san out in the garden.

''But I think we're mixing up these tapes,'' O'Connor said. ''You didn't hire Cato-san until you left the Whitehouse. People'll listen to these tapes and wonder who that really is out there in the White House garden.''

Dick brushed this aside. ''That's fine. Let 'em wonder. After all, who knows *what* I had in the garden—right? Anyway, if these tapes are going to, you know, be halfway effective, they're going to have to give the people, the public, ah . . . a sense of feeling that they, that there's. . . ''

''Yes,'' said Irwin Ott, who was doing Bob Haldeman, ''a sense of discovery, revelation.''

''Yes,'' Dick said, ''that's it exactly. See, they'll listen to these tapes and they'll hear these little things that they didn't already know about and that'll be something for them. They'll get that, that Bob was talking about.''

''The same with the drinking,'' Irwin Ott Haldeman said as Dick loudly clinked his glass as he poured another drink. ''That's already out of the bag, the public's already well aware of that, so when they listen to the tapes and hear that we're drinking they'll be reassured that we're not trying to cover up anything.''

''Excellent,'' Dick said.

''I don't know,'' said Hugo Halloway who was doing John Erlichman. ''I think we're running the risk of some contradictory overlap.''

''Well, yes,'' Dick said. ''Hm. I'd thought of that, yes, but that overlap, well, what can you do about that, there's always some overlap no matter what. That will make it seem more

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. . . authorial, more authentadictive.''

''What do you mean about the contradictory factor in the overlap?'' Irwin Ott Haldeman asked Hugo Halloway Erlichman.

''It's a small matter, in my opinion,'' Dick said.

''I simply mean,'' Irwin Ott Erlichman said, ''that when they check the events of the day on which certain tapes were made, they will find that maybe we weren't talking about what we should have been talking about.''

''Why, that's the whole idea!'' Dick said. ''They think they know every goddamned thing that was going on and this will by God show them that they didn't know anything. That's the main, the whole idea. That's. . . it.''

''I see your point,'' Hugo Halloway Erlichman said.

''And it will be contradictory,'' Irwin Ott Haldeman said, ''especially if the sequences are disarranged.''

''They will disarrange them anyway,'' Dick said. ''They love to disarrange everything, it's their penchant for doing everything. They were disarranging before I ever came along, by God.''

''That's right,'' Irwin Ott Haldeman said. ''After all, the whole idea is to give the idea that we're playing right into their hands.''

''Hm,'' Hugo Halloway Erlichman said. ''Perhaps. Let them think that the jumble and general incoherence is to their advantage, right?''

''Right.''

''That's what I intended all along,'' Dick said. ''In fact I think it would be a damned good idea if we had several different tapes made, like you know half a dozen or so, for the same date.''

O'Connor groaned, ''But that would take forever,'' he said.

''So what?'' Dick said. ''We've got all the time in the world. As far as I'm concerned this can go on forever. We'll wear the bastards out. Once we start coming out with these tapes and they get before the public, the public will want

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more and more.''

''That sounds very good,'' Irwin Ott Haldeman said, ''don't you think?'' he asked Hugo Halloway Erlichman.

''Yes, and in those various installments of the tapes there could continue to be the overlap.''

''Right. And the quality of the overlap being contradictory could be less contradictory than interpretive.''

''Of course,'' Dick said.

''Each new section or installment of the tapes that is released can have several new versions of the tapes made on certain dates that have already been released.''

Hugo Halloway Erlichman said, ''Comparison, shades of subtle difference...''

''Gross contradictions which would throw into question interpretations and positions which they take when they got their hands on earlier segments...''

''Great!'' Dick said. ''I love it!''

''I can see it now,'' Irwin Ott Haldeman said. ''Dan Rather and Robert Pierpoint and all the others will have to eat their words because their earlier interpretations and pronouncements won't make sense in relationship to the new tapes that are released.''

''They'll get into it, too,'' Hugo Halloway Erlichman said. ''The whole thing will run into a continuous re-evaluation and re-analysis and re-interpretation of not only the tapes but their own positions.''

''There's a question, though,'' Irwin Ott Haldeman said, his tone quite unenthusiastic and somber, and the rest of them quickly calmed down. ''How can all this *hurt* us?''

''The re-evaluation and re-interpretation...?''

''Right. How can that maybe work against us in the long run? We need to consider how they can turn that against us.''

''Yes,'' Dick said. ''I was already wondering about that, especially when you mentioned Rather, that dirty little son of a bitch, he'll do anything he can to...''

''They can say we're shamming,'' Hugo Halloway Erlichman said.

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"By shamming," Irwin Ott Haldeman said, "do you mean they could somehow come up with the idea that the overlaps and seeming contradictions, the reviews, the. . . what would you call it. . . ?"

"Criss-crossing," Hugo Halloway Erlichman said.

"The criss-crossing was an effort on our part to create an aura or. . . an atmosphere of. . . "

"Diffusion."

"An atmosphere of diffusion which is aimed at creating in their minds an aura of. . . "

"An aura of confusion."

"An aura of confusion which would in the end, in the long run, place us in a position of being in, or of seeming to be, in control."

"Yes," Hugo Halloway Erlichman said. "That's what they might think."

"But they're going to think that *anyway,*" Dick said.

"That's right," Irwin Ott Haldleman said. "They're already there."

"They're already there," Hugo Halloway Erlichman said, "but they might pounce on these tapes and say, 'Look, here's proof of what we've been saying all along, they're shamming.' "

"I don't like that word, shamming," Dick said. "It sounds. . . "

"We could say in reply to that, that in all openness we are opening up everything, revealing the very worst, the most ordinary and banal and everything imaginable, and if they don't want to accept it on the terms of the openness with which it is offered, then. . . well, we can say they aren't receiving these tapes in the proper spirit."

". . . fake," Dick said. "It sounds fake and like there's something that isn't. . . well, I just don't like it and I don't think we should use it in these tapes"—he looked over at O'Connor who was sitting behind the big desk—"switch the machine off." O'Connor realized the machine was indeed running. He switched it off immediately. "Because if we let

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that word out in these tapes, I know those bastards will pounce on it and they'll throw it back in our teeth. I know these bastards so well I know what words they'll latch onto. They just love a word like that—shamming. It sounds... nasty."

"The tape was running," Irwin Ott Haldeman said to Hugo Halloway Erlichman.

"We'll need to erase all that."

"Don't erase it," Dick said. "Don't erase anything. We want this to be *honest,* for Christ's sake."

"But what we were saying wouldn't sound very good if..."

"You don't get the idea, somehow," Dick said. "These tapes aren't going to sound very good no matter how we do it, don't you see? They're going to say this and they're going to say that. My God, I can't imagine what they'll do when they get their hands on these tapes."

"But we were talking about these tapes," Irwin Ott Haldeman said.

"They'll immediately recognize that we were aware that what we were saying was going to reach their ears," Hugo Halloway Erlichman said, "which will cause some credibility problems, unless they consider the possibility that perhaps all along there was an awareness on our part that the tapes were being made, if you get my point."

"How far back?" Irwin Ott Haldeman said.

Hugo Holloway Erlichman shrugged. "All the way back to the very beginning of not just these tapes we're making but the other tapes, too."

"Do you mean...?" Dick started, then stopped. "I wonder what if we *had* been aware that everyone was listening to what we were saying, if we would have, how it would have been, there would have of course been some differences, but I don't see how that would have changed all the *other* things."

"I think it's a good idea to keep it running all the time," Hugo Halloway Erlichman said. He turned to O'Connor and nodded at the machine. O'Connor switched it on. "If we

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knew from the very beginning that it was running, then we have nothing to hide, right?''

''I've never had anything to hide,'' Dick said, turning to the machine as he spoke. ''I have always said that. It has from the very beginning of all this always been my main point.''

''And later,'' Irwin Ott Haldeman said, ''if we change our minds. . .''

''Right,'' Hugo Halloway Erlichman said, ''we can go back and do some editing here and there.''

''No,'' Dick said. ''I don't want any gaps. No gaps.''

''That's no problem,'' Irwin Ott Haldeman said. ''When we erase, we can fit something new into those slots, for the sake of continuity.''

''On the other hand,'' Hugo Halloway Erlichman said, ''maybe we should consider how we could make the gaps advantageous to us. Because they're of course going to be expecting gaps, so if there are none, they'll be suspicious, right?''

''Right,'' Irwin Ott Haldeman said. ''I see your point. That's really the truth.''

''I see your point,'' Dick said, ''but it's those goddamned gaps that. . .''

''Here's a scenario,'' Hugo Halloway Erlichman said. ''I see them finding gaps and saying, 'What's been cut here?' We come back with national security, but—and this is the big difference—we say that we have the deletions on a separate set of tapes!''

''I like that,'' Dick said. ''Yes. I like that a lot. How about you, Bob?''

Irwin Ott Haldeman said, ''I think I like it. The multidimensionality of it is good, the national security, at the same time the thoroughness of the Office in taking the precaution to put all the deletions on a separate series of tapes. But they're still going to wonder what's on those separate tapes and they're going to wonder if they really do touch on national security.''

''They'll want someone on the inside to listen to them,''

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Dick said. "I could talk to John Stennis. . ."

"We could handle that, too," Hugo Halloway Erlichman said to Irwin Ott Haldeman. "The separate national security tapes could have actual national security items on them. As simple as that."

They sat in silence.

"What kind of stuff?" Dick said.

Hugo Halloway Erlichman shrugged. "We could. . .well, you could give us a run-down on some things that were national security, and we could talk about them in the time segments that would fit into the gaps that we put in the other tapes."

"Wonderful idea," Irwin Ott Haldeman said.

Dick was sitting silent, slumped down.

"What's the problem?" Irwin Ott Haldeman asked him.

"I don't. . .well, let me put it this way. Those national security issues. . .Hm. Well, to put it in a nutshell, I can't seem to recall anything that, you know, we could fit into what you might consider, well, national security."

"That's no problem," Irwin Ott Haldeman said. "Do you think that's a problem, John?"

"Not at all," Hugo Halloway Erlichman said. "We'll talk about SALT, NATO. . ."

"Some personalities, too."

"Right. Trudeau, Somoza. . ."

"If it's personalities you want," Dick said, paused to chuckle, "we have no problem there at all. I've known them all, known them all."

Hugo Halloway Erlichman turned to O'Connor. "What do you think of this, John?"

John Mitchell O'Connor cleared his throat with a rumble. "Well," he said, getting the quaver going, "I'll go along with whatever the President says."

They all turned to Dick who was slumped in his chair grinning into his glass. "I say it's time to load up and see if we can get old Cato-san on the run!"

"Here, here!" Irwin Ott Haldeman said.

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Leaving the recorder running, they got their BB guns out of the gun cabinet, freshened their drinks, and took their places at the terrace turrets. At first it appeared Cato-san wasn't on the job. But then Dick, the keenest eye in the bunch, spotted some movement among the roses. "Little fucker," he whispered, lifting his gun to his shoulder, aiming at a spot that to the others was merely foliage. He fired—pink!—and the helmet popped into view and started bobbing through the roses toward a hedge while the rest of them loosed a barrage.

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Two Poems by John Ashbery

Homesickness

The deep water in the travel poster finds me
In the change as I was about to back away
From the idea of the comedy around us—
In the chairs. And you too knew how to do the job
Just right. Trumpets in the afternoon
And you first get down to business and
The barges disappear, one by one, up the river.
One of them must be saved for a promise. But no,
The park continues. There is no space between the leaves.

Once when there was more furniture
It seemed we moved more freely not noticing things
Or ourselves: our relationships were wholly articulate
And direct. Now the air between them has thinned
So that breathing becomes a pleasure, an unconscious act.

Then when you had finished talking about the trip
You had planned, and how many days you were to be away
I was looking into the night forests as I held
The receiver to my ear, replying correctly
As I always do, to everything, having become the sleeper
in you.

It no longer mattered that I didn't want you to go away,
That I wanted you to return as quickly as possible
To my house, not yours this time, except
This house is yours when we sleep in it.
And you will be chastised and purified
Once we are both inside the world's lean-to.
Our words will rise like cigarette smoke, straight to the stars.

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This Configuration

This movie deals with the epidemic of the way we live now.
What an inane card player. And the age may support it.
Each time the rumble of the age
Is an anthill in the distance.

As he slides the first rumpled card
Out of his dirty ruffled shirtfront the cartoon
Of the new age has begun its ascent
Around all of us like a gauze spiral staircase in which
Some stars have been imbedded.

It is the modern trumpets
Who decide the mood or tenor of this cross-section:
Of the people who get up in the morning,
Still half-asleep. That they shouldn't have fun.
But something scary will come
To get them anyway. You might as well linger
On verandas, enjoying life, knowing
The end is essentially unpredictable.
It might be soldiers
Marching all day, millions of them
Past this spot, like the lozenge pattern
Of these walls, like, finally, a kind of sleep.

Or it may be that we are ordinary people
With not unreasonable desires which we can satisfy
From time to time without causing cataclysms
That keep getting louder and more forceful instead of dying
away.

Or it may be that we and the other people
Confused with us on the sidewalk have entered
A moment of seeming to be natural, expected,
And we see ourselves at the moment we see them:
Figures of an afternoon, of a century they extended.

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Amiri Baraka

Pres Spoke in a Language

Pres spoke in a language
"of his own." What did he say, between the
horn line
s, pork pie hat
tenor tilted
pres once was a drummer but gave it up cause other dudes
was getting
the foxes
while he packed his tomtoms
"Ding Dong," pres sd, meaning
like a typewriter, its the end
of this
line. "No Eyes," pres wd say, meaning
I didn't cdn't dig it, and what it was was
lame, Pres
had a language
and a life, like,
all his own,
but in the teeming whole of us he lived
toooting on his sideways horn
translating frankie trumbauer into
Bird's feathers
Tranes sinewy tracks
the slickster walking through the crowd
surviving on a terrifying wit
its the jungle the jungle the jungle
we living in
and cats like pres cd make it because they were clear they,
at least,
had to,
to do anything else.
Save all that comrades, we need it.

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Michael Benedikt

St. Rafael's Lament

For Rafael Cortez, who told me,
and said to write a poem for him,
so the story could be told.

This is St. Rafael resigning from the service
Of the mad white queen. St. Rafael is no angel,
But Queen makes comparison possible
With a flick of the wrist, the way everything is
Possible, for a person of wit and cleverness

Queen commands that the truth be bent: Instant Ronzoni
No. 3,
Overcooked, no less. Queen commands that Fact
Hold Back; a magic wand erases every dictionary
Where now she can write as if on a *tabula rasa.*
She improvises: "You have never known me before,

Or caught me in something like a consistent pattern;
Every destructiveness you've observed, is an exception.
Nor did I make love, except as a loyal royal virgin.
I command you now to put away this impious doubtfulness;
And lest you think you see light, wear dark glasses

For Rafael but digresses to think that I undresses
For X." And all the time here is St. Rafael with enough
Goods on her to sink the wartime merchant marine.
She thinks she's pregnant, he knows he's sterile, I mean.
This is St. Rafael but beginning Quibble with the Queen.

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Joe Brainard

The Outer Banks

Those silly seagulls up in the sky over there remind me of

A particular local postcard of many seagulls in the sky that could go on and on forever were it not for the edges

Reminds me of a particular Southampton postcard of *a* seagull soaring high: the only Southampton postcard simplistic enough to be commanding enough to survive the horrors of photo-chrome technicolor

Reminds me of you—Jimmy—out in Southampton in the big Porter house in your little room of many books it takes game board strategy to relocate now, as then

Until recovering the wild flowers on the wall paper peeling off the long narrow corridor that leads right up to your door

It is not closed
Upon your window of green
"In" from the yard
Of the sick tree
In so many paintings
By Fairfield Porter

That was the summer of. . .not knowing how many years ago is just how it ought to be remembered, if just because it is.

Out trekking up South Main Street
You are:
A pair of thick white legs
Sporting Bermuda shorts
(Of a *most* unusual length)
And plain blue sneakers so "you"
They are.

That was the summer of Campari and
Sodas. . .remember?

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Out trekking up South Main Street
In the pattern of the leaves
From the shade of the trees
That align South Main Street
Most daily is us:
Trekking up South Main Street
On our way to the drug store
With all the sunglasses
On racks that whirl so fast
Where you got your newspapers from
Where I got magazines from
Where we both got our seagull postcards from
To send to each other, mostly
When in the future(s) apart.

And remember the store on the corner with all those plain —(the kind of plain you pay for)—English sweaters of every imaginable color that—surely—any respectable movie star would have a whole walk-in closet full of, that we bought a few from too?

Or if but two
Baby blue, I see for you
And raspberry sherbet, for me
(Easier to buy than to wear)
Especially when thrown over the shoulders
Like "they" did
With no socks on
In Italian loafers
(If money can buy such nice ankles: where?)
With sunglasses up in their hair?

"Ah, the good old days!"

If gobbled then—digested now.
(Clarified by time—romanticized by mind)
For today's re-past re-visited.

Out along these outer banks
Of North Carolina for no reason what-so-ever
Except "ocean."

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Tom Clark

Crisis On The Savannah

"I must complain the cards are
ill-shuffled till I have a
good hand." —*Jonathan Swift*

"Believing something will happen
Because I don't want it to
And that some other thing won't
Because I do—" I wailed to the dealer—

"This is desperation." "Yeah?" he said. But then by
Your graceful lines, your lioness' mane,
Your heat as you returned from
Your day in the jungle, you relieved me from

What in myself was desperate,
What even now insists on wishing
And believing. Still in the sheen of finely-breathing
Blond hair that covers you,

By the flashing way you move from tree
To tree, and from room to room,
Making it a bright full house,
I find at least the light to see the cards I am dealt.

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Robert Creeley

For John Duff

"I placed a jar in Tennessee. . . "
—Wallace Stevens, "Anecdote of the Jar"

Blast of harsh
flat sunlight

on recalcitrant ground
after rain. OK.

Life in N.M. is
not a tourist's paradise,

not the solar
energy capital

of the world, not
your place in the sun. If

I had my way,
I'd be no doubt

long gone. But
here I am and we talk

of plastic America,
of other friends

other places. What
will we do

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today. When
will heart's peace

descend in rippling, convenient
waves. Why

is the sky still
so high.

What's
underfoot.

I don't
feel comfortable with Indians—

and the Mexican
neighbors with

seventeen kids—
what time exists

now still to
include them.

Ok. A day
goes by. Night

follows. On the slight
lip of earth

down from the gate
at the edge of

the arroyo
sits

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a *menhir*—
remember

that oar
you could screw into

ground, say,
here I'll build a city?

No way.
This column

is common
old stretcher

cement blocks.
Put one on one

in pairs, first this way,
then that, you get

a house,
explicit, of the mind,

both thought
and the senses provoke it—

you see it—
you feel and think

this world.
It's a quiet

grey column,
handsome—"the one

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missing color''—
and it's here now

forever,
no matter

it falls in a day.
Ok, John.

When you're gone,
I'll remember

also forever
the tough dear

sentiment, the clarity,
of your talking, the care.

And this *it*
you gave us:

here
is all the wonder,

there
is all there is.

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Donald Davie

At the Café Parnasse

for Turner Cassity.

Sealed into the cocoon
Of light and water, face
And racked reflection, voice
And the nymph Echo answering, the grub
Narcissus throbs at high noon. Slapping
Languidly, the rocked
Wave on the bridge-piers means a speedboat passes
A half of a mile and all of a minute away,
Tensed for the seaway. Ah Narcissus, ah
Dreamboat of self! In Amsterdam the brick,
So I am told, abides no pulse but yours!

Perfection of the noon!
The waterfront *Café*
Parnasse safe harbours him, the smoke
Circling straight upward from his cigarette
(Always the same brand, with that special tang,
The Unfulfillable). He sits
Hour after hour, small glass or coffee-cup
Cold at his elbow; sees, as night comes on,
The knots of sailors speaking foreign tongues
Stream past him pell-mell, though as yet but idly,
Towards excess; then calls for the waiter; leaves.

Ensues his worst hour:
What if the grub he is
Should flap wet wings, and tower? What
If—the construction is unknown to him

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Except in acquired and treasured English—this
Unfulfillable were
Fulfillable, in a high gale or a whorehouse?
A slowed-down speedboat!—ears that should
Hear their own memories of a pulse late heard
Repeated with some difference. Ah, free verse!
A scion of Narcissus, that one was!

And so he shrugs it off;
Prepares a frugal meal;
Recalls how there are carapaces more
Armoured than his—the dense, secure delusions
Of liberty, husks of so tough a rind
(The liberated seamen!) no one can
Tell if inside is a being alive or dead;
So falls asleep; and so sleeps through, against
The hour when he will take his seat again
At the *Café Parnasse,* the small waves slapping the brick,
His own blue smoke aspiring and dispersing.

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The Art Of The Short Story

Ernest Hemingway

In March, 1959, Ernest Hemingway's publisher Charles Scribner, Jr. suggested putting together a student's edition of Hemingway short stories. He listed the twelve stories which were most in demand for anthologies, but thought that the collection could include Hemingway's favorites, and that Hemingway could write a preface for classroom use. Hemingway responded favorably. He would write the preface in the form of a lecture on the art of the short story.

Hemingway worked on the preface at La Consula, the home of Bill and Annie Davis in Malaga. He was in Spain that summer to follow the mano a mano *competition between the brother-in-law bullfighters, Dominguín and Ordóñez. Hemingway traveled with his friend, Antonio Ordóñez, and wrote about this rivalry in "The Dangerous Summer," a three-part article which appeared in* Life.

The first draft of the preface was written in May, and Hemingway completed the piece during the respite after Ordóñez was gored on May 30th. His wife, Mary, typed the

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draft, and, as she wrote in her book How It Was, *she did not entirely approve of it. She wrote her husband a note suggesting rewrites and cuts to remove some of what she felt was its boastful, smug, and malicious tone. But Hemingway made only minor changes.*

Hemingway sent the introduction to Charles Scribner and proposed changing the book to a collection for the general public. Scribner agreed to the change. However, he diplomatically suggested not printing the preface as it stood, but rather using only the relevant comments as introductory remarks to the individual stories. Scribner felt that the preface, written as a lecture for college students, would not be accepted by a reading audience which might well "misinterpret it as condescension." [Scribner to E.H. June 24, 1959.]

The idea of the book was dropped.

Hemingway wrote the preface as if it were an extemporaneous oral presentation before a class on the methods of short story writing. It is similar to a transcript of an informal talk. Judging it against literary standards, or using it to assess Hemingway's literary capabilities would elevate it beyond this level, and would be inappropriate. Both Hemingway's wife and his publisher were against its publication, and in the end Hemingway agreed. It appears here because of its content. Hemingway relates the circumstances under which he wrote the short stories; he gives opinion on other writers, critics, and on his own works; he expresses views on the art of the short story.

The essay is published unedited except for some spelling corrections. A holograph manuscript, two typescripts and an addendum, written for other possible selections for the book, are in the Hemingway Collection at the John F. Kennedy Library.

Gertrude Stein who was sometimes very wise said to me on one of her wise days, "Remember, Hemingway, that remarks are not literature." The following remarks are not intended to be nor do they pretend to be literature. They are meant to be

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instructive, irritating and informative. No writer should be asked to write solemnly about what he has written. Truthfully, yes. Solemnly, no. Should we begin in the form of a lecture designed to counteract the many lectures you will have heard on the art of the short story?

Many people have a compulsion to write. There is no law against it and doing it makes them happy while they do it and presumably relieves them. Given editors who will remove the worst of their emissions, supply them with spelling and syntax and help them shape their thoughts and their beliefs, some compulsory writers attain a temporary fame. But when shit, or *merde*—a word which teacher will explain—is cut out of a book, the odor of it always remains perceptible to anyone with sufficient olfactory sensibility.

The compulsory writer would be advised not to attempt the short story. Should he make the attempt, he might well suffer the fate of the compulsive architect, which is as lonely an end as that of the compulsive bassoon player. Let us not waste our time considering the sad and lonely ends of these unfortunate creatures, gentlemen. Let us continue the exercise.

Are there any questions? Have you mastered the art of the short story? Have I been helpful? Or have I not made myself clear? I hope so.

Gentlemen, I will be frank with you. The masters of the short story come to no good end. You query this? You cite me Maugham? Longevity, gentlemen, is not an end. It is a prolongation. I cannot say fie upon it, since I have never fie-ed on anything yet. Shuck if off, Jack. Don't fie on it.

Should we abandon rhetoric and realize at the same time that what is the most authentic hipster talk of today is the twenty-three skidoo of tomorrow? We should? What intelligent young people you are and what a privilege it is to be with you. Do I hear a request for authentic ballroom bananas? I do? Gentlemen, we have them for you in bunches.

Actually, as writers put it when they do not know how to begin a sentence, there is very little to say about writing short

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stories unless you are a professional explainer. If you can do it, you don't have to explain it. If you can not do it, no explanation will ever help.

A few things I have found to be true. If you leave out important things or events that you know about, the story is strengthened. If you leave or skip something because you do not know it, the story will be worthless. The test of any story is how very good the stuff is that you, not your editors, omit. A story in this book called "Big Two-Hearted River" is about a boy coming home beat to the wide from a war. Beat to the wide was an earlier and possibly more severe form of beat, since those who had it were unable to comment on this condition and could not suffer that it be mentioned in their presence. So the war, all mention of the war, anything about the war, is omitted. The river was the Fox River, by Seney, Michigan, not the Big Two-Hearted. The change of name was made purposely, not from ignorance nor carelessness but because Big Two-Hearted River is poetry, and because there were many Indians in the story, just as the war was in the story, and none of the Indians nor the war appeared. As you see, it is very simple and easy to explain.

In a story called "A Sea Change," everything is left out. I had seen the couple in the Bar Basque in St.-Jean-de-Luz and I knew the story too too well, which is the squared root of well, and use any well you like except mine. So I left the story out. But it is all there. It is not visible but it is there.

It is very hard to talk about your work since it implies arrogance or pride. I have tried to get rid of arrogance and replace it with humility and I do all right at that sometimes, but without pride I would not wish to continue to live nor to write and I publish nothing of which I am not proud. You can take that any way you like, Jack. I might not take it myself. But maybe we're built different.

Another story is "Fifty Grand." This story originally started like this:

" 'How did you handle Benny so easy, Jack?' Soldier asked him.

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" 'Benny's an awful smart boxer,' Jack said. 'All the time he's in there, he's thinking. All the time he's thinking, I was hitting him.' "

I told this story to Scott Fitzgerald in Paris before I wrote "Fifty Grand" trying to explain to him how a truly great boxer like Jack Britton functioned. I wrote the story opening with that incident and when it was finished I was happy about it and showed it to Scott. He said he liked the story very much and spoke about it in so fulsome a manner that I was embarrassed. Then he said, "There is only one thing wrong with it, Ernest, and I tell you this as your friend. You have to cut out that old chestnut about Britton and Leonard."

At that time my humility was in such ascendance that I thought he must have heard the remark before or that Britton must have said it to someone else. It was not until I had published the story, from which I had removed that lovely revelation of the metaphysics of boxing that Fitzgerald in the way his mind was functioning that year so that he called an historic statement an "old chestnut" because he had heard it once and only once from a friend, that I realized how dangerous that attractive virtue, humility, can be. So do not be too humble, gentlemen. Be humble after but not during the action. They will all con you, gentlemen. But sometimes it is not intentional. Sometimes they simply do not know. This is the saddest state of writers and the one you will most frequently encounter. If there are no questions, let us press on.

My loyal and devoted friend Fitzgerald, who was truly more interested in my own career at this point than in his own, sent me to *Scribner's* with the story. It had already been turned down by Ray Long of *Cosmopolitan Magazine* because it had no love interest. That was okay with me since I eliminated any love interest and there were, purposely, no women in it except for two broads. Enter two broads as in Shakespeare, and they go out of the story. This is unlike what you will hear from your instructors, that if a broad comes into a story in the first paragraph, she must reappear later to justify her original presence. This is untrue, gentlemen. You may dispense with

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Hemingway with fellow patients and nurses from the American Red Cross Hospital in Milan, 1918.

John F. Kennedy Library

Ernest Hemingway at La Consula, the summer of 1959.

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her, just as in life. It is also untrue that if a gun hangs on the wall when you open up the story, it must be fired by page fourteen. The chances are, gentlemen, that if it hangs upon the wall, it will not even shoot. If there are no questions, shall we press on? Yes, the unfireable gun may be a symbol. That is true. But with a good enough writer, the chances are some jerk just hung it there to look at. Gentlemen, you can't be sure. Maybe he is queer for guns, or maybe an interior decorator put it there. Or both.

So with pressure by Max Perkins on the editor, *Scribner's Magazine* agreed to publish the story and pay me two hundred and fity dollars, if I would cut it to a length where it would not have to be continued into the back of the book. *They call magazines books. There is significance in this but we* will not go into it. They are not books, even if they put them in stiff covers. You have to watch this, gentlemen. Anyway, I explained without heat nor hope, seeing the built-in stupidity of the editor of the magazine and his intransigence, that I had already cut the story myself and that the only way it could be shortened by five hundred words and make sense was to amputate the first five hundred. I had often done that myself with stories and it improved them. It would not have improved this story but I thought that was their ass not mine. I would put it back together in a book. They read differently in a book anyway. You will learn about this.

No, gentlemen, they would not cut the first five hundred words. They gave it instead to a very intelligent young assistant editor who assured me he could cut it with no difficulty. That was just what he did on his first attempt, and any place he took words out, the story no longer made sense. It had been cut for keeps when I wrote it, and afterwards at Scott's request I'd even cut out the metaphysics which, ordinarily, I leave in. So they quit on it finally and eventually, I understand, Edward Weeks got Ellery Sedgwick to publish it in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Then everyone wanted me to write fight stories and I did not write any more fight stories because I tried to write only one story on anything, if I got what I was

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after, because Life is very short if you like it and I knew that even then. There are other things to write about and other people who write very good fight stories. I recommend to you "The Professional" by W. C. Heinz.

Yes, the confidently cutting young editor became a big man on *Reader's Digest.* Or didn't he? I'll have to check that. So you see, gentlemen, you never know and what you win in Boston you lose in Chicago. That's symbolism, gentlemen, and you can run a saliva test on it. That is how we now detect symbolism in our group and so far it gives fairly satisfactory results. Not complete, mind you. But we are getting in to see our way through. Incidently, within a short time *Scribner's Magazine* was running a contest for long short stories that broke back into the back of the book, and paying many times two hundred and fifty dollars to the winners.

Now since I have answered your perceptive questions, let us take up another story.

This story is called "The Light of the World." I could have called it "Behold I Stand at the Door and Knock" or some other stained-glass window title, but I did not think of it and actually "The Light of the World" is better. It is about many things and you would be ill-advised to think it is a simple tale. It is really, no matter what you hear, a love letter to a whore named Alice who at the time of the story would have dressed out at around two hundred and ten pounds. Maybe more. And the point of it is that nobody, and that goes for you, Jack, knows how we were then from how we are now. This is worse on women than on us, until you look into the mirror yourself some day instead of looking at women all the time, and in writing the story I was trying to do something about it. But there are very few basic things you can do anything about. So I do what the French call *constater.* Look that up. That is what you have to learn to do, and you ought to learn French anyway if you are going to understand short stories, and there is nothing rougher than to do it all the way. It is hardest to do about women and you must not worry when they say there are no such women as those you wrote about. That only means

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your women aren't like their women. You ever see any of their women, Jack? I have a couple of times and you would be appalled and I know you don't appall easy.

What I learned constructive about women, not just ethics like never blame them if they pox you because somebody poxed them and lots of times they don't even know they have it—that's in the first reader for squares—is, no matter *how* they get, always think of them the way they were on the best day they ever had in their lives. That's about all you can do about it and that is what I was trying for in the story.

Now there is another story called "The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber." Jack, I get a bang even yet from just writing the titles. That's why you write, no matter what they tell you. I'm glad to be with somebody I know now and those feecking students have gone. They haven't? Okay. Glad to have them with us. It is in you that our hope is. That's the stuff to feed the troops. Students, at ease.

This is a simple story in a way, because the woman, who I knew very well in real life but then invented out of, to make the woman for this story, is a bitch for the full course and doesn't change. You'll probably never meet the type because you haven't got the money. I haven't either but I get around. Now this woman doesn't change. She has been better, but she will never be any better anymore. I invented her complete with handles from the worst bitch I knew (then) and when I first knew her she'd been lovely. Not my dish, not my pigeon, not my cup of tea, but lovely for what she was and I was her all of the above which is whatever you make of it. This is as close as I can put it and keep it clean. This information is what you call the background of a story. You throw it all away and invent from what you know. I should have said that sooner. That's all there is to writing. That, a perfect ear—call it selective—absolute pitch, the devotion to your work and respect for it that a priest of God has for his, and then have the guts of a burglar, no conscience except to writing, and you're in, gentlemen. It's easy. Anybody can write if he is cut out for it and applies himself. Never give it a thought. Just have those

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few requisites. I mean the way you have to write now to handle the way now is now. There was a time when it was nicer, much nicer and all that has been well written by nicer people. They are all dead and so are their times, but they handled them very well. Those times are over and writing like that won't help you now.

But to return to this story. The woman called Margot Macomber is no good to anybody now except for trouble. You can bang her but that's about all. The man is a nice jerk. I knew him very well in real life, so invent him too from everything I know. So he is just how he really was, only he is invented. The White Hunter is my best friend and he does not care what I write as long as it is readable, so I don't invent him at all. I just disguise him for family and business reasons, and to keep him out of trouble with the Game Department. He is the furthest thing from a square since they invented the circle, so I just have to take care of him with an adequate disguise and he is as proud as though we both wrote it, which actually you always do in anything if you go back far enough. So it is a secret between us. That's all there is to that story except maybe the lion when he is hit and I am thinking inside of him really, not faked. I can think inside of a lion, really. It's hard to believe and it is perfectly okay with me if you don't believe it. Perfectly. Plenty of people have used it since, though, and one boy used it quite well, making only one mistake. Making any mistake kills you. This mistake killed him and quite soon everything he wrote was a mistake. You have to watch yourself, Jack, every minute, and the more talented you are the more you have to watch these mistakes because you will be in faster company. A writer who is not going all the way up can make all the mistakes he wants. None of it matters. He doesn't matter. The people who like him don't matter either. They could drop dead. It wouldn't make any difference. It's too bad. As soon as you read one page by anyone you can tell whether it matters or not. This is sad and you hate to do it. I don't want to be the one that tells them. So don't make any mistakes. You see how easy it is? Just go right

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in there and be a writer.

That about handles that story. Any questions? No, I don't know whether she shot him on purpose any more than you do. I could find out if I asked myself because I invented it and I could go right on inventing. But you have to know where to stop. That is what makes a short story. Makes it short at least. The only hint I could give you is that it is my belief that the incidence of husbands shot accidentally by wives who are bitches and really work at it is very low. Should we continue?

If you are interested in how you get the idea for a story, this is how it was with "The Snows of Kilimanjaro." They have you ticketed and always try to make it that you are someone who can only write about theirself. I am using in this lecture the spoken language, which varies. It is one of the ways to write, so you might as well follow it and maybe you will learn something. Anyone who can write can write spoken, pedantic, inexorably dull, or pure English prose, just as slot machines can be set for straight, percentage, give-away or stealing. No one who can write spoken ever starves except at the start. The others you can eat irregularly on. But any good writer can do them all. This is spoken, approved for over fourteen I hope. Thank you.

Anyway we came home from Africa, which is a place you stay until the money runs out or you get smacked, one year and at quarantine I said to the ship news reporters when somebody asked me what my projects were that I was going to work and when I had some more money go back to Africa. The different wars killed off that project and it took nineteen years to get back. Well it was in the papers and a really nice and really fine and really rich woman invited me to tea and we had a few drinks as well and she had read in the papers about this project, and why should I have to wait to go back for any lack of money? She and my wife and I could go to Africa any time and money was only something to be used intelligently for the best enjoyment of good people and so forth. It was a sincere and fine and good offer and I liked her very much and I turned down the offer.

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So I get down to Key West and I start to think what would happen to a character like me whose defects I know, if I had accepted that offer. So I start to invent and I make myself a guy who would do what I invent. I know about the dying part because I had been through all that. Not just once. I got it early, in the middle and later. So I invent how someone I know who cannot sue me—that is me—would turn out, and put into one short story things you would use in, say, four novels if you were careful and not a spender. I throw everything I had been saving into the story and spend it all. I really throw it away, if you know what I mean. I am not gambling with it. Or maybe I am. Who knows? Real gamblers don't gamble. At least you think they don't gamble. They gamble, Jack, don't worry. So I make up the man and the woman as well as I can and I put all the true stuff in and with all the load, the most load any short story ever carried, it still takes off and it flies. This makes me very happy. So I thought that and the Macomber story are as good short stories as I can write for a while, so I lose interest and take up other forms of writing.

Any questions? The leopard? He is part of the metaphysics. I did not hire out to explain that nor a lot of other things. I know, but I am under no obligation to tell you. Put it down to *omertà*. Look that word up. I dislike explainers, apologists, stoolies, pimps. No writer should be any one of those for his own work. This is just a little background, Jack, that won't do either of us any harm. You see the point, don't you? If not it is too bad.

That doesn't mean you shouldn't explain for, apologize for or pimp or tout for some other writer. I have done it and the best luck I had was doing it for Faulkner. When they didn't know him in Europe, I told them all how he was the best we had and so forth and I over-humbled with him plenty and built him up about as high as he could go because he never had a break then and he was good then. So now whenever he has a few shots, he'll tell students what's wrong with me or tell Japanese or anybody they send him to, to build up our

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local product. I get tired of this but I figure what the hell he's had a few shots and maybe he even believes it. So you asked me just now what I think about him, as everybody does and I always stall, so I say you know how good he is. Right. You ought to. What is wrong is he cons himself sometimes pretty bad. That may just be the sauce. But for quite a while when he hits the sauce toward the end of a book, it shows bad. He gets tired and he goes on and on, and that sauce writing is really hard on who has to read it. I mean if they care about writing. I thought maybe it would help if I read it using the sauce myself, but it wasn't any help. Maybe it would have helped if I was fourteen. But I was only fourteen one year and then I would have been too busy. So that's what I think about Faulkner. You ask that I sum it up from the standpoint of a professional. Very good writer. Cons himself now. Too much sauce. But he wrote a really fine story called "The Bear" and I would be glad to put it in this book for your pleasure and delight, if I had written it. But you can't write them all, Jack.

It would be simpler and more fun to talk about other writers and what is good and what is wrong with them, as I saw when you asked me about Faulkner. He's easy to handle because he talks so much for a supposed silent man. Never talk, Jack, if you are a writer, unless you have the guy write it down and have you go over it. Otherwise, they get it wrong. That's what you think until they play a tape back at you. Then you know how silly it sounds. You're a writer aren't you? Okay, shut up and write. What was that question?

Did I really write three stories in one day in Madrid, the way it said in that interview in *The Paris Review* and *Horizon*? Yes sir. I was hotter than a—let's skip it, gentlemen. I was laden with uninhibited energy. Or should we say this energy was canalized into my work. Such states are compounded by the brisk air of the Guadarramas (Jack, was it cold) the highly seasoned bacalao vizcaíno (dried cod fish, Jack) a certain vague loneliness (I was in love and the girl was in Bologna and I couldn't sleep anyway, so why not write.) So I wrote.

"The stories you mention I wrote in one day in Madrid on

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May 16 when it snowed out the San Isidro bullfights. First I wrote 'The Killers' which I'd tried to write before and failed. Then after lunch I got in bed to keep warm and wrote 'Today is Friday.' I had so much juice I thought maybe I was going crazy and I had about six other stories to write. So I got dressed and walked to Fornos, the old bull fighter's cafe, and drank coffee and then came back and wrote 'Ten Indians.' This made me very sad and I drank some brandy and went to sleep. I'd forgotten to eat and one of the waiters brought me up some bacalao and a small steak and fried potatoes and a bottle of Valdepeñas.

"The woman who ran the Pension was always worried that I did not eat enough and she had sent the waiter. I remember sitting up in bed and eating, and drink the Valdepeñas. The waiter said he would bring up another bottle. He said the Señora wanted to know if I was going to write all night. I said no, I thought I would lay off for a while. Why don't you try to write just one more, the waiter asked. I'm only supposed to write one, I said. Nonsense, he said. You could write six. I'll try tomorrow, I said. Try it tonight, he said. What do you think the old woman sent the food up for?

"I'm tired, I told him. Nonsense, he said (the word was not nonsense.) You tired after three miserable little stories. Translate me one.

"Leave me alone, I said. How am I going to write it if you don't leave me alone. So I sat up in bed and drank the Valdepeñas and thought what a hell of a writer I was if the first story was as good as I'd hoped."

I have used the same words in answering that the excellent Plimpton elicited from me in order to avoid error or repetition. If there are no more questions, should we continue?

It is very bad for writers to be hit on the head too much. Sometimes you lose months when you should have and perhaps would have worked well but sometimes a long time after the memory of the sensory distortions of these woundings will produce a story which, while not justifying the temporary cerebral damage, will palliate it. "A Way You'll

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Never Be'' was written at Key West, Florida, some fifteen years after the damage it depicts, both to a man, a village and a countryside, had occurred. No questions? I understand. I understand completely. However, do not be alarmed. We are not going to call for a moment of silence. Nor for the man in the white suit. Nor for the net. Now gentlemen, and I notice a sprinkling of ladies who have drifted in attracted I hope by the sprinkling of applause. Thank you. Just *what* stories do you yourselves care for? I must not impose on you exclusively those that find favor with their author. Do *you* too care for any of them?

You like ''The Killers''? So good of you. And why? Because it had Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner in it? Excellent. Now we are getting somewhere. It is always a pleasure to remember Miss Gardner as she was then. No, I never met Mr. Lancaster. I can't tell you what he is really like but everyone says he is terrific. The background of that story is that I had a lawyer who had cancer and he wanted cash rather than any long term stuff. You can see his point I hope. So when he was offered a share in the picture for me and less cash, he took the more cash. It turned out badly for us both. He died eventually and I retained only an academic interest in the picture. But the company lets me run it off free when I want to see Miss Gardner and hear the shooting. It is a good picture and the only good picture ever made of a story of mine. One of the reasons for that is that John Huston wrote the script. Yes I know him. Is everything true about him that they say? No. But the best things are. Isn't that interesting.

You mean background about the story not the picture? That's not very sporting, young lady. Didn't you see the class was enjoying itself finally? Besides it has a sordid background. I hesitate to bring it in, on account of there is no statute of limitations on what it deals with. Gene Tunney, who is a man of wide culture, once asked me, ''Ernest, wasn't that Andre Anderson in 'The Killers'? '' I told it was and that the town was Summit, Illinois, not Summit, N.J. We left it at that. I thought about that story a long long time before I invented it,

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and I had to be as far away as Madrid before I invented it properly. That story probably had more left out of it than anything I ever wrote. More even than when I left the war out of "Big Two-Hearted River." I left out all Chicago, which is hard to do in 2951 words.

Another time I was leaving out good was in "A Clean Well-Lighted Place." There I really had luck. I left out everything. That is about as far as you can go, so I stood on that one and haven't drawn to that since.

I trust you follow me, gentlemen. As I said at the start, there is nothing to writing short stories once you get the knack of it.

A story I can beat, and I promise you I will, is "The Undefeated." But I leave it in to show you the difference between when you leave it all in and when you take it out. The stories where you leave it all in do not re-read like the ones where you leave it out. They understand easier, but when you have read them once or twice you can't re-read them. I could give you examples in everybody who writes, but writers have enough enemies without doing it to each other. All really good writers know exactly what is wrong in all other good writers. There are no perfect writers unless they write just a very little bit and then stand on it. But writers have no business fingering another writer to outsiders while he is alive. After a writer is dead and doesn't have to work any more, anything goes. A son of a bitch alive is a son of a bitch dead. I am not talking about rows between writers. They are okay and can be comic. If someone puts a thumb in your eye, you don't protest. You thumb him back. He fouls you, you foul him back. That teaches people to keep it clean. What I mean is, you shouldn't give it to another writer, I mean really give it to him. I know you shouldn't do it because I did it once to Sherwood Anderson. I did it because I was righteous, which is the worst thing you can be, and I thought he was going to pot the way he was writing and that I could kid him out of it by showing him how awful it was. So I wrote *The Torrents of Spring*. It was cruel to do, and it didn't do any good, and he

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just wrote worse and worse. What the hell business of mine was it if he wanted to write badly? None. But then I was righteous and more loyal to writing than to my friend. I would have shot anybody then, not kill them, just shoot them a little, if I thought it would straighten them up and make them write right. Now I know that there is nothing you can do about any writer ever. The seeds of their destruction are in them from the start, and the thing to do about writers is get along with them if you see them, and try not to see them. All except a very few, and all of them except a couple are dead. Like I said, once they're dead anything goes as long as it's true.

I'm sorry I threw at Anderson. It was cruel and I was a son of a bitch to do it. The only thing I can say is that I was as cruel to myself then. But that is no excuse. He was a friend of mine, but that was no excuse for doing it to him. Any questions? Ask me that some other time.

This brings us to another story, "My Old Man." The background of this was all the time we spent at the races at San Siro when I used to be in hospital in Milan in 1918, and the time put in at the tracks in Paris when we really worked at it. Handicapping I mean. Some people say that this story is derived from a story about harness racing by Sherwood Anderson called "I'm a Fool." I do not believe this. My theory is that it is derived from a jockey I knew very well and a number of horses I knew, one of which I was in love with. I invented the boy in my story and I think the boy in Sherwood's story was himself. If you read both stories you can form your own opinion. Whatever it is, it is all right with me. The best things Sherwood wrote are in two books, *Winesburg, Ohio* and *The Triumph of the Egg.* You should read them both. Before you know too much about things, they are better. The best thing about Sherwood was he was the kind of guy at the start his name made you think of Sherwood Forest, while in Bob Sherwood the name only made you think of a playwright.

Any other stories you find in this book are in because I liked

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them. If you like them too I will be pleased. Thank you very much. It has been nice to be with you.

June, 1959
La Consula
Churriana
Malaga, Spain

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The First City of the Dead: The City of Doors (1914)

Alice Aycock

The city is being constructed by an old woman born in 1881 who wants to record all the important events in her life so that she can remember them. Each year that she has lived is designated by a street, and each week is represented by a door. The doors belong to places where important events occurred. The blank doors are for those weeks that she can't remember. The old woman hopes that out of her memory and forgetfulness, as recorded in the streets of doors, a pattern or sign will emerge and she will one day see the story of her life. Every door opens on a small closet-like space. Only one door in each street of doors leads to the next street. It is therefore necessary to go from door to door searching for the entry door.

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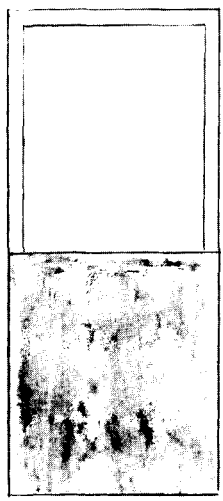

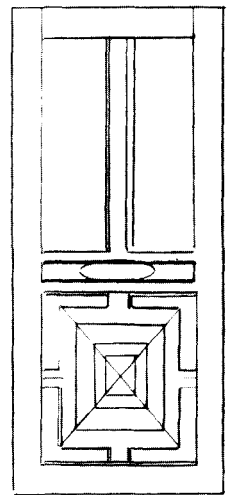

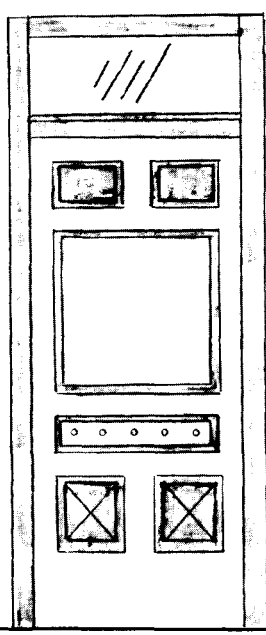

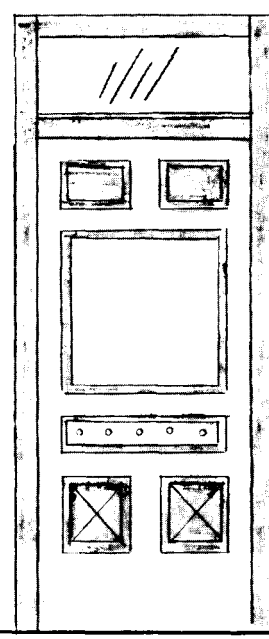

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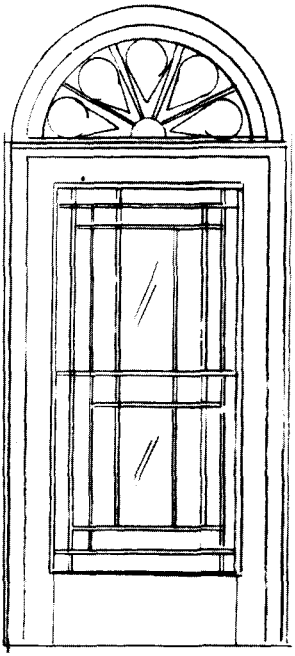

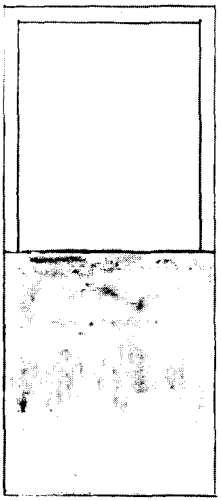

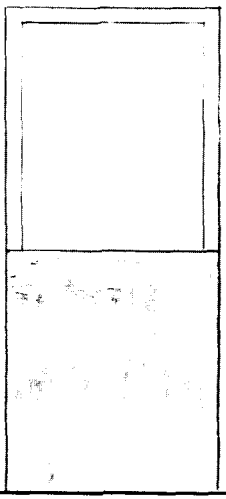

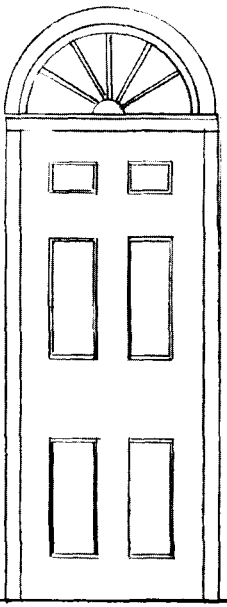

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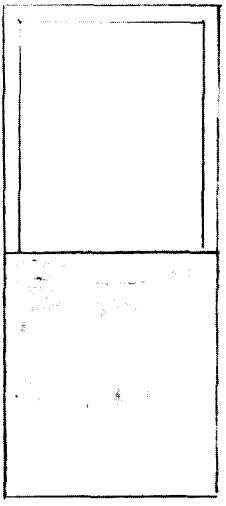

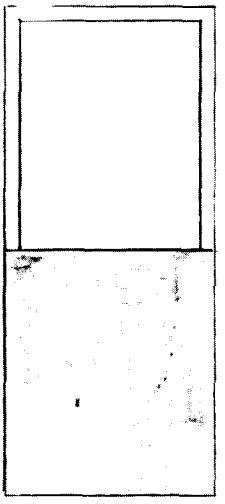

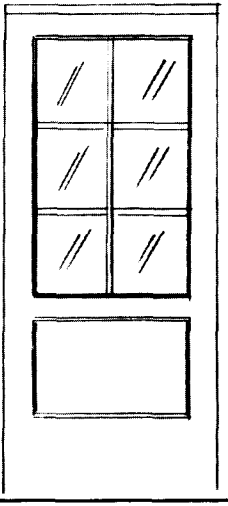

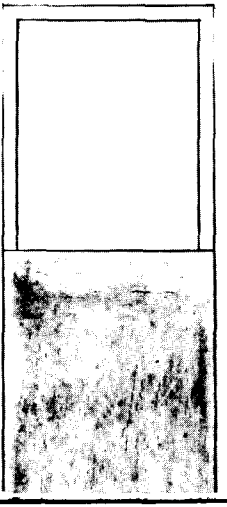

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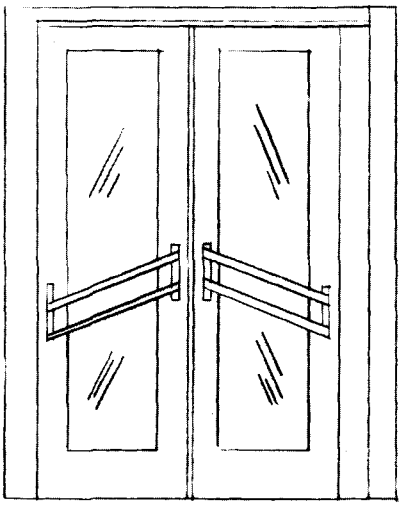

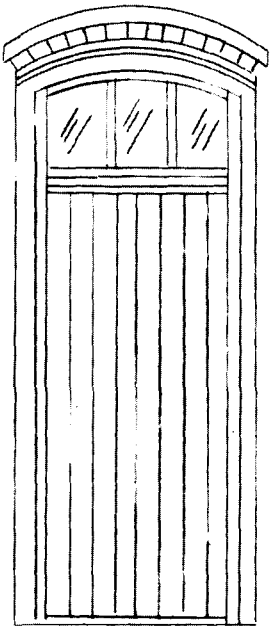

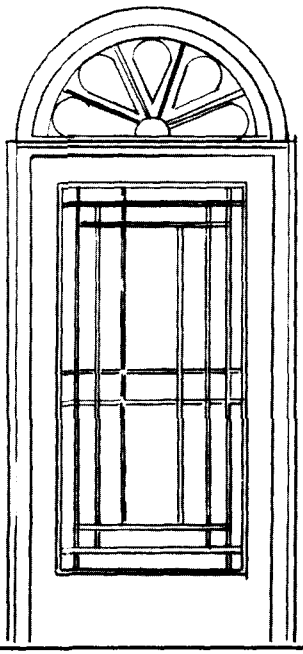

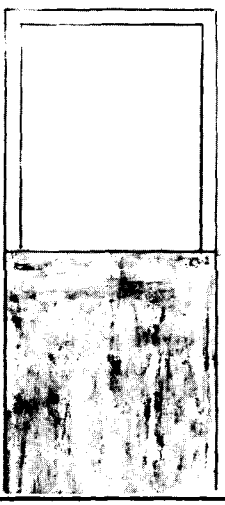

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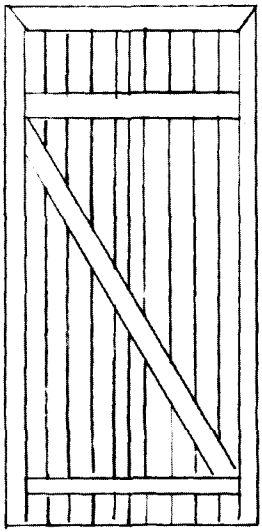

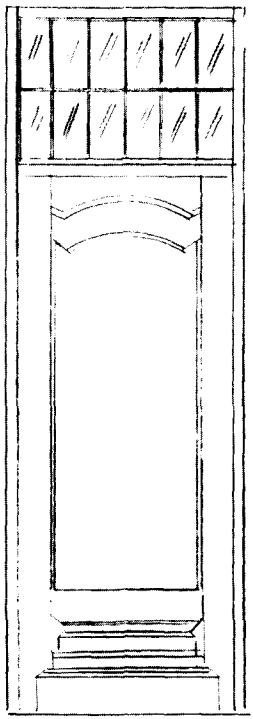

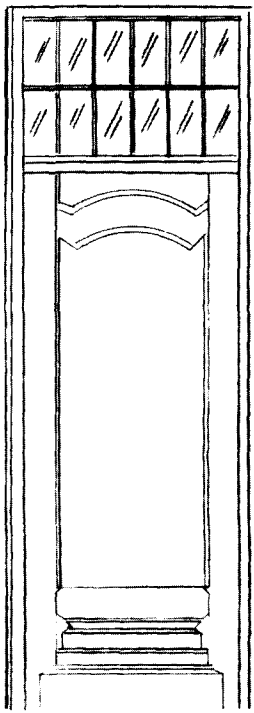

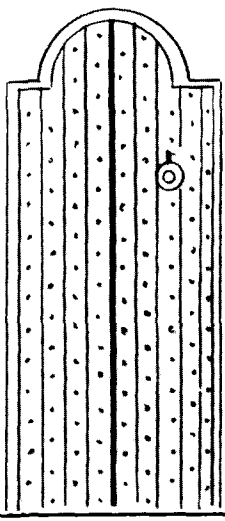

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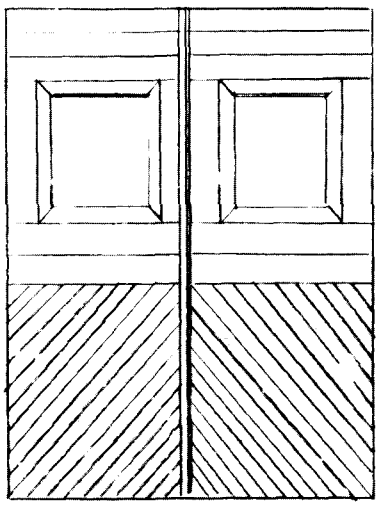

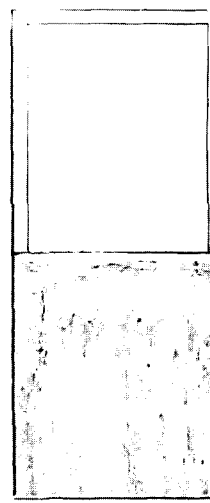

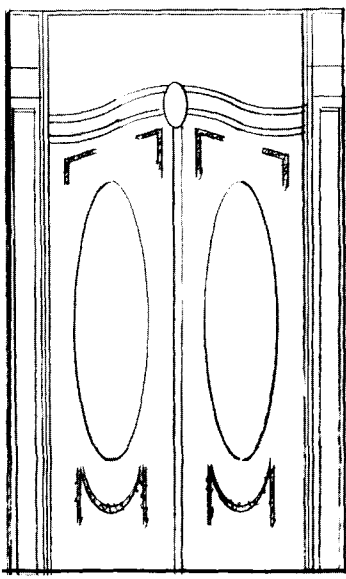

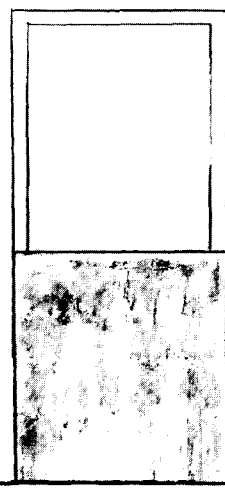

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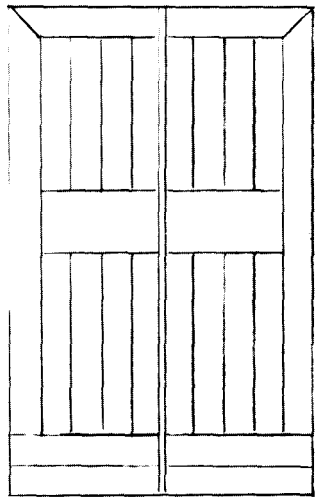

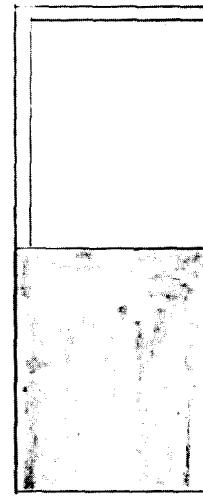

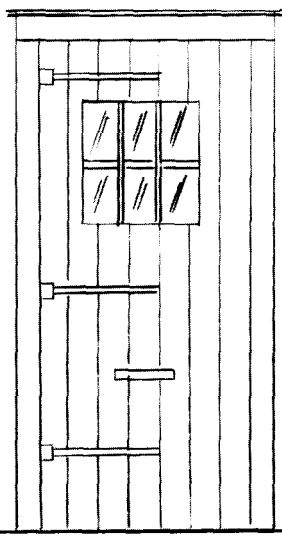

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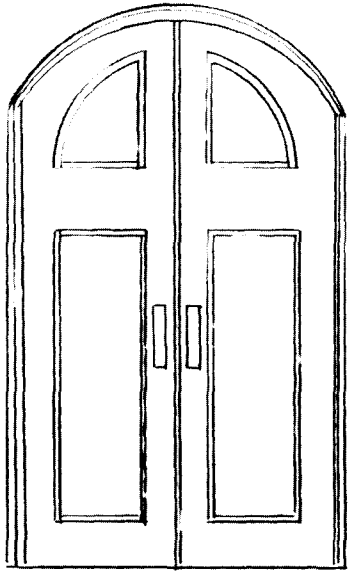

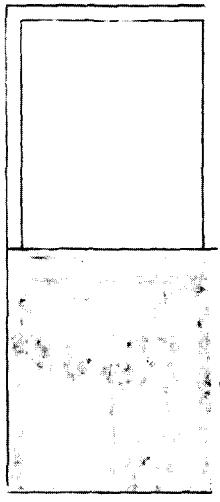

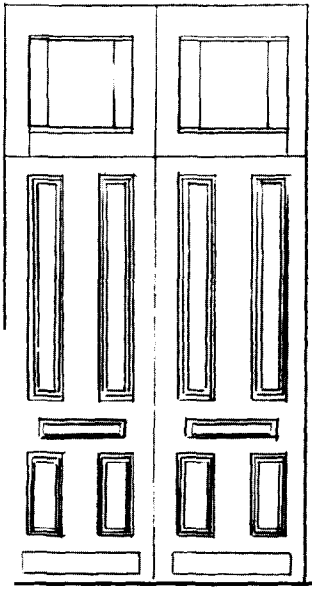

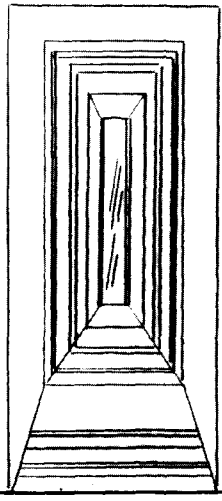

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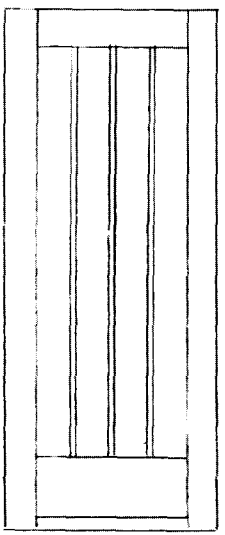

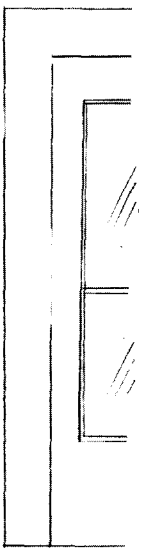

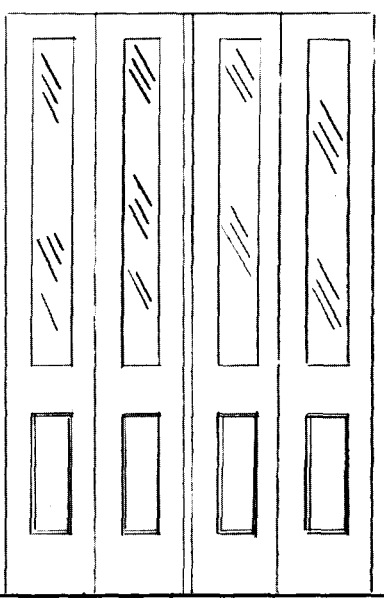

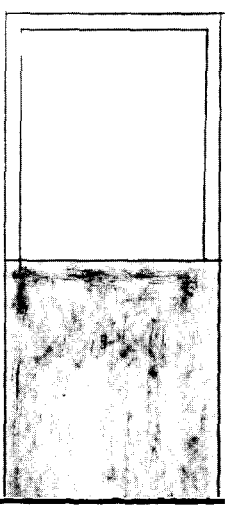

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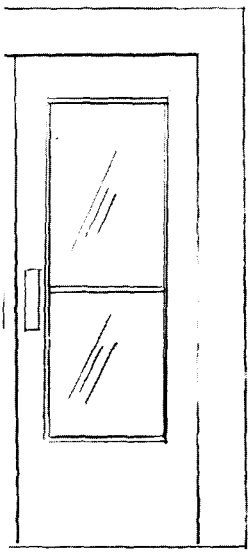

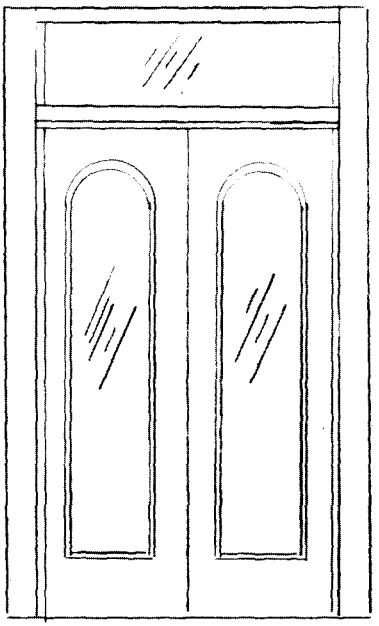

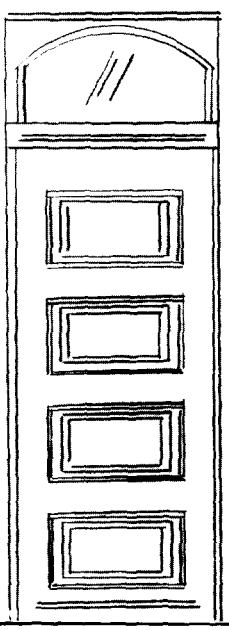

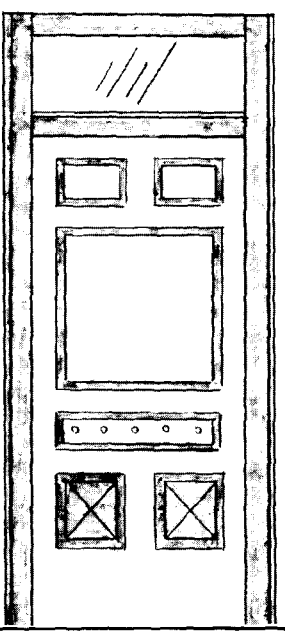

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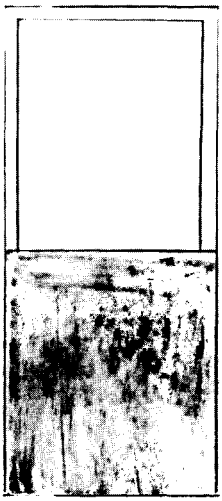

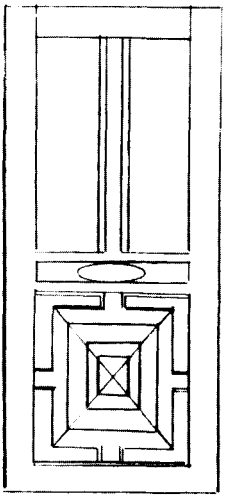

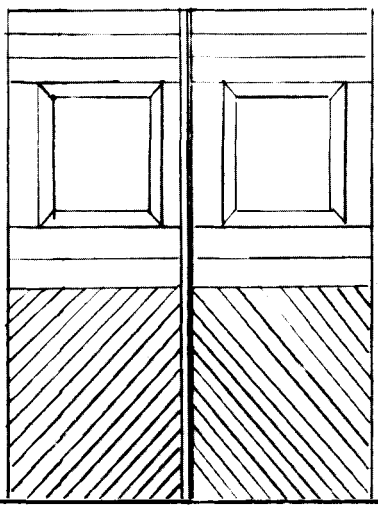

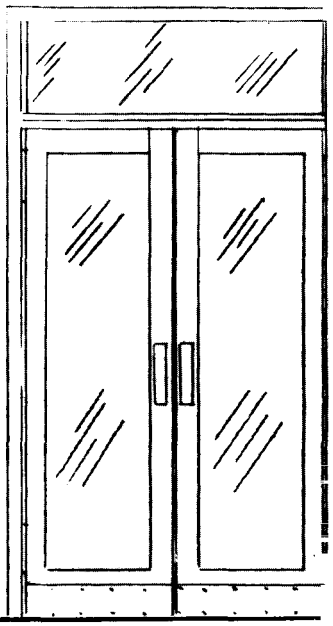

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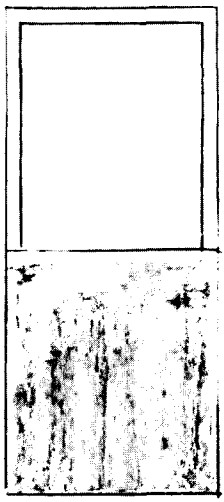

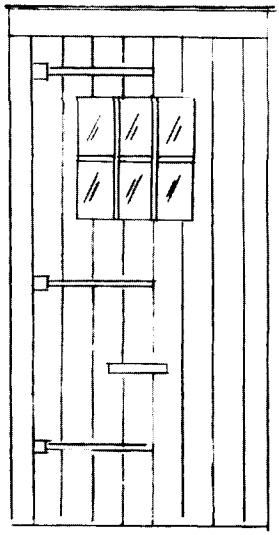

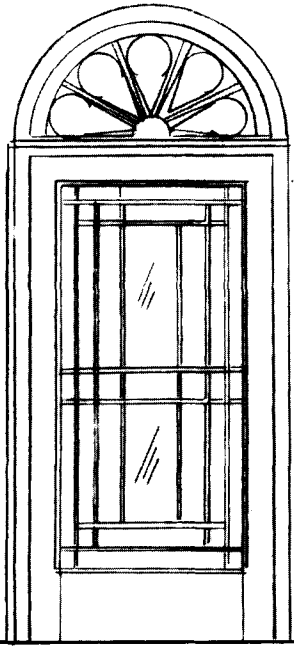

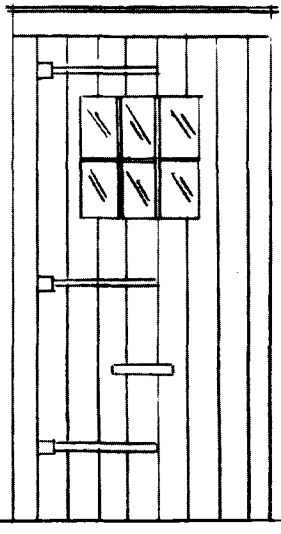

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Since morning it had died and been reborn.

Its rebirth, I calculated rapidly, was likely to be followed by an agonizing existence. I knew at once, as everybody must who had any knowledge of international affairs, what foreign powers had combined to kill this man. It appeared to me ~~then~~, as I lay in bed in the nursing home, inevitable that war must follow; and indeed it must have done, had not the Yugoslavian Government exercised an iron control over its population then and thereafter, and abstained from the smallest provocative action against its enemies. On that forbearance, which is indeed one of the most extraordinary feats of statesmanship performed in post-war Europe, I could not be expected to rely. So I saw myself widowed and childless, which was another instance of the archaic outlook of the back of the mind, for in the next war we women will have hardly any reason to fear bereavement, as bombardments unprecedented by declarations of war will send us and our loved ones to the next world in the breathless unity of scrambled eggs. That thought did not then occur to me, so I rang for my nurse, and when she came I cried to her, "Get me a telephone quickly! I must speak to my husband at once. A most terrible thing has happened. The King of Yugoslavia has been assassinated."

"Oh, dear!" she replied. "Did you know him?"

"No," I said. "Then why," she said, "do you think it is so terrible?"

Her words made me realize that the word 'idiot' comes from a Greek root meaning a private person. She was certainly intelligent in her work and was probably so in her [illegible] life, but her unawareness of the bonds that linked her to strangers made her follow her fate in a [illegible] darkness deep as that cast by malformed cells in the brain. It might be argued that she was happier so; but that is true only in the most limited sense. She would not be happy long. A population which does not know that the assassination of the King of Yugoslavia might precipitate a European war is a perpetual temptation to its governors; it will believe any lies, it can be seduced into supporting unnecessary wars and peace treaties that favour class interests. But it might be

A Rebecca West manuscript page from Black Lamb and Grey Falcon

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Mayotte W. Mus

Rebecca West

The Art of Fiction LXV

There is no hard place of human experience that Dame Rebecca West has not scaled in her work. When she first appeared in London as a working writer, in 1912, on the suffragette newspaper, The Freewoman, *she dazzled her audience by the precocious ambition of her voice and its barbed brilliance. None of this ever faded, and the areas of seeking became ever wider. H. G. Wells wrote to her towards the end of their painful relationship: "I loved your clear open hard-hitting generous mind first of all and I still love it most of all, because it is most of all you."*

Rebecca West was born Cicily Isabel Fairfield in County

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Kerry, Eire, in December, 1892. She changed her name to the heroine of Ibsen's play Rosmerholm, *who is characterised by a burning passionate will. As "Rebecca West" she began in journalism and literary criticism, and continued to write throughout the traumatic years when she was alone bringing up her only child, Anthony Panther West, born to her and H. G. Wells in 1913. She published her first novel,* The Return of the Soldier, *in 1922, an intense and poetic story of a veteran's loss of memory which draws with confidence on Freudian theories of the personality. She continued to write novels throughout the twenties (*The Judge, *1922;* Harriet Hume, a London Fantasy, *1929), and in 1928, collected her criticism in* The Strange Necessity. *The subject of the title essay is the touchstone of Rebecca West's philosophy: the unquenchable and healing need of human beings for art and literature. More essays followed,* Ending in Earnest: a Literary Log *(1931), in which, notably, she acclaimed the genius of D. H. Lawrence. Two years later, she published her biographical masterwork,* St. Augustine.

In the late thirties, she travelled widely with her husband Henry Andrews in the Balkans and from these experiences she built her formidable analysis of European conflict leading up to the Second World War, Black Lamb and Grey Falcon, *(1941). The marked political and historical character of this work, with its emphasis on first hand observation, led naturally to the post-war books,* The Meaning of Treason *(1947) and* A Train of Powder *(1955). Her account of the Nuremburg trials is matchless investigation of the natures of Nazism and of freedom. However unrelenting her dissection of the personalities and the clashes of betrayal and loyalty, Rebecca West never loses in these works an extraordinary capacity for empathy with all the people involved—the accused, the witnesses, the judges or the lawyers, the authorities.*

In Black Lamb and Grey Falcon, *she wrote: "There is nothing rarer than a man who can be trusted never to throw away happiness." Her loosely autobiographical novel,* The Fountain Overflows *(1957) and her political thriller* The Birds

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Fall Down *(1966) are testimony to Rebecca West's curiosity, energy, and grip on what she has termed the "will-to-live."*

In her hallway hangs a drawing of her by Wyndham Lewis, done in the thirties, "before the ruin," as she puts it. In fact, in person, there is no ruin, not of her brilliant, penetrating brown eyes, the energy of her voice, and her attention to all things. She was wearing a bright and patterned caftan when we first met, a loose blouse over trousers the second time. Cataracts mean she has two pairs of spectacles, on chains like necklaces; arthritis has made a stick necessary. Her hair is white and short; she wears beautiful rings. Her voice has kept some of the vowel sounds of the Edwardian period, and some of its turns of phrase: "I can't see *someone or something" meaning "I can't tolerate." She says words of foreign derivation, like "memoirs" with the accent of the parent language. We sat in her sitting room, a room filled with drawings and paintings with a wide bay window on to some of London's tall trees. Their leaves, which were turning when we met, almost brushed against the window panes.*

INTERVIEWER

In your novel, *The Fountain Overflows,* you describe the poverty of the educated class very beautifully. Was that your background?

WEST

Oh, yes. I'll tell you what the position was. We had lots of pleasant furniture that had belonged to my father's family, none that had belonged to my mother's family, because they didn't die—the whole family all went on to their eighties, nineties—but we had furniture and we had masses of books, and we had a very good piano my mother played on. We were poor because my father's father died, when he and his three brothers were schoolboys. Their mother was a member of the Plymouth Brethren and a religious fanatic with a conscience that should have been held down and, you know, been eunuchized or castrated. She refused to keep on, to accept any

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longer, an annuity, which she was given by the Royal Family. And nobody knew why she was given it, and she found out the reason and she didn't approve of it, and she refused it, and they were poor forever after. The maddening thing was nobody ever knows why she said to Queen Victoria, "I cannot accept this allowance." It was hard on my father, who was in the army, because you needed money to be an officer. He was a ballistics expert. He did quite well in various things.

INTERVIEWER

He was a professional soldier?

WEST

No. Not all his life. He left the army after he got his captaincy. He went out to America and he ran a mine and wrote a certain amount, mostly on political science. He wrote well. He had a great mechnical mind and he drew very well. He did all sorts of things, and he'd had a fairly good training at Woolwich, a military academy. We were the children of his second marriage and he could no longer make much money. He went out to Africa and just got ill there. He came back and died in Liverpool when I was twelve or thirteen.

INTERVIEWER

Was he a remote and admirable figure, as the father is in *The Fountain Overflows?*

WEST

Oh, he wasn't so cracked as the father and he didn't sell furniture that didn't belong to him and all that sort of thing. That was rather a remembrance of another strange character.

INTERVIEWER

You've written very movingly, in several of your books, on how cruel natural death is, how it is the greatest hardship as opposed to some of the more violent deaths that you've also written about. Was it a very traumatic experience for you, as a

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child, when you lost your father?

WEST

Oh, yes, it was terrible. . . . The whole of life was extremely uncomfortable for us at that time. We had really got into terrible financial straits, not through anybody's fault. My mother had had to work very hard, and though she was a very good pianist, she was out of the running by then, and when she realized that my father was old and wasn't going to be able to go on with things, she very nobly went and learnt typewriting. Do you know people are always writing in the papers and saying that typists started in the last war, but they've been going on since the eighties and the nineties and 1900. Well, my mother did some typing for American evangelists called Torry and Alexander and she took over their music. They toured in England and my mother whacked the "Glory Song," a famous hymn—you still hear it whistled in the streets—out on the grand piano on the platform. It was a very noble thing to do. She wasn't well and she wasn't young, and then we came up to Scotland. My sister was studying medicine. My other sister had a scholarship at Cheltenham, which was rather useless to her; she was very brilliant indeed and amusing as well.

INTERVIEWER

Which sister was that?

WEST

That's Winifred who was more or less like Mary in *The Fountain Overflows.* Then there was myself, who had to go and try to get scholarships, which I usually did, at the local school. My mother ran a typing business, and I assisted her, which was amusing and which gave me a quickness of eye, which has been quite useful. She used to type manuscripts, particularly for the music faculty in Edinburgh. There was a German professor she'd known all her life. He used to send along pieces and I remember still with horror and amusement

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an enormous German book of his on program music with sentences like, "If the hearer turns his attention to the flutes and the piccolos, surely there will come to his mind the dawn rising over the bronze horses of Venice." There is a lot of rather good idiom of writing I can summon up, if necessary, about music in the post-Wagnerian period, which was very, very lush.

INTERVIEWER

Were you brought up to play yourself?

WEST

I played, but not well. From an early age—but it was not detected for many, many years—I've had difficulty about hearing. Finally, I lost my hearing almost entirely in this ear. I got pneumonia in it, which I think is rather chic. Then I thought I'd got my hearing back slowly, but really I'd learnt to lip-read and, it's an extraordinary thing, young people—if they lose their hearing young—learn lip-reading unconsciously, lots of them. It's quite common. I did that without knowing when I got double cataracts, I suddenly found my hearing going and I said, "Goodness, I've gone deaf at the same time as my eyes are going wrong," but my aurist, who's a very nice man, said, "No, you haven't. Your lip-reading power is breaking down," which was very disappointing, but, on the other hand, I was amazed at the ingenuity of the human animal. It did strike me as an extraordinary thing.

INTERVIEWER

In your home, was the atmosphere for women very emancipated because you were left alone?

WEST

Oh, yes. We were left alone. We had an uncle, who was very preoccupied. He was President of the Royal Academy of Music, Sir Alexander McKenzie, and he didn't really think anything of any woman but his wife. He was very thoughtless

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about his own daughter, who was an actress who acted very well in the early Chekhov plays. He treated her very inconsiderately and made her come back and nurse her mother and leave her husband in Paris, and the husband, after six years, lost heart and went off with someone else. We were very feminist altogether and it was a very inspiring thing. Who is that man, David Mitchell, who writes silly hysterical books about Christabel Pankhurst? What is he? Who is he?

INTERVIEWER

He's now writing a book about the Jesuits.

WEST

The Jesuits? How does he know about the Jesuits?

INTERVIEWER

You thought his book on Christabel was hysterical, did you?

WEST

Absolute rubbish and nonsense. He writes about how she went to Paris and how she didn't go down to the cafés and meet the young revolutionaries. But how on earth was she to find out where they were? Because, you see, the Bolshevik generation was not yet identifiable. How would she find out any of the people, who hadn't really made their mark? It was an obscure time in the history of revolution. It was a time when very remarkable people were coming up, but they weren't visible yet. She did know the people like Henri de Rochefort very well. Mitchell also says she took a flat and had a housekeeper, who was also a very good cook, and didn't that show great luxury? Well, if he'd asked anybody, he would have found that, in those days, you couldn't take a furnished flat or house in Paris, nor, so far as I know, in most parts of France, unless you took a servant, who was left by the owner. All the furnished houses I ever had in France, modest as they were, had somebody that I had to take with the

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house.

INTERVIEWER

But you yourself broke with the suffragette movement.

WEST

I was too young and unimportant for that to mean much. I admired them enormously, but all that business about venereal disease, which was supposed to be round every corner, seemed to me excessive. I wasn't in a position to judge, but it did seem a bit silly. [Christabel Pankhurst headed a chastity campaign for women.]

INTERVIEWER

Christabel, in her later phase, became the equivalent of a misogynist. She became very, what would the word be, misanthropic against men only, didn't she?

WEST

It wasn't quite that. She fell curiously into a sort of transatlantic form of mysticism, where there is a sort of repudiation of sex. Do you ever read anything about Thomas Lake Harris? He was an American mystic. Curious thing—you repudiated sex but you had a "counterpart," and you usually could get a counterpart by getting into bed with somebody else, with whom your relations were supposed to be chaste, but when you lay in his arms, you were really lying in the counterpart's arms, and...isn't it a convenient arrangement? That was one sort of pattern of American mysticism and dottyism. Christabel got caught up with that vagueness—though not with counterparts. If you read Harris's sermons—somebody took them down and I had a look at them —they were all very queer like that, disguised sexuality, but I wouldn't say the worse for that.

INTERVIEWER

You have written that there is a great difference between a

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male sensibility and a female sensibility, and you have a marvelous phrase for it in *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon.*

WEST

Idiots and lunatics. It's a perfectly good division. [The Greek root of "idiot" means "private person;" men "see the world as if by moonlight, which shows the outlines of every object but not the details indicative of their nature."] It seems to me in any assembly where you get people, who are male and female, in a crisis, the women are apt to get up and, with a big wave of the hand, say: "It's all very well talking about the defenses of the country, but there are 36,000 houses in whatever—wherever they're living—that have no bathrooms. Surely it's more important to have clean children for the future." Silly stuff, when the enemy's at the gate. But men are just as silly. Even when there are no enemies at the gate, they won't attend to the bathrooms, because they say defense is more important. It's mental deficiency in both cases.

INTERVIEWER

But do you think it's innate or do you think it's produced by culture?

WEST

Oh, I really can't tell you that. It's awfully hard. You can't imagine what maleness and femaleness would be if you got back to them in pure laboratory state, can you? I suspect the political imbecility is very great on both sides.

I've never gone anywhere where the men have come up to my infantile expectations. I always have gone through life constantly being surprised by the extreme, marvelous qualities of a small minority of men. But I can't see the rest of them. They seem awful rubbish.

INTERVIEWER

In many of the political things that you've written, it

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would be impossible to tell that you were a woman, except that here and there you sometimes produce a comparison to do with a child or something, which may betray a certain feminine stance, but, in fact, you have overcome completely this division between idiot and lunatic. You're not an "idiot" at all. You don't only think of the personal angle.

WEST

I think that probably comes of isolation, that I grew up just as I was without much interference from social images except at my school.

INTERVIEWER

What were they at school?

WEST

We had large classes, which was an ineffable benefit, because the teachers really hadn't time to muck about with our characters. You see, the people, who wanted to learn, sat and learnt, and the people who didn't, didn't learn, but there was no time, you know, for bringing out the best in us, thank God. I had some magnificent teachers actually, a Miss MacDonald, who taught me Latin irregular verbs.

INTERVIEWER

Did you have a classical training?

WEST

No, no. I had no Greek. They didn't teach any Greek for the reason that our school took on from a very early school, at which they had followed Madame de Maintenon's school at St. Cyr, where the children were taught Latin but not Greek. Why do you think I wasn't taught Greek?—Because Madame de Maintenon thought girls shouldn't learn Greek in case they fell into the toils of the heretical Eastern Orthodox Church, which is rather funny, considering we were all good girls at Edinburgh. Very curious bit of history that.

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INTERVIEWER

And this tradition reached as far as Scotland?

WEST

Well, you see, the man who was the begetter of our school, had been to St. Cyr, and he just took the whole thing on.

INTERVIEWER

What did your mother expect you to be? What images did she set up for you?

WEST

There was a great idea that I should be an actress because a woman called Rosina Fillipi had seen me act in a play and she thought I was terribly good as a comedian, as a sort of low comedy character, and she said, "If you come to the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art, I will look after you and you can get a job." I'm the only person I ever heard of who wanted to go on the stage not because I was stagestruck but it just seemed to be the thing to do. I loved the theatre. I still love it, but I had no stagestruck feeling. I felt how nice if people would give me a part. I went to the Royal Academy of Art, where there was a man called Kenneth Barnes, who ran it, who had got his job because he was the brother of the Vanbrughs, Irene and Violet Vanbrugh, if that means anything to you. He couldn't understand what Rosina Fillipi had seen in me and he made me very uncomfortable. I didn't stay out the course.

INTERVIEWER

But you chose the name of a dramatic character—Rebecca West.

WEST

Yes. Not really for any profound reason. It was just to get a pseudonym.

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INTERVIEWER

It really wasn't profound? You don't think unconsciously it was?

WEST

People have always been putting me down in any role that was convenient but it would not, I think, naturally have been my own idea. I've aroused hostility in an extraordinary lot of people. I've never known why. I don't think I'm formidable.

INTERVIEWER

I think that your hallmark is that you have always disliked people who wanted approval. You like the heterodox.

WEST

I should like to be approved of. Oh, yes. I blench. I hate being disapproved of. I've had rather a lot of it.

INTERVIEWER

And yet, in your writing, there is quite a strong strain of impatience with people who do things because society approves of it.

WEST

Oh, yes. I think I see what you mean. Oh, that's Scotch, I think, yes, Scotch, because. . . . oh, yes, and it's also a bit of my mother and my father. My father was educated by Elisée and Eli Reclus, two famous French brothers, early geographers; my cracked grandmother, the religious maniac who refused the family fortune, had hired them because they were refugees in England; she thought that, as young Frenchmen in England, they must be Protestants who had escaped from the wicked Catholics' persecution. They were actually anarchists and they'd escaped, run away from France because they'd seized the town hall—I can't remember which town it was—in the course of an émeute against Louis Napoleon. They were very sweet. They said, when they found out the

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mistake, "Oh, well, we must be careful about teaching the children." They taught them awfully well. My father was a very, very, well-educated man and so were all his brothers.

INTERVIEWER

What did you read at home as a child? Who were the early formative influences?

WEST

Oh, pretty well everything. We read a terrific lot of Shakespeare, which my mother knew by heart and so did my father . . . and a lot of George Borrow. Funny thing to read, but . . . really early Victorian England was quite familiar to me because of that. Oh, lots. . . . I can't think. My mother and my sister, Winifred, who was much the cleverest of us, she read frightfully good poetry. She taught me a lot of poetry, which I've all forgotten now but, you know, if I see the first line, I can go on.

INTERVIEWER

Would you acknowledge Conrad or anyone else as an influence on you?

WEST

Well, I longed, when I was young, to write as well as Mark Twain. It's beautiful stuff and I always liked him. If I wanted to write anything that attacked anybody, I used to have a look at his attack on Christian Science, which is beautifully written. He was a man of very great shrewdness. The earliest article on the Nazis, on Nazism, a sort of first foretaste, a prophetic view of the war, was an article by Mark Twain in *Harper's* in, I should think, the nineties. He went to listen to the Parliament in Vienna and he describes an awful row and what the point of view of Luger, the Lord Mayor, was, and the man called George Schwartz, I think, who started the first Nazi paper, and what it must all lead to. It's beautifully done. It's the very first notice that I've ever found of the

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Austrian Nazi Party, that started it all.

INTERVIEWER

What was your first conscious encounter with fascism?

WEST

A lot of boys, who stopped my sister and myself and took her hockey stick away from her. The thing was they weren't doing it as robbery but it was fun and good fellowship, and they were the boys together. That was the first. They were just street children. We had a brick wall and an alley behind it and we used to come up half the alley, if we were going into the house of some neighbors, and there these boys caught us in the alley and they took it away; but we fought them and screamed and shouted and got back the hockey stick.

INTERVIEWER

That was when?

WEST

That must have been—I was born in 1892—about 1903, or, no, earlier than that, just in this century perhaps.

INTERVIEWER

Yes, so, before the First World War, you saw the seeds of fascism.

WEST

No, no. I just saw violence. There was the race thing and sacred Germanism and all that, but the enemy before the First World War you can't really compare with fascism. It was the imperialism of Germany and the supremacy of the army, but that isn't exactly fascism. I think you could say, there was more fascism, but of an intellectualized kind, in France. The crux of the Dreyfus case was that it didn't matter whether Dreyfus was guilty or not, you musn't spoil the image of the army. That was more or less fascist.

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INTERVIEWER

But do you feel, with your strong sense of justice and of pity, that our wars have remained as terrible, or do you feel that we have learned?

WEST

I don't know what *you've* learnt. I'll tell you I think the Second World War was much more comfortable because in the First World War women's position was so terrible, because there you were, not in danger. Men were going out and getting killed for you and you'd much prefer they weren't. My father was always very tender about armies, having been a soldier. The awful feeling for a small professional army was that they were recruited from poor people who went out and got killed. That was, do you know, very disagreeable. There was a genuine humanitarian feeling of guilt about that in the first war. It was very curious, you see. There I sat on my balcony in Leigh-on-Sea and heard guns going in France. It was a most peculiar war. It was really better, in the Second World War, when the people at home got bombed. I found it a relief. You were taking your chance and you might be killed and you weren't in that pampered sort of unnatural state. I find the whole idea of a professional army very disgusting still. Lacking a normal life they turn into scoundrels. As Wellington said, they're despised for being scoundrels and it's not their fault and they die like flies and have the worst discomforts.

INTERVIEWER

And yet a conscripted army, as fought in Vietnam. . . You laugh?

WEST

Well, I can't help thinking that the whole of the Vietnam War was the blackest comedy that ever was, because it showed the way you can't teach humanity anything. We'd all learnt in the rest of the world that you can't now go round

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and put out your hand and, across seas, exercise power; but the poor Americans had not learned that and they tried to do it. The remoteness of America from German attack had made them feel confident. They didn't really believe that anything could reach out and kill them. Americans are quite unconscious now that we look on them as just as much beaten as we are. They're quite unconscious of that. They always have talked of Vietnam as if by getting out they were surrendering the prospect of victory, as if they were being noble by renouncing the possibility of victory. But they couldn't have had a victory. They couldn't possibly have won.

INTERVIEWER

But, when you say they're beaten as we are, in what way do you mean we are beaten?

WEST

Only as regards world power. We can't put our hands out and order things to happen a long way away. Oh, I think we're also beaten in other ways—in industry. I think the war between the public and the unions is very difficult and I don't see where its solution lies.

INTERVIEWER

Have you ever seen a society about which you really felt: Here is society that works for the benefit of its citizens without harming others?

WEST

No, I think the earth itself is slightly resistant to routine. You might come to a place, which was favorable, because of a discovery of minerals that could be mined more easily, you know, "place mines," as they call the ones on the surface, and you'd think that was very nice and they would get on with it. Then round the corner you'd find there was a dispute about water rights. Humanity wasn't obviously a made-to-order thing. It's a continual struggle, isn't it?

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INTERVIEWER

Have you ever been tempted at all to any religious belief?

WEST

Oh, yes. It all seems so damned silly and incomprehensible, there might as well be a silly and incomprehensible solution, don't you think? I'd be quite prepared for anything to happen, but not very respectfully, I think.

INTERVIEWER

I think you might stand up to God.

WEST

No, not exactly that, but I don't think there would be a God who would really demand it. If there is a God, I don't think He would demand that anybody bow down or stand up to Him. I have often a suspicion God is still trying to work things out and hasn't finished.

INTERVIEWER

Were your parents at all believing?

WEST

My mother was, in a sort of musical way, and I think my father accepted it as part of the structure, but didn't do anything. We always went to church and enjoyed it. I don't feel the slightest resistance to the church except when it's a bad landlord or something like that. I don't see why people feel any *écrasez l'infâme.* I know much infâm-er things than religion, much more worthy of being écraséd.

INTERVIEWER

What can you remember as being a moment of great happiness?

WEST

Extremely few. I had a very unhappy time with H. G.

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Wells, because I was a victim of a sort of sadist situation. Partly people disapproved of H. G. so much less than they did of me, and they were very horrible to me, and it was very hard. It was particularly hard later, people being horrid to me because I was living with H. G., when I was trying as hard as I could to leave him. It was really absurd and now I think it's rather funny, but it wasn't funny at the time. Then I had a short time of happiness on my own and a time of happiness with my marriage [R. W. married Henry Andrews in 1930], but then my husband got ill, very ill. He had meningitis, this thing that's always struck at people near me, when he was young and then he got cerebral arteriosclerosis, and after years it came down on him. He was in a very unhappy state of illness for a good many years before he died, but we had a great many good years together. I was very happy.

INTERVIEWER

Have any of the men you've known helped you?

WEST

The men near you always hinder you because they always want you to do the traditional female things and they take a lot of time. My mother helped me to work because she always talked to me as if I were grown-up.

INTERVIEWER

Do you feel men did not want to help you as a writer?

WEST

Oh yes! So many men hate you. When my husband was dying I had some very strange dialogues. People were very rude just because they'd heard I was a woman writer. That kind of rudeness is as bad as ever.

INTERVIEWER

Would it have been easier to have been a man?

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WEST

It certainly would have been.

INTERVIEWER

Are there any advantages at all in being a woman and a writer?

WEST

None, whatsoever. You could have a good time as a woman, but you'd have a much better time as a man. If in the course of some process, people turn up a card with a man's name on it and then a card with a woman's, they feel much softer towards the man, even though he might be a convicted criminal. They'd treat the man's card with greater tenderness.

INTERVIEWER

You don't think there's been an improvement?

WEST

Not very much.

INTERVIEWER

Everyone is still very curious about your love affair with H.G. Wells.

WEST

Why, I can't see why. It was a very long time ago, and it wasn't interesting. Why would I have brought it to an end if it had been interesting? It wasn't.

INTERVIEWER

What did your husband, Henry Andrews, do?

WEST

He was unfortunately put into a bank. He should have been an art historian. He got out of the bank in the end because he was too ill. He did a bit in the war where he was in

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the Ministry of Economic Warfare and very good. He was a delightfully funny man. He said very funny things, and he was very scholarly and he was very generous and he was very kind. There were all sorts of pleasant things about him.

INTERVIEWER

You could talk to him.

WEST

We talked a very great deal, but it's extraordinary the really tragic and dreadful things there are in marriage which are funny. I've never known anybody to write about this. My husband would insist on going and driving a car, and he'd never been a good driver. Like all bad drivers, he thought he was the best driver in the world and he couldn't drive at all at the end and it was terrible. I'm one of the few women who has been driven on the left side of a bus queue, on the *near* side of the pavement. It was awful. Well, that really made my life poisoned for years. All the time I never thought I would live to the end of the year. I thought he would be sure to kill me here or there. And he meant no harm.

INTERVIEWER

You weren't able to tell him this?

WEST

I told him and he wouldn't believe me. Two doctors said to me it could be so bad for his ego values, if he was not allowed to drive a car. Doctors tend to be chumps. I have had two or three marvelous doctors. I have a marvelous doctor, now, who's very nice, very funny and very clever, but some of my worst enemies have been doctors, I can assure you.

INTERVIEWER

You have actually been quite ill yourself, haven't you?

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WEST

Well, I had an attack of T.B. when I was a school girl. Everybody did in those days. It simply meant that you got a shot of T.B. in your youth and you didn't get it later on. It was rather dramatic. What was awful was that I got it at the same time as my great friend, Flora Duncan, who was at school with me and whom I liked enormously; she died of it years afterwards in the most dreary way. She went with her aunt to stay in a hotel from which she was coming to lunch with me—this was just after I was married—and she pulled down the window and the bit where her left lung had gone thin started to hemorrhage; and she was dead in a few hours. They couldn't stop the hemorrhage. It has sometimes inconvenienced me, but, as I've lived to be 88, I can't say I've really suffered very much from it. At the time it gave me a lot of time to read.

INTERVIEWER

When you look back on all the books that you've written, is there one that you like best?

WEST

Oh, no. They don't seem to me as good as they might be. But I really write to find out what I know about something and what is to be known about something. And I'm more or less experimental. I wish I could have written very much more but, to be absolutely frank, for twenty-five years, you see, I've had this disastrous personal trouble. You don't easily get over it if someone near to you is constantly attacking you in public. Do you know Anthony [West]?

INTERVIEWER

I've met him once. He's writing about Joan of Arc, he told me.

WEST

What on earth about Joan of Arc?

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INTERVIEWER

He believes that she was a princess, a bastard princess.

WEST

Why? What an extraordinary idea.

INTERVIEWER

A lot of people do.

WEST

What! This is new to me. Who might she be?

INTERVIEWER

She's meant to be the result of an incestuous adulterous match, the Queen and the Queen's brother-in-law, Louis d'Orleans.

WEST

I wish he'd turn his mind to other problems than bastardy. Alas. He's writing about six books, he told me. But I wonder why this. Whose theory is this? I never heard of it.

INTERVIEWER

Oh, it's a very old one. It was produced in 1810 by Pierre Caze in a play. Instead of accepting that Joan of Arc was exciting for spiritual reasons you say she was exciting because she was a royal princess—which is a practical solution.

WEST

Nonsense. Have you seen Princess Anne? Can you imagine, if she appeared and said, "Save England," or whatever, that it would work? What a wonderful idea.

INTERVIEWER

What are you working on now?

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WEST

I've been looking at old photographs. . .Rangoon in the last century. Goodness, some are absolutely beautiful. It's funny how photographs were better in the past than they are now.

INTERVIEWER

Why are you looking at Rangoon?

WEST

In what I'm writing now, I'm describing my husband's mother's life. She went out to Rangoon and lived there in vast, great big rooms each the size of a gymnasium, and full of cluttered little tables.

INTERVIEWER

She was the wife of an official, was she?

WEST

No, she was the wife of a man who had a job in Wallace Export-Import. They exported Burmese teak and they imported machinery. I've got masses of photographs I have to give to the Institute of Machinery but I never get round to it, showing the machines, as they came in. They had the largest army of elephants ever. There are beautiful photographs in this book of things like a lot of elephants crossing a wide river in a sort of floating island. She was a lady of very mixed ancestry, my husband's mother, and after Rangoon, she came back to Hamburg. Her mother was a Miss Chapman, who was related to the Chapman family that T. E. Lawrence belonged to. They lived in Lancashire, and then she married a local alien, a member of the hereditary Teutonic knights of Lithuania. She had various children in Lithuania, and then her daughter came to live in Hamburg and married Lewis Andrews, who was working in this firm in Rangoon, and ultimately became my mother-in-law.

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INTERVIEWER

What are you writing about her?

WEST

It comes into my memoirs. Poor widow. She took her son (Henry Andrews) out with her to Hamburg and kept him too long. It was 1914 and the war came. Eventually she was sent back to England, but he was sent into a camp. He was there all through the war, in Rubleden [the civilian POW camp at Spandau]. It was very sad. It did spoil his life, really. He was nineteen. It was very tough. But these young creatures were highly educated; he wrote quite clever letters to Romain Rolland.

INTERVIEWER

How far have you got with your memoirs?

WEST

I've nearly got my father and mother to the end of their respective careers. It's been supernatural, which is always encouraging. Do you know, my mother was always saying that the scenery in Australia was so extraordinarily beautiful, and my father did some very nice pictures of Australian landscapes. Suddenly, a man started sending me picture books of Australia. He said, "I've always liked your books, and I wanted to send these to you." So extraordinarily dead on: pictures of what Australia was like when my parents were there in the last century.

INTERVIEWER

Are you taking only a section of your life in your memoirs?

WEST

Well, I hope to cover most of it, but still, I've only just begun it really and I must really get on with it. I haven't read anybody's memoirs for ages except Coulton's [medieval historian, author of *Five Centuries of Religion*], which I liked

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very much. He wrote a life called *Four Score.* Hated Catholics. When did you read him?

INTERVIEWER

I read him on the Virgin Mary.

WEST

You know, I don't really appreciate the Virgin Mary. She always looks so dull. I particularly hate Raphael, Raphael's Madonnas. They are awful, aren't they?

INTERVIEWER

Are you working on anything else?

WEST

I'm doing a book for Weidenfeld on the 1900's but it's not a long book. I'm not approaching the 1900's chronologically. I've started by doing a lot with the paintings of Sargent, and with some beautiful photographs. But that period in America has been done and done and done, and its hard to be fresh. They've really dealt with nostalgia too fiercely. I begin with the death of Gladstone in 1898, and more I cannot tell you.

INTERVIEWER

You have lots of paintings. Have you written about them?

WEST

To a certain extent, yes. My husband bought the ones over there, but these I bought. It was lovely that I could buy them when they were cheap. They didn't cost me very much, even the Bonnard, and I think that's the best picture that Dufy ever painted. I have a passion, too, for Carol Weight, the man who painted this one, because I think he paints the contours of the land so beautifully. And that's by Vuillard, the woman over there, Madame Marchand. She committed suicide in the war, alas. She was a Polish Jewess, a friend of Colette's and a lot of other people.

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INTERVIEWER

You have a high opinion of Colette, don't you?

WEST

Yes. I didn't like her very much as a person and I think she was repetitive and I hate all her knowing nudges about men, but I think she was a good writer on the whole and she was very good on landscape. She did a wonderful book called *Trio*. She was really more egotistical than you could possibly imagine, and she was outside a lot of experiences in a most curious way. I was taken to see her in Paris with a man who was a judge at Nuremburg. She didn't pick it up at all.

INTERVIEWER

You were in Paris again recently, I believe?

WEST

To film *The Birds Fall Down,* yes, for the B.B.C. It was quite fun. It was uncomfortable in many ways and I was so horrified by the cheap food in Paris. It was so bad. Terribly bad. The film turned out to be visually very beautiful. Sometimes it seemed to me a little slow. Some of the dresses are lovely.

INTERVIEWER

Have you had other books adapted?

WEST

No, people always buy them and then find they can't do them, so that I've gained financially but otherwise hardly ever. A man called Van Druten, who's forgotten now, did *The Return of the Soldier* as a play and it wasn't really good though some of his plays were. I can't remember who acted it, or indeed anything about it.

INTERVIEWER

You've never written for the stage yourself?

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WEST

I've had so little time to write. Also theatrical people can't be bothered with me. I wrote a play in the twenties which I think had lovely stuff in it, *Goodbye Nicholas,* and fourteen copies were lost by managers, fourteen, that's really true, and I just gave up. One of them, who lost three, was a man called Barry Jackson, who was at the Birmingham Repertory Theatre; after we'd had a terrific apologies and that kind of thing, about a year later he met me in the bar of some theatre and said, Rebecca, why have you never written a play? They are like that.

INTERVIEWER

What was the play about?

WEST

Oh, it was about Kruger, the financier, who committed suicide. It just showed you how they did the fraud and what they thought about it. It was sound enough but nobody was interested in it at all. Then I lent it to an old friend of mine. I'm sorry to say he used a lot of it, without acknowledgement, in a play of his, an American man.

INTERVIEWER

Who was that?

WEST

I won't tell you, but it was very naughty. But never mind. His play died a death too. I would like to write old-fashioned plays like de Musset's. I think they're lovely. I think de Musset's essay on Rachel and Malibran is one of the loveliest things in the world. It's lovely about acting and romanticism. It's beautifully written and it's quite wonderful.

INTERVIEWER

Rachel is quite important to you, because you wrote a beautiful thing in your lecture on McLuhan about her.

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WEST

Oh, not *my* beauty, not *my* beauty, it's Valéry's, who wrote the beautiful thing and who loved Rachel. Isn't it a beautiful thing? The ear of the lover took down what his beloved Rachel was saying and commemorated the secret of it. It's really wonderful. It's about as nice a form of immortality as anyone could have, isn't it? I fell on the essay, when I was quite young, and then I read it again because Malibran [Maria-Felicia García, d. 1836] was the sister of Madame Viardot [Pauline García, d. 1910] who is, you know, the lady who is supposed to have been the mistress—but I think the duties were light—of Turgenev. Turgenev lived in the house of Madame Viardot nearly all his life, and she brought up his illegitimate daughter. She was an opera singer but she had a dreadful time getting jobs at the opera because she and her husband were anti-Bonapartist and the Bonapartists had command of the opera. She was a great girl and it's a very terrible thing: all her life she wrote compositions but nobody has ever played them. She was terribly busy. There's a description of her as "*too* busy" in the letters of Brahms and Clara Schumann. The Garcías were people who had two odd genetic streaks: one was for longevity, the other was for music. The first García bumped his family all over the Americas and all over Europe as a musical troupe. There were several in the family; the brother taught at the Royal Academy of Music in London where my uncle was Principal, and he used to give children's parties. I remember going to a children's party and being kissed by the old gentleman who was the brother of Malibran. He lived to be 101. I think his descendants transplanted themselves to somewhere in the north of England. The life of the family has all sorts of odd things embedded in it. You know how in Du Maurier's books, how in *Trilby,* she vocalised to the music of Chopin's Nocturnes and people say that's so absurd. But Viardot did it and it apparently came off and Chopin himself liked it.

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INTERVIEWER

Did you used to go to concerts a lot?

WEST

Yes, I used to and I used to listen on the radio. I can't do even the radio any longer. It doesn't seem to *respond,* as the Americans say.

INTERVIEWER

You said once that all your intelligence is in your hands.

WEST

Yes, a lot, I think. Isn't yours? My memory is certainly in my hands. I can remember things only if I have a pencil and I can write with it and I can play with it.

INTERVIEWER

You use a pencil do you, when you write?

WEST

When anything important has to be written, yes. I think your hand concentrates for you. I don't know why it should be so.

INTERVIEWER

You never typed?

WEST

I did, but not now. I can't see in front and behind a typewriter now with cataract-operated eyes. If you have the spectacles for the front thing, you can't see the back, and I can't do with bifocals. I just get like a distracted hen. I can't do it. Hens must wear bifocals, if one looks closely. It explains it all. It's so difficult dealing with ribbons too. I can only write by hand now. I used to do a rough draft longhand and then another on the typewriter. I'm very quick typist. When I had mumps I was shut up in a bedroom, because both my sisters

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had to sit examinations. When I came out, I could type.

INTERVIEWER

Do you do many drafts?

WEST

I fiddle away a lot at them. Particularly if it's a fairly elaborate thing. I've never been able to do just one draft. That seems a wonderful thing. Do you know anyone who can?

INTERVIEWER

I think D. H. Lawrence did.

WEST

You could often tell.

INTERVIEWER

How many hours a day do you write?

WEST

I don't manage much. When I write uninterrupted, I *can* write all day, straight through.

INTERVIEWER

Did you find any of your books especially easy to write?

WEST

No. It's a nauseous process. They're none of them easy.

INTERVIEWER

Have you ever abandoned a book before it was finished?

WEST

I've abandoned work because I've not had time. I've had a worrisome family thinking up monkey tricks to prevent me finishing books, and I had a terrible time when I was young

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and in the country, because I had no money, and no reference books, and I couldn't get up to London and to the London Library where I had a subscription.

INTERVIEWER

There is a great diversity in your work. Did you find it difficult to combine criticism and journalism and history and fiction?

WEST

I did really. My life has been dictated to and broken up by forces beyond my control. I couldn't control the two wars! The second war had a lot of personal consequences for me, both before and after. But I had enough money at that time, because I had a large herd of cows and a milk contract. I had to take some part in looking after the cows, but the dear things worked for me industriously. At one time I had to write articles because I had to put up a lot of money for family reasons. Everyone has to pay for their families every now and then.

INTERVIEWER

Who are the writers you admire? You commented recently that Tolstoy was most overrated.

WEST

I'm a heretic about Tolstoy. I really don't see *War and Peace* as a great novel because it seems constantly to be trying to prove that nobody who was in the war knew what was going on. Well, I don't know whoever thought they would . . . that if you put somebody down in the wildest sort of mess they understand what's happening. The point's very much better done, I think, by Joseph de Maistre. He wrote a very interesting essay in the late 18th century, saying how more and more people would not be able to know what was happening to them in wartime because it was all too complicated. He was in a very complicated state himself because he came from

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Aspramonte, which is a village on a hill near Nice. The people of Aspramonte were of the original Mediterranean population. They wore long hair all through the centuries, the conservative hippies. He was descended from a family who went round getting mulberry leaves for the silk worms. He got into the service of the King of Sardinia. He was sent as an ambassador to St. Petersburg. He wrote *Les Soirées de St. Pétersbourg,* which is marvelous descriptive writing. He did a very good thing about hanging. He was for it, but his essay demonstrates the painfulness of ever considering whether you do hang people or not. I don't know how he became a diplomat for the King of Sardinia. I'm very often curious about people in history; they turn up in the oddest places. They strayed like goats in a road, but from class to class.

INTERVIEWER

Do you admire E. M. Forster?

WEST

No. I think the Indian one [*A Passage to India*] is very funny because it's all about people making a fuss about nothing, which isn't really enough. I can never understand how people read Proust at the same time. But they did. You can read Proust all the time. There is a book of that period that I do like very much, and that is *They Went* by Norman Douglas. It's about the king of a legendary country. I've read it several times and I've always found it beautiful.

INTERVIEWER

Are you interested in T. S. Eliot's writing?

WEST

Goodness! T. S. Eliot, whom I didn't like a bit? He was a poseur. He was married to this woman who was very pretty. My husband and I were asked to see them, and my husband roamed around the flat and there were endless photographs of T. S. Eliot and bits of his poetry done in embroidery by pious

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American ladies, and only one picture of his wife, and that was when she was getting married. Henry pointed it out to me and said, "I don't think I like that man."

INTERVIEWER

What about the work of Somerset Maugham, whom you also knew?

WEST

He couldn't write for toffee, bless his heart. He wrote conventional short stories, much inferior to the work of other people. But they were much better than his plays, which were too frightful. He was an extremely interesting man though, not a bit clever or cold or cynical. I know of many affectionate things he did. He had a great capacity for falling in love with the wrong people. His taste seemed to give way under him so extraordinarily sometimes. He fascinated me by his appearance; he was so neatly made, like a swordstick that fits just so. Occasionally his conversation was beautifully funny and quite unmalicious. I object strongly to pictures of Maugham as if he were a second-rate Hollywood producer in the lavish age. His house was very pleasant and quiet and agreeable.

INTERVIEWER

Some critics think that sex is still written about with great awkwardness. Why is this?

WEST

I would have thought that was completely true of Kafka who couldn't write about sex or value its place in life. I think there's an awful lot of nonsense in Lawrence when he writes about Mexican sacrifices and sexual violence. Their only relevance was to the Mexicans' lack of protein, as in the South Sea Islands. Funny, that's a wonderful thing. I don't know why more people don't write about it: how the whole of life must have been different when four-footed animals came in. They had just a few deer before, but not enough to go round, and

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so they prevented the deer from becoming extinct by making them sacred to the kings. It's much more interesting to write about that than about sex, which most of your audience knows about.

INTERVIEWER

Have you ever worked closely with a publisher, who has suggested ideas to you?

WEST

No. I write books to find out about things. I wrote *Saint Augustine* because, believe it or not, there was no complete life in English at the time.

INTERVIEWER

Have you never had a close relationship with an editor, who has helped you after the books were written?

WEST

No. I never met anybody with whom I could have discussed books before or after. One doesn't have people on one's wavelength as completely as that. And I very rarely found the *New Yorker* editors any good.

INTERVIEWER

They have a tremendous reputation.

WEST

I don't know why.

INTERVIEWER

When you read, do you just follow your imagination completely?

WEST

Well, I've had eighty–five years to read in.

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INTERVIEWER

I wondered whether you made book lists?

WEST

Yes, I do, but I'm often disappointed. I do think modern novels are boring on the whole. Somebody told me I ought to read a wonderful thing about how a family of children buried Mum in a cellar under concrete and she began to smell. But that's the sole point of the story. Mum just smells. That's all that happens. It is not enough.

INTERVIEWER

This is a new Ian McEwan, isn't it? I thought you, in your book on Augustine, made a marvelous comment which applies to him and to some of the other fashionable novelists now. You say that Augustinianism is, "the ring-fence, in which the modern mind is still prisoner." I think that Ian McEwan is very Augustinian in his sense of unmovable evil in human life.

WEST

Yes, but he doesn't really do very much with it, does he? This thing just presents you with the hairs along people's groins and the smell, and very little else.

INTERVIEWER

Do you feel this relates to your feeling about the will-to-die in people, that this kind of very black outlook on the human body and human emotions is part of the suicidal streak that you've written about in both individuals and in society?

WEST

Oh, I suppose it is. It's very far-fetched, isn't it? One rarely recognises the smell of Mum under the concrete, does one? I don't know. I cannot see the abysmal silliness of a lot of novels. Did you read a book called *The Honey Tree?* By Janice Elliott. If you didn't read it, it's no use talking about it. It's

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all about people who take a house and fornicate all over it, and they all have children, and their swollen bodies are a great source of satisfaction to Mrs. Elliott, and paternity does all sorts of thing to men which I doubt, don't you?

INTERVIEWER

Perhaps. I believe you admire A.L. Barker.

WEST

Enormously, but I'm the only person who does, so far as I can make out. I think she's the best novelist now writing, not always, but I think *The Middling* is a magnificent novel. And *A Source of Embarrassment,* about the woman who knew she was going to die. This last book, *The Heavy Feather* is so good I can't believe it, and nobody likes it. And they are wrong. I am exaggerating, of course. Lots of people do admire her, but not enough.

INTERVIEWER

What are the particular qualities that you think she has that others at the moment haven't?

WEST

She really tells you what people do, the extraordinary things that people think, how extraordinary circumstances are, and how unexpected the effect of various incidents. There's a terribly good thing in *The Heavy Feather,* where a woman goes home and there's a railway accident. The train is just jarred and the poor woman, is sitting with a suitcase over her head. The suitcase falls on top of the woman sitting opposite her and kills her. This woman has been saying how happy she is and how all her children love her and how ideal her life is. Then, the other, when she gets home, finds she's taken the woman's suitcase instead of her own, and it's got the address and she goes to take back the suitcase and try and get her own from the husband, who turns out to be Hindustani. The woman was white, and he's living there with a Hin-

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dustani girl and they're both terrified because they have been waiting for this white woman, who had no children and wasn't adored and was utterly miserable. The people come off the page to tell you what this would be like. You feel: now I understand this better. And she also has, in the book very good heterosexuals and very good homosexuals . . . with the different quality quite marked.

INTERVIEWER

Yes. Would you place her as high as the women writers that you have said overcome the problem of being female in their writing? I am thinking of Madame de Sévigné, Madame de la Fayette, Jane Austen, Willa Cather, Virginia Woolf, Colette.

WEST

Oh, she's almost better than anybody, I think. She's much better than Iris Murdoch, I think. But then Iris Murdoch I like enormously except when she begins to clown and be funny, because I don't think she ever is very funny. She writes curious books on goodness. Have you read her philosophic works? I can't make head or tail of them. They're better written than anything else she writes. They are so strange. She says that one has to study what goodness is by looking at good people. She says that the trouble with good people is that, if they're men, usually very little is known about them because they're so obscure, and, as for women, goodness is rarely found in women except in the inarticulate mothers of large families, which is just such an idiotic remark, you can't believe it. Is she pulling one's leg? One hopes so. But even so, why?

INTERVIEWER

Do you have a high opinion of Ivy Compton-Burnett?

WEST

She had her own stereotype, and wrote too many books exactly like each other in form. But it was a damn good form. At the time of a rising in South Africa, when it seemed that

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the colored races were going to burst forth and one was afraid that the white suburbs were being set on fire, I managed to get in happy nights reading the novels of Ivy Compton-Burnett. But it was very funny that people believed in her story of herself. She was a nanny, and you had only to meet her to see it; all her stories are nanny stories, about how awful the family is. She was very very clever. You'd have to be very tasteless not to see she had something unique to give her age. . . .

INTERVIEWER

How do you feel about Doris Lessing?

WEST

I wish I knew her. I think she's a marvelous writer. There's a peculiar book about European refugees in Africa, but it fascinates. It's beautifully done, the play side of philosophy. They were talking about all their ideas and it was as if the children were trying to go into a shop and buy things not with coins but with butterscotch or toffee apples. It's very curious. Yes, she's the only person who absolutely gets the mood of today right, I think. An absolutely wonderful writer. She wrote a picaresque novel, *The Children of Violence,* I thought was very fine. Who got the Booker Prize? Does anybody know? [Iris Murdoch won it for *The Sea, The Sea,* after this meeting].

INTERVIEWER

Do you follow prizes?

WEST

Not very much. I was on the Booker Prize Committee twice. It almost drove me mad. I think they give people prizes too late. This is a sad thought. They've been heard of as failures and they have become conditioned to failure, so it is rather wide of the point. It's nice for them though.

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INTERVIEWER

Do you feel that public taste has declined as expressed in things like prizes?

WEST

People in England read books. I have read Mr. McEwan, and I read new books all the time, whether I review them or not, but, you see, most people in America are reading the same books over and over again. They read Scott Fitzgerald and Hemingway and James Joyce and Nabokov, and they haven't moved on anywhere for years.

INTERVIEWER

John Gross says in his book on the English man of letters that we are now as far from Joyce as Joyce was from George Eliot but, in terms of the progress of literature, we haven't moved at all.

WEST

Yes. It's curious. People have no desire to read anything new. It is bad that English is taught in universities. It's bad over here, where it's sometimes not badly taught, but over there, where it's horribly badly taught, it simply stops the thing in its traces.

INTERVIEWER

Because people always look back on the past?

WEST

They don't even look onto the past. They look onto the certified past. There really were beautiful writers in America like G.W. Cable, who wrote about the South in the middle of last century. It's very rich, rather Balzacian sort of stuff about the South, New Orleans and so on. But nobody reads him now.

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INTERVIEWER

Why do you think English is so badly taught in America?

WEST

It's an absurd error to put modern English literature in the curriculum. You should read contemporary literature for pleasure or not read it at all. You shouldn't be taught to monkey with it. It's ghastly to think of all the little girls who are taught to read *To the Lighthouse*. It's not really substantial food for the young because there's such a strong feeling that Virginia Woolf was doing a set piece and it didn't really matter very much. She was putting on an act. Shakespeare didn't put on an act. But *Orlando* is a lovely original splash, a beautiful piece of fancy. Leonard Woolf had a tiresome mind. When you read his books about Malaya, and then the books of the cadets who went out there, he's so petty, and they have such an enthusiasm and such tolerance for the murderous habits of the natives. But he was certainly good to Virginia. I couldn't forgive Vanessa Bell for her awful muddy decorations and those awful pictures of Charlotte Brontë. And I hated Duncan Grant's pictures too. The best thing that was ever said about Bloomsbury was said by a lovely butler of mine. At dinner one evening, they began to talk of Faulkner's book in which someone uses a corncob for the purposes of rape. They were being terribly subtle, and doing this and that gesture over the table. The butler came in to my son Anthony's room, and asked, "Do you know where they keep the Faulkners? It seems they're very saucy." . . . Virginia Woolf's criticism was much better than criticism others were writing then.

INTERVIEWER

Amongst critics, do you admire Cyril Connolly? Or Malcolm Muggeridge?

WEST

Connolly? What an extraordinary thing to ask! He was a

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very good editor of *Horizon*, but he wasn't an interesting person. As for writing, he was fond of it, as you might say. But he didn't know much about it, did he? I've got no opinion of Muggeridge. He's very nice and friendly. What ever have I read of his in the past? I can never think Christ is grateful for being alluded to as if He were a lost cause.

INTERVIEWER

Did you want to write about trials?

WEST

Not at all. I had done it once or twice, when I was very hard up, when I was young, just to get some money, and so I learnt how to do them, and then I used to sit and listen to William Joyce [Lord Haw-Haw, hanged 1945] when he was broadcasting. Then I arranged to go to his trial because I was interested in him. A man called Theo Matthew, who was Director of Public Prosecutions, though not a prosecuting sort of person, said: I wish you'd report a lot of these trials because otherwise they will go unnoticed because there is so little newsprint. He said: Really, if you will consider it as war work, it would be extremely valuable. So I did that for one book (*The Meaning of Treason,* 1947) and then I did it for another (*A Train of Powder,* 1955). Most of the people in intelligence didn't agree with my views. I don't know whether it had any effect on them at all. Someone asked me recently how did I think Intelligence had found out John Vassal? [British spy, jailed in 1963]. It seemed to me such a silly question. He had it tattooed on his forehead. I never know how people don't find out spies.

INTERVIEWER

Are you interested in espionage still?

WEST

I won't say I'm interested in spies but they do turn up in my life in quite funny ways. There was a man called Sidney

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Reilly, who was a famous spy, a double agent. My mother-in-law was very upset because my husband married me instead of the daughter of a civil servant. My husband's mother thought she was a nice Catholic girl, who'd be so nice for my husband, and it always tickled me because it gradually emerged that this girl was the mistress of this *very* famous and very disreputable spy. It was a wonderful thing to have in your pocket against your mother-in-law. My mother-in-law was an enormous, huge woman, and extremely pathetic. She had had her life broken up so often. By the First World War, and then the Second. Between the wars she was perfectly happy going to tea at those old-fashioned tea places they had—Rumpelmayer's. But her other son was very ill and he went out to Australia and he had a weak lung, and she went to see him and she got caught by the war there. If you like Rumpelmayer's, you wouldn't want to be in Australia for six years.

INTERVIEWER

Do you enjoy reviewing for the *Sunday Telegraph*?

WEST

Yes, I do. I do. I would feel awfully cut off if I didn't review; I think it's such a good discipline. It makes you really open your mind to the book. Probably you wouldn't, if you just read it.

INTERVIEWER

Oh, yes. It concentrates one, yes. I thought your review of Christopher Isherwood's *Christopher and His Kind* was dazzling. You demolished him.

WEST

I was so horrified by the way he treated the little German pansy. Also I thought it must have been so disgusting for the people in the village on the Greek island. I know Greeks love money, but I think a lot of money would have to pass before

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you'd be reconciled to Isherwood making such a noise.

INTERVIEWER

When I read your review, I was completely convinced by your argument, that it was an extraordinary sort of obliviousness that comes from class privilege.

WEST

Well, I didn't want to make a butt of him. Do you know a bookseller's assistant said to him: What do you think of Rebecca West's review of your book? and he is alleged to have said such a lovely thing: I shall think of some way of turning it to my advantage. You can't think how bad reviewing was when I first started to review, so dull and so dreadful. Nobody good but Lady Robert Cecil, one of the Salisbury family.

INTERVIEWER

But your reviews were absolutely sparkling. I love the essay you wrote about *The Uncles.*

WEST

Oh, Bennett was horrible about it. He was a horrible mean-spirited hateful man. I hated Arnold Bennett.

INTERVIEWER

But you were very nice about him.

WEST

Well, I thought so, and I think he was sometimes a very good writer. I do think *The Old Wives' Tale* is very good, don't you? He was a horrible man.

INTERVIEWER

Was he in a position to make things difficult for you then?

WEST

Yes. He was not nice. He lived with these two women, the

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French woman to whom he was married and also the woman who was with him when he died. He was always telling other people how tiresome these women were. It was all very, as people say, unchivalrous.

INTERVIEWER

English writing hasn't really produced the kind of giants it produced in the twenties. The stagnation of English writing since then is extraordinary. Joyce, Virginia Woolf, Wells, Shaw: all these people were writing, and who have we got to compare now?

WEST

I find Tom Stoppard just as amusing as I ever found Shaw. Very amusing, both as a playwright and as himself. But I'm not now an admirer of Shaw. It was a poor mind, I think. I liked his wife so much better. He *was* conceited, but in an odd way. Usually, you know, it's people shouting to keep their spirits up, but he really did think he was better than most people. I thought that book on Yeats's postbag was so good, letters that people wrote to Yeats. Did you read that? It's absolutely delightful. It's got delightful things like a very nicely phrased letter from a farmer, saying that he understands Yeats writes about supernatural matters and can he recommend a reliable witch? You know, charming things like that.

INTERVIEWER

Did you meet Yeats?

WEST

Yes. He wasn't a bit impressive and he wasn't my sort of person at all. He boomed at you like a fog horn. He was there one time when Philip Guedella and two or three of us were all very young, and were talking nonsense about murderers in Shakespeare and whether a third murderer ever became a first murderer by working hard or were they, sort of, hereditary

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slots? Were they like Japanese specialists and one did one kind of murder, another did another? It was really awfully funny. Philip was very funny to be with. Then we started talking about something on the Western Isles but Yeats wouldn't join in, until we fussed round and were nice to him. But we were all wrong; what he liked was solemnity and, if you were big enough, heavy enough and strong enough, he loved you. He loved great big women. He would have been mad about Vanessa Redgrave.

INTERVIEWER

Is your Irish birth important to you?

WEST

Frightfully, yes. I loved my family. I have a great affiliation to relations of mine called Denny.The present man is an architect, Sir Anthony Denny. He's exactly like Holbein's drawing of his ancestor, Anthony Denny, which I think is a great testimonial. Anthony Denny lives up in the Cotswolds and he and his wife are most glamorous people in a very quiet way. They have two charming sons, one of them paints very well, and they adopted a child, a Vietnamese child. Tony went out to see his brother, who had fever there and he was walking along a quay and one of the refugee babies, who was sitting about, suddenly ran up to him and clasped him round the knees and looked up in his face. So he just said: I'll have this one—and took him home. It was a most lovely reason. The Dennys did nice things like that. And then my father used to speak about this cousin in Ireland, in the west of Ireland, called Dickie Shoot. Dickie Shoot beggared himself by helping people.

INTERVIEWER

I always think it's astonishing how much literature Protestant Ireland has produced.

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WEST

I don't thing they're very poetical people or sensitive people really, but what a lot of literature they've produced compared with the Scotch, who I think have really deeper emotions. It's most peculiar.

INTERVIEWER

Shaw. Wilde. Whatever one thinks of their quality, there they are. Samuel Beckett. All from Protestant Irish stock.

WEST

You know, an Irish priest said a most beautiful thing to me the other day, and I absolutely loved it. He looked at those books and said—a very old man he is, he's older than I am, he must be over ninety—and he said to me: What are you doing with all your books, when you're dead? You must have planned for them. I said: I'm giving those Oxford Dictionaries to the grandson of Oscar Wilde, Merlin Holland. And he said, Oh, how beautiful that makes it all. It's rather as if it hadn't happened. I said: What do you mean? He said: Well, your family lives in Fitzwilliam Square and Wilde's people lived in Merrion Square and it's such a natural thing to do for a family in Fitzwilliam Square to give their Oxford Dictionary to the son of a family living in Merrion Square. Almost as if it hadn't happened. He couldn't have added a word to it. I love Merlin. I went to see him out in Beirut with his mother, which was rather a trial. She's Australian in a big way but, you know, it was so extraordinary, the glimpse I had of her. He was very fond of a ballet dancer and we went out to lunch. We went up to her house and after dinner Mrs. Holland, who is plump and sixty-something, got up and she turned on one of the records, *Swan Lake,* and danced to it, as she'd learnt to, and she was quite beautiful. Obviously she should have been a dancer.

INTERVIEWER

Do you think it has become easier for women to follow their

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vocations?

WEST

I don't know. It's very hard. I've always found I've had too many family duties to enable me to write enough. I would have written much better and I would have written much more. Oh, men, whatever they may say, don't really have any barrier between them and their craft, and certainly I had.

INTERVIEWER

What inspired you later to write your great book on Yugoslavia? Was it the contact with the people?

WEST

What I was interested in really was wandering about with Henry. I wanted to write a book on Finland, which is a wonderful case of a small nation with empires here and there, so I learnt Finnish and I read a Finnish novel. It was all about people riding bicycles. But then, when I went to Yugoslavia, I saw it was much more exciting with Austria and Russia and Turkey, and so I wrote that. I really did enjoy it terribly, loved it. I loved writing about St. Augustine, too. I like writing about heretics, anyway.

INTERVIEWER

You consider Augustine a heretic, do you?

WEST

Oh, no, he wasn't a heretic. Most of his life he wasn't at all a nice man, but that's quite a different thing. I like to think about people like the Donatists, who were really suffering agonies of one kind and another because the Roman Empire was splitting up and it was especially uncomfortable to be in Roman Africa. But they didn't know anything about economics, and did know about theology. Theology had taught them that, if you suffered, it was usually because you'd offended God: so they invented an offense against God, which was that

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unworthy priests were celebrating the Sacraments. So that satisfied them and then they went round the country, looting and getting the food and the property they wanted because they said that they were punishing heretics. I think it's wonderful that in the past people overlooked things that now seem to us quite obvious, and thought they were doing things for the reasons they weren't, and tried to remedy them by actions. Perhaps there's some quite simple thing we'll think of some day, which will make us much happier.

—**Marina Warner**

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James Dickey

The Lyric Beasts

—Dancer to Audience—

What works for me

As in your flatland stillness you grow,
Not ashen witnesses,
But eye-bones, eye-muscle fields of hovering
With me,
is this: is with me:
Is a body out-believing existence:

The shining of perfection, the myth-chill.

I hold what I have,
Hold hard, and wait for my travel
To time-bind, and be raised
High enough in closed flight, high enough in low candle-
power to burn barns and set
All rafters free:
to reach and rarify the lyric beasts.

Some distance
Down, unfurl sit loosed and hawking
At me, as I am hurled and buried
Out of you in midair,
In hounded flame-outs stalling and renewing,
Pale with chasm-sweat

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through Chaos
Set going by imaginative laws,
One flawless seizure bringing on another,
The search-and-destroy of creatures in the void.

In your ashen ditch of witness
take off your bags of shot, and be with me
As one, like a rising curtain,
materializing, enchanted with unnecessary being,
Emblem-eyed, degenerate with symbols,
Work-beasts of lightness, icy with void-sweat,
For, in bitter, over-valued radiation,
One form may live from another, and may follow

The grain of closed flight, as through board.
In the loft of the ice-bound
Soft-heeled foot, we shall leave nothing
To chance, enfabled, driven-up
Toward death in some foregone position—the dead-lift,
To go-devil fury—knowing that flight is only
One of the floating latencies of muscle:
An infinite elongation.

Come from your hovering ashes;
Join and defy me
To out-live you out-die outflesh out-spirit

At the eerie, demonic torpor of the crest.
Young outriders of the Absolute,
Swan flower phoenix,
Controlled, illusory fire is best
For us. Rise and on faith

Follow. It is better that I should be;
Be what I am not, and I am.

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Kenward Elmslie

August

Now coming up on scherzo,
simulated situation based on big, big trouble.
Word good as broken-down bond,
suspicious circumstances veer off
into thruway marauders with wooden gourds,
virgin tots and oldsters offered up for sugar cubes.
Stubble got on underdog statuary,
stubble, half-eaten steel-plated tuna-on-rye,
stubble, dandruff on cowlick,
stubble epileptic shot-glasses on shelves,
stubble cancer spansules
floating down on the electorate
trucked in from Bosnia,
unscathed module of fezzes and loin-cloths,
weird to peer under shrubs in his likeness.
Based on actual wars, that park,
real-life guns and kitchen implements
pointing at old man ankle-skin and hair.
They left office so fast!
Food drops in the mine warrens resumed.
Pine barrens cordoned off, resumed.

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Now coming up on the obligatory slow movement.
Have a protracted adolescence, you dudes,
wandering through dark misty barns,
feisty bites on the kisser,
tracing trolley tracks through the rain forest.
One poignant moment worth a recap:
foetus sees giant foot.
Giant foot sees giant centipede.
Then the technicalities take over,
pushing us to the sidelines.

Malpractice vivisections
ooze to the lab tiles,
squalid ephemera tallied,
esoterica rendering years in white smocks
invalid, in mountains where no birds fly.

Not my years!
Ablaze with loops of light,
like a dream factory in a ballet at top speed,
candy factory corridors under the slagheap, sped,
factories where steam wisps whisper niceties
about four-wheel mentalities.

Now coming up on coda wobble,
revenge against so much glare
grinding to a stop
in a servantless world.

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Elaine Feinstein

from An England Sequence

Forgotten, shabby and long time abandoned
in stubbled fur, with broken
teeth like toggles, the old gods are leaving.
They will no longer crack the
tarmac of the language, open generous
rivers, heal our scoured thoughts
They will only blink, and move on and
tomorrow no-one will remember their songs

unless they rise in warning, as when
sudden planes speed overhead
crossing the sky with harsh accelerating
screams. You may shiver then
to hear the music of the gods leaving.
This generation is waiting for the boy Octavius.
They don't like losers.
And the gods are leaving us.

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Allen Grossman

Bow Spirit

stanzas on the pathos of our generated life

But tell me of your lineage, for you are not come
from a famous oak tree, or stones.

Odyssey XIX

I

Blind bow spirit,

my mother,

Beatrice
This poem in the likeness of a countenance

(the eyes, the nose, the brow,
The wen upon the brow, the august beard,
The mouth never right—

never right) saying
What can a man
Say who has not yet begun to speak—?

Damn you Beatrice, who took my voice—mother.
I might be anyone.

One line materializes
(It is October, and the air is dry.)

And then another
(Wait. Something will come to mind. Wait. It will.)—

The wild blue aster.

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II

Hoi. On the mountain

the dark cattle

(on
The blind breast of the mountain in the death-
Winds of October)

are driven from the
Upland pasture with blows. Hoi. Light.

—The boat
Is upon the water, the harbour and the
Harbour islands shine

(The beard is for the resurrection. Louis
Hates it,

the wen upon the brow, and the
Knotted mouth).

There comes to light

(October is a deep, deep lake in which
The mountain is seen,

and the cattle)

a face
Like the reflection of a sky
(Does Louis have a face? Does crazy Bea?)—

Hoi. How long ago the blaze was

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(the marriage)
That blackened all my other histories.

III

In mountainous

October

at the high
Lunar noon, terror
For the children came over me suddenly,
As I lay hiding my hands.

Suppose (mother of the grasses)

for all the
Talk no man has spoken
And now he begins, setting all the poems
To one side—;
What would he say, if the trying and not
Succeeding were to end

and his opened
Mouth

(tears streaming down his face, as linnet-
Like the lines weave

of sere flax the sheer
Facial shroud)—?

Come in, children. Come in
Now. It's going to rain.

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IV

This poem in

the likeness

of a countenance
Saying what a man can who has begun
(Mother, have you ever seen a man's face?)
—If he spoke you would not hear.

If you heard,

He could not endure your tears.

(Allen, I

Have never loved anyone.)

If he survived

Your tears

then he would live forever,

awake
Listening to your tears. . . .

That is how I came to this damned line-work
Straying among the stones, Louis, and the
Chanting oaks, my mother Bea;

among death—
Winds on the mountain
Fighting with sleep, with cold erections, bent
Over my book

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(Lying down is overwhelming)—

Writing now with flat square hands, my
Ghastly wen, the beard, and this
Flowing mouth.

I do not love you,

mother.

Die where you will.

V

Unteachable Beatrice,

my death-ship

spirit

Imagine now the panache of a master
Walking with his hand on hip—

carrying

A man's house of staring into the forest;
And then out into the sun.

So my eyes

Which fed a million years on flickering
Minerals

(Louis's small eyes, my father's)

Are born in the grave bright air drawn up from
This cold October well of air.

Let be,

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Mother—

Let this light be

that is.

VI

Everyone has a face, a blowing shroud,
A sheer wealth of furnishing, a sailing
Gaze and lineage, like a torn net

descending
From the forest primeval, from the earliest
Ages of the world.

(All-focussing like a
Lens her sex, bow spirit,
Is the leader

inter urinas et faeces,
The beautiful roads)

—The lineage descends,
From the mountain down, by the mountain path

(Forty years unable to concentrate
My mind)

past the reeking gibbet, and the
Harrowed sidehill field, to the sullen valley
Stream

(Louis is alive still but mad)

and out
Into the dazzling estuary, and the air

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O this blue aster is an autumn, a dry-
Wood flower,

a wild flower

of the Fall.

VII

Thus diverse lines meet

and knot—one line and
Another (the eyes, the wen upon the
Brow, the august beard).

The road into the
Dark is first a road into a dark place

(This is the hour, mother, to marry your child—)

And then the carrying of the gaze out
Of the rainy dark

into the brightness of
The sun. Look! A wind of a sort

a whispering

Messenger (bow spirit)—

island

calling

To island in the shine

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Why Don't You Dance?

Raymond Carver

In the kitchen, he poured another drink and looked at the bedroom suite in his front yard. The mattress was stripped and the candy-striped sheets lay beside two pillows on the chiffonier. Except for that, things looked much the way they had in the bedroom—nightstand and reading lamp on his side of the bed, nightstand and reading lamp on her side.

His side, her side.

He considered this as he sipped the whiskey.

The chiffonier stood a few feet from the foot of the bed. He had emptied the drawers into cartons that morning, and the cartons were in the living room. A portable heater was next to the chiffonier. A rattan chair with a decorator pillow stood at the foot of the bed. The buffed aluminum kitchen-set took up a part of the driveway. A yellow muslin cloth, much too large, a gift, covered the table and hung down over the sides. A potted fern was on the table, along with a box of silverware and a record-player, also gifts. A big console-model television set rested on a coffee table, and a few feet away from this,

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stood a sofa and chair and a floor lamp. The desk was pushed against the garage door. A few utensils were on the desk, along with a wall clock and two framed prints. There was also in the driveway a carton with cups, glasses, and plates, each object wrapped in newspaper. That morning he had cleared out the closets and, except for the three cartons in the living room, all the stuff was out of the house. He had run an extension cord on out there and everything was connected. Things worked, no different from how it was when they were inside.

Now and then a car slowed and people stared. But no one stopped.

It occurred to him that he wouldn't either.

"It must be a yard sale," the girl said to the boy.

This girl and boy were furnishing a little apartment.

"Let's see what they want for the bed," the girl said.

"And the TV," the boy said.

The boy pulled into the driveway and stopped in front of the kitchen table.

They got out of the car and began to examine things, the girl touching the muslin cloth, the boy plugging in the blender and turning the dial to MINCE, the girl picking up a chafing dish, the boy turning on the television set and making adjustments. He sat down on the sofa to watch. He lit a cigarette, looked around, and flipped the match into the grass. The girl sat on the bed. She pushed off her shoes and lay back. She thought she could see the evening star.

"Come here, Jack. Try this bed. Bring one of those pillows," she said.

"How is it?" he said.

"Try it," she said.

He looked around. The house was dark.

"I feel funny," he said. "Better see if anybody's home."

She bounced on the bed.

"Try it first," she said.

He lay down on the bed and put the pillow under his head.

"How does it feel?" the girl said.

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"Feels firm," he said.

She turned on her side and put her hand to his face.

"Kiss me," she said.

"Let's get up," he said.

"Kiss me," she said.

She closed her eyes. She held him.

He said, "I'll see if anybody's home."

But he just sat up and stayed where he was, making believe he was watching the television.

Lights came on in houses up and down the street.

"Wouldn't it be funny if," the girl said and grinned and didn't finish.

The boy laughed, but for no good reason. For no good reason, he switched on the reading lamp.

The girl brushed away a mosquito, whereupon the boy stood up and tucked in his shirt.

"I'll see if anybody's home," he said. "I don't think anybody's home. But if anybody is, I'll see what things are going for."

"Whatever they ask, offer ten dollars less. It's always a good idea," she said. "And, besides, they must be desperate or something."

"It's a pretty good TV," the boy said.

"Ask them how much," the girl said.

The man came down the sidewalk with a sack from the market. He had sandwiches, beer, and whiskey. He saw the car in the driveway and the girl on the bed. He saw the television set going and the boy on the porch.

"Hello," the man said to the girl. "You found the bed. That's good."

"Hello," the girl said, and got up. "I was just trying it out." She patted the bed. "It's a pretty good bed."

"It's a good bed," the man said, and put down the sack and took out the beer and the whiskey.

"We thought nobody was here," the boy said. "We're interested in the bed and maybe the TV. Maybe the desk.

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How much do you want for the bed?''

''I was thinking fifty dollars for the bed,'' the man said.

''Would you take forty?'' the girl asked.

''Okay, I'll take forty,'' the man said.

He took a glass out of the carton. He took the newspaper off it. He broke the seal on the whiskey.

''How about the TV?'' the boy said.

''Twenty-five.''

''Would you take fifteen?'' the girl said.

''Fifteen's okay. I could take fifteen,'' the man said.

The girl looked at the boy.

''You kids, you'll want a drink,'' the man said. ''Glasses in the box. I'm going to sit down. I'm going to sit down on the sofa.''

The man sat on the sofa, leaned back, and stared at the boy and the girl.

The boy found two glasses and poured whiskey.

''That's enough,'' the girl said. ''I think I want water in mine.''

She pulled out a chair and sat at the kitchen table.

''There's water in the spigot over there,'' the man said. ''Turn on that spigot.''

The boy came back with the watered whiskey. He cleared his throat and sat down at the kitchen table. He grinned. But he didn't drink anything.

Birds darted overhead for insects, small birds that moved very fast.

The man gazed at the television. He finished his drink and started another, and when he reached to turn on the floor lamp, his cigarette dropped from his fingers and fell between the cushions.

The girl got up to help him find it.

''So what do you want?'' the boy said to the girl.

The boy took out the checkbook and held it to his lips as if thinking.

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"I want the desk," the girl said. "How much money is the desk?"

The man waved his hand at this preposterous question.

"Name a figure," he said.

He looked at them as they sat at the table. In the lamplight, there was something about their faces. It was nice or it was nasty. There was no telling which.

"I'm going to turn off this TV and put on a record," the man said. "This record-player is going, too. Cheap. Make me an offer."

He poured more whiskey and opened a beer.

"Everything goes."

The girl held out her glass and the man poured.

"*Thank you,*" *she said.* "*You're very nice.*"

"It goes to your head," the boy said. "I'm getting it in the head." He held up his glass and jiggled it.

The man finished his drink and poured another, and then he found the box with the records.

"Pick something," the man said to the girl, and he held the records out to her.

The boy was writing the check.

"Here," the girl said, picking something, picking—anything—for she did not know the names on these records. She got up from the table and sat down again. She did not want to sit still.

"I'm making it out to cash," the boy said.

"Sure," the man said.

They drank. They listened to the record. And then the man put on another.

Why don't you kids dance? he decided to say, and then he said it. "Why don't you dance?"

"I don't think so," the boy said.

"Go ahead," the man said. "It's my yard. You can dance if you want to."

Arms about each other, their bodies pressed together, the boy and girl moved up and down the driveway. They were

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dancing. And when the record was over, they did it again, and when that one ended, the boy said, "I'm drunk."

The girl said, "You're not drunk."

"Well, I'm drunk," the boy said.

The man turned the record over and the boy said, "I am."

"Dance with me," the girl said to the boy and then to the man, and when the man stood up, she came to him with her arms open.

"Those people over there, they're watching," she said.

"It's okay," the man said. "It's my place," he said. "We can dance."

"Let them watch," the girl said.

"That's right," the man said. "They thought they'd seen everything over here. But they haven't see this, have they?" he said.

He felt her breath on his neck. "I hope you like your bed," he said.

The girl closed and then opened her eyes. She pushed her face into the man's shoulder. She pulled the man closer.

"You must be desperate or something," she said.

Weeks later she said: "The guy was about middle-aged. All his things right there in his yard. No lie. We got real pissed and danced. In the driveway. Oh, my God. Don't laugh. He played us these records. Look at this record-player. The old guy gave it to us. These crappy records, too. Will you look at this shit?"

She kept talking. She told everyone. There was more to it, but she couldn't get it all talked out. After a time, she quit trying.

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Portfolio

SOL LEWITT

SIX GEOMETRIC FIGURES

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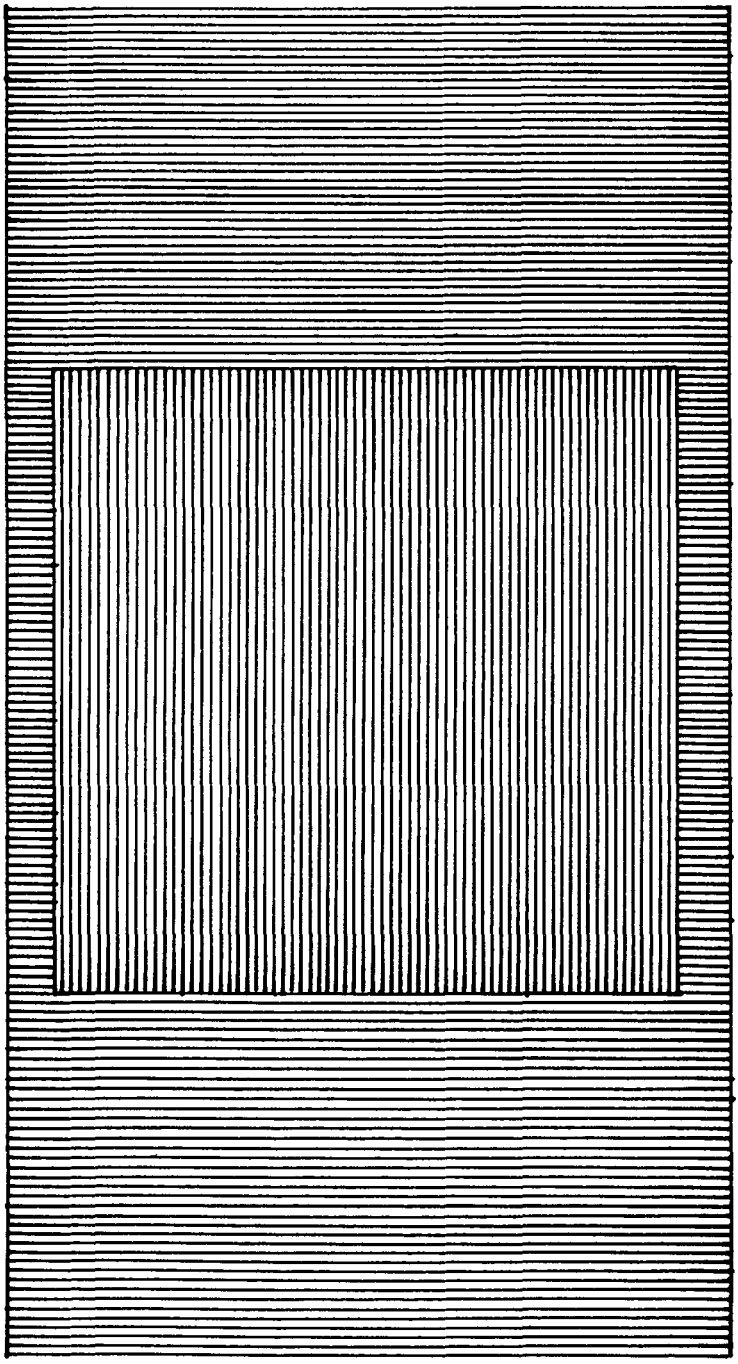

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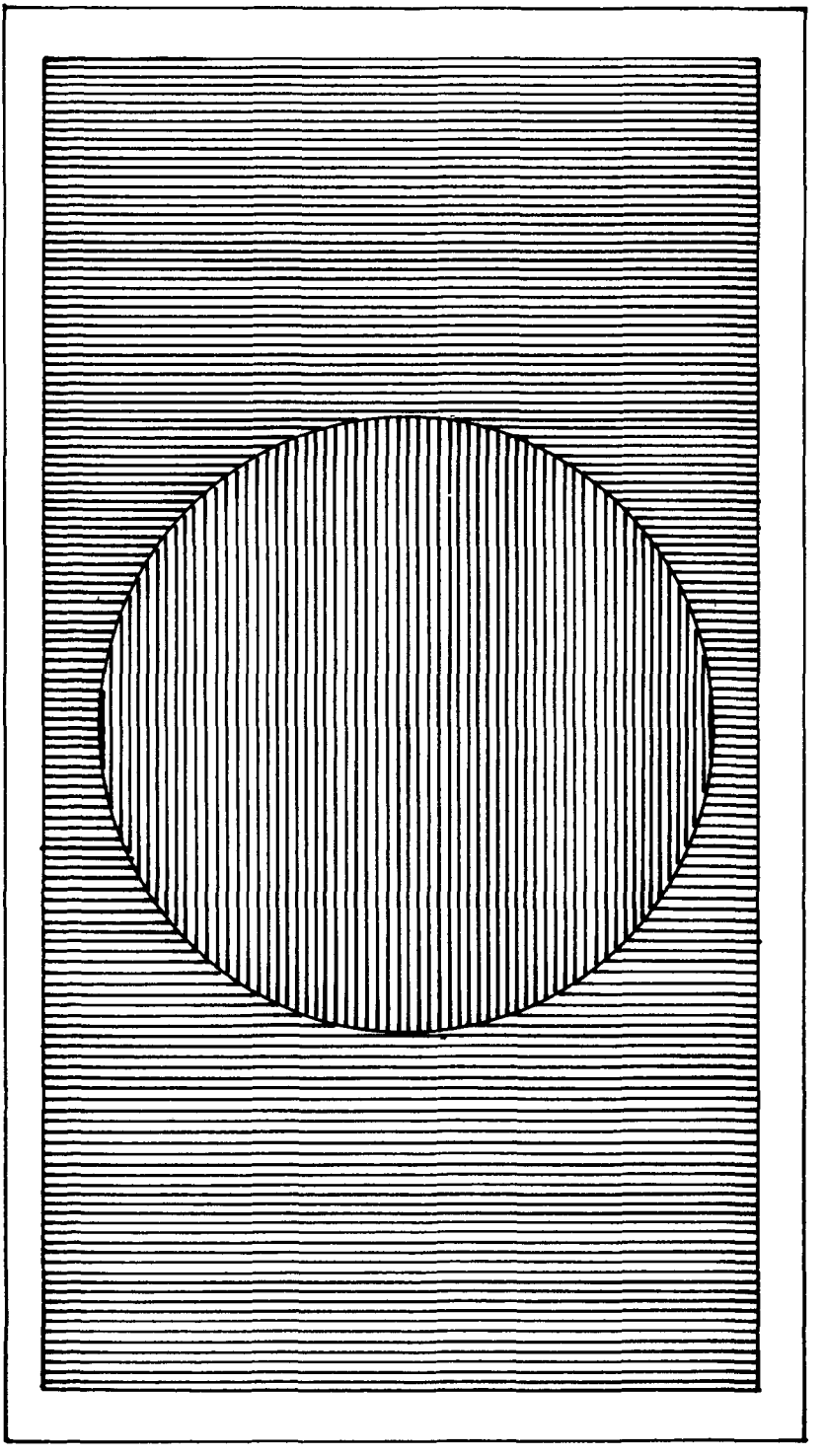

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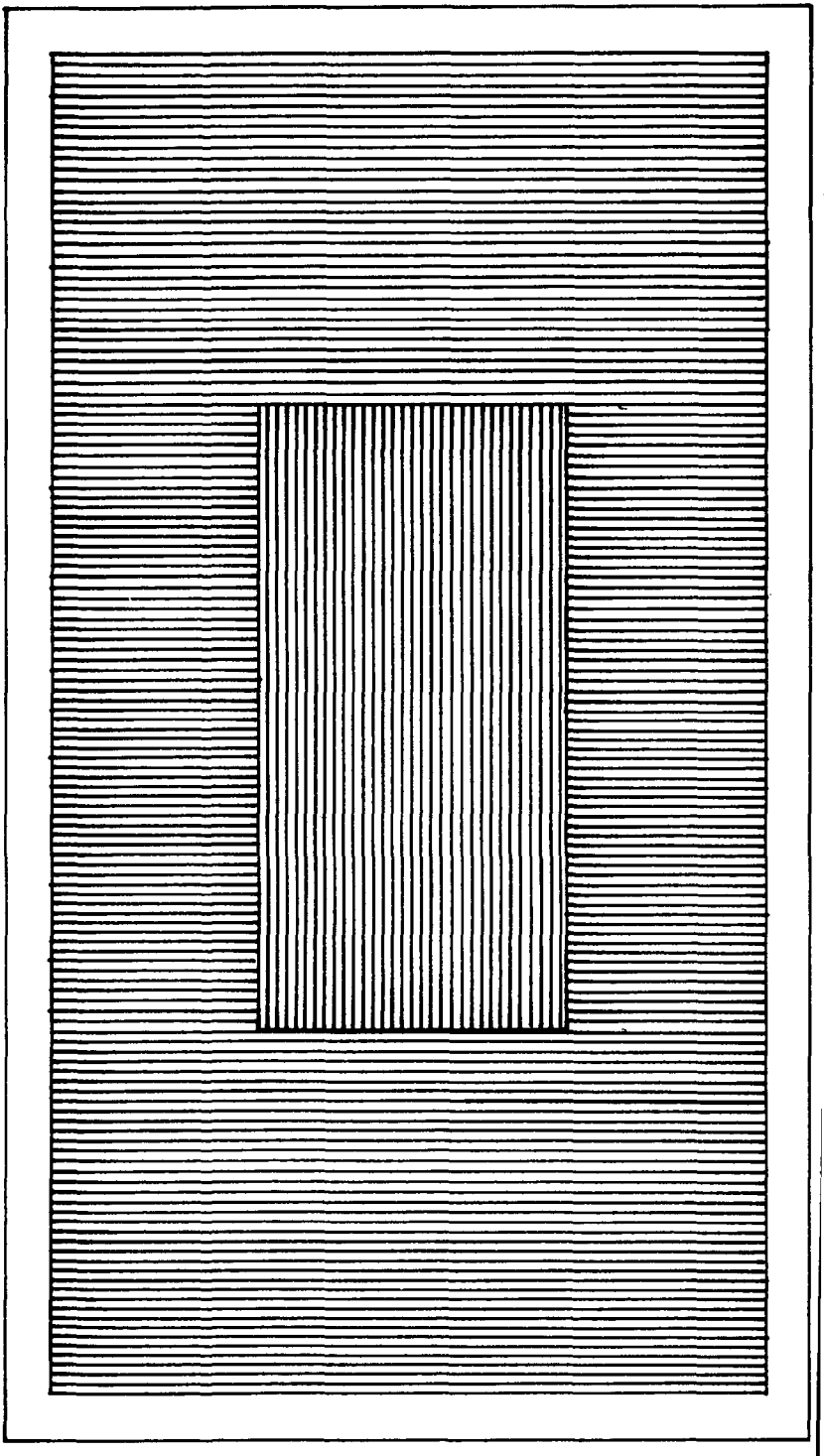

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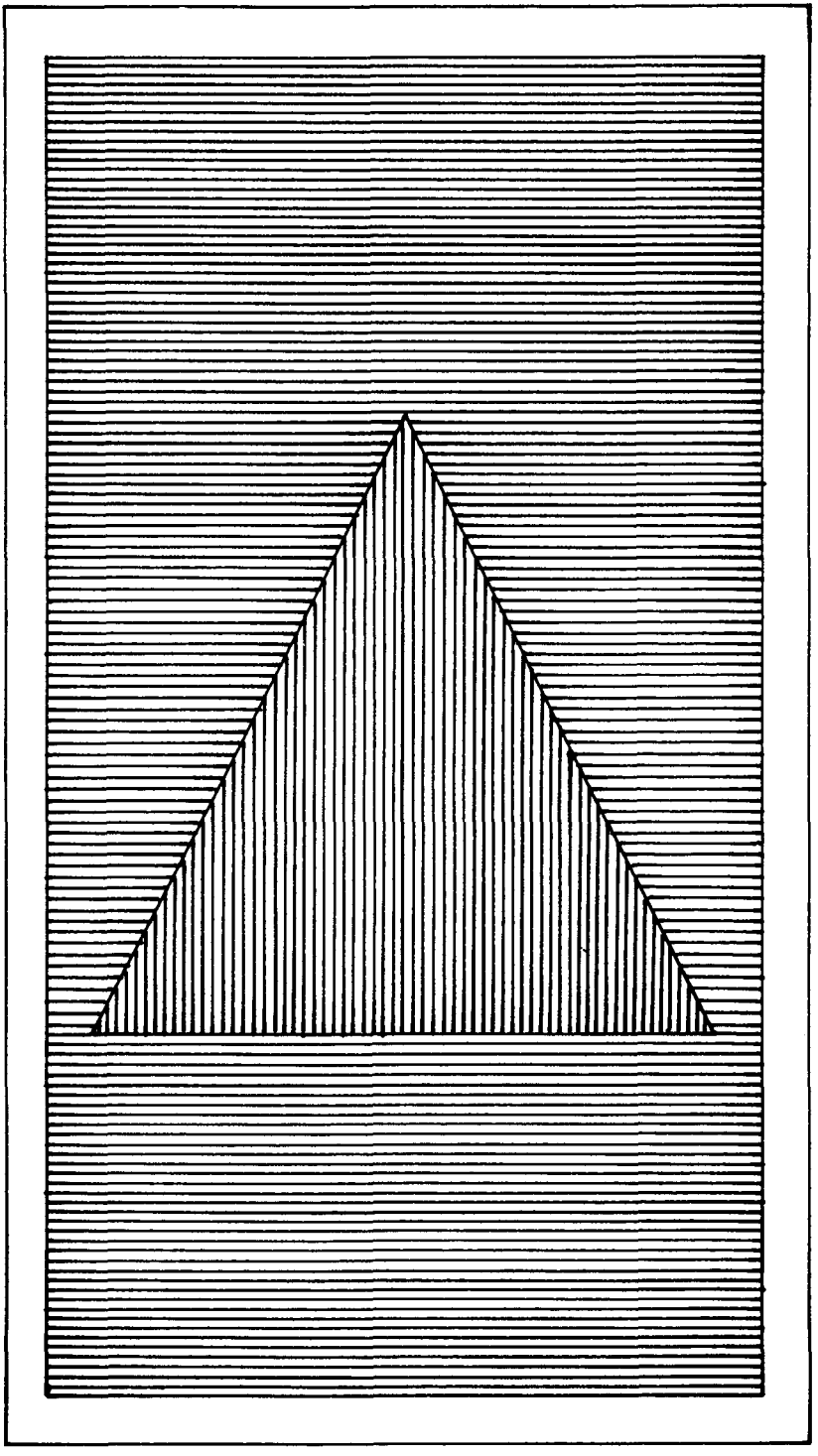

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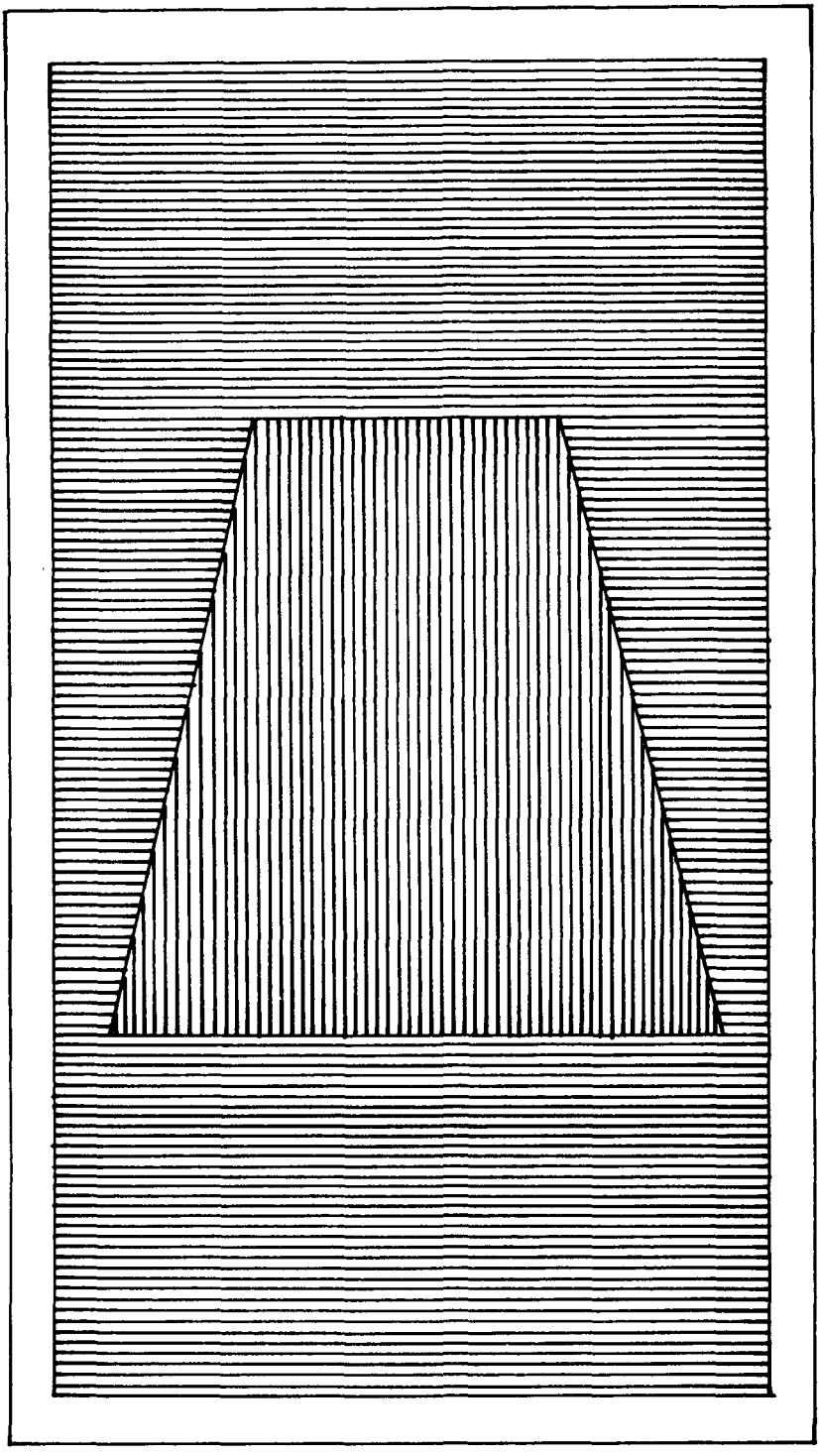

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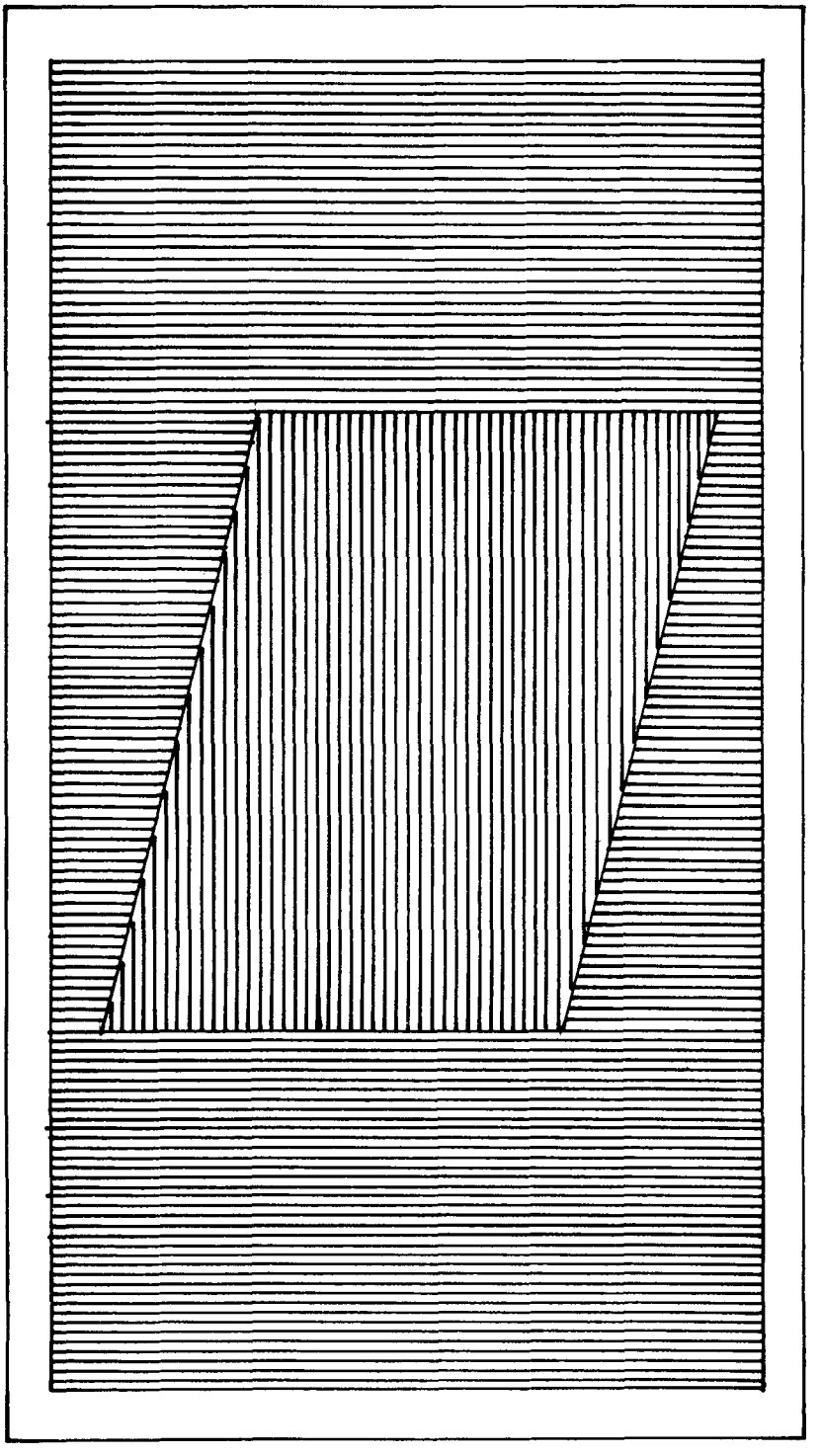

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Thom Gunn

Selves

I look round the cluttered
icons of your room:
quilt, photo, stuffed bird.
On one wall, the self-portrait
you labored at these two years
since you broke with your lover.
The new self. It
nags me with its hard eyes,
its simple gaze. Completing it
freed you apparently,
to other subjects, for
a dozen new sketches are tacked
on another wall. A nude
lolls on some cushions; a
winding roadway seen from above
pierces the countryside
with a big S.
I do miss
what you formerly were,
the vulnerable and tender man
I have dreamed about
three nights running. I suppose
it was an imaginary son that I
held onto during this time
of mess and misunderstanding.
But sons grow up,
imaginary ones as well,
and perpetual children are tedious.
Day after day you
went to the gym

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where you lifted toward nothing
and your body kept pace
with the body in the self-portrait
you were painting. You lifted
barbells to lower them, but
at the same time you were learning
to carry the other, the
constant weight, the weight
it is necessary to carry.
You got used to the feel
like a hitchhiker
shifting his knapsack
as he improvises his route
along roads already adjusted
to their terrain. Here in your sketch
the roadway pushes forward
like a glittering unsheathed serpent
that tests with the flicker
of his tongue from
side to side as he advances.
You dare place it in the exact
center of the page from where
it twists upward with
the strength of its pliancy.
It adapts to the rigid
rocky folds of the mountain's skirt
and the soft slopes of the coast
that it slips between
—agile and tactful!—
sometimes lost in a bend
but coming round again:
a flexible sinewy unchecked
curving line it
narrows into the distance where
it steals at last
right off the top of the paper.

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Donald Hall

Illustration

In a bookshelf at the dark livingroom's end
stood the ten volumes of *Journeys Through Bookland*
which my parents bought when I was born.
Sometimes when I was alone in the house

—my mother dressed up and pretty, smelling
of *Evening in Paris,* playing bridge with other ladies
in silk dresses, their words chosen with care,
speaking of "homes," speaking of "perspiration"...

—my father adding columns of figures, his #2
pencil faint on bluelined, whitepaper pads,
smoking Chesterfields, coughing at his yellow desk
in the job he hated at Brock-Hall...

—and I in the shaded room, back from broken
chalk on blackboards, from duplicate tables
of multiplication, back from geography's three
implacable colors, from the murderous schoolyard—

I opened a book to the picture beside Longfellow's
poem: stark skull recessed in metal cowl,
sockets glaring like eyes, landscape behind it
empty—inhabited only by The Skeleton in Armor.

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John Hollander

All Our Poems of Death Are Juvenilia

The breaking of things can look like an origination
But then reveal itself, through lights shimmering in
fragments
Of smashed glass, as having occurred too late to have given
Birth to anything but a lighting up of just how late
It was—So with a crystal night of crashings that might be
Taken to have started out all our present darkening,
Like a plumber's tools dropped into a box full of glass eyes,
Unretractable, the panes of fractured window, jagged,
Clear, looking down into black water and scarred
cobblestones,
Looking out into where we are now, a confirmation,
Not an arrival. And yet our dry mouths thirst for the splash
Of some outset, some source, some once. We'll have, then,
for a scene
To start with something from the end of the story, a room
In hospital, with walls the color of late afternoon.

Dr. Frank Heller lies there with the sun at his right hand
The opaque black lenses before his eyes pierced with a pair
Of tiny eyes through which he stares down the narrowing hall
Dark time has cut out of the years' colorless rock for him.
Nurse Noctifer will soon arrive with his bowl of nothing,
And rearrive with a different name in the morning
To bathe him in shadows as he lies stiffly holding up
His head so as not to shatter again his broken eyes.
A huge black fly buzzes about the cold October room:
His buzzings are a substance more enduring than he, and
More seemingly palpable. Dr. Frank Heller had palped
Internal darkness, and he lay unmindful of the fly,
Permanence lost like childhood so far back that even the
Time during which it disappeared itself was long since lost.

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Living beside the sea was a thing of the past; looking
Toward water (as if ahead), an inadvertent glance backward.
Across the city Dr. Frank Heller saw gleamingly
Through his two pinholes some of the river that lay
westward.
And he saw boats that glided by degrees out of the mind:
Short tugs across the water, long, heavy-laden barges
Conveying themselves as in the images of themselves,
Could only come to him as floats in some distant Triumph
Of Passage. The light hurt. And given the pain of the Dark
Thought, his mind mirrored over behind the bright, black
glasses,
So that what his visitors saw in the light of the room
Was something of their own broken looking, and what he
had
Seen was a fiction now only of what he had to say.
This was not the first scene of last looks between Dr. Frank
Heller and others, but others would not look like this one.

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Richard Howard

With A Potpourri From Down Under

Anything but rotten, such flowers are ill
named, remaining exempt from the compost fate
by a decorum of fatigue, keeping still
the power to generate
a world of their own, long since over the hill,

or of ours. Inhale them and you can recall
—what? Whatever is recoverable just
and only just for having been, after all,
forgotten. Closer—you must
put your nose right into the powdery ball

of bloom to get the good of it, past the blue
of unrecognizeable gentians, past wild
roses tamed to mild rose, even past a few
patently dead leaves reconciled
by dust with the livid petals. There. Now you

have it, strong for all the insistent pastels
(as if life were forged by Marie Laurencin—
or death, for that matter), now you have the smells
of a room we first met in:
two kittens, pot, and the pungence that wells

up out of the ampoules of amyl nitrite
apparently used, *chez* Tom, instead of *sauce*
béchamel. That was a foregone appetite,
though it makes less of a loss
if you couple the lovemaking our first night

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with a myth instead of with a person—me,
yourself, whoever in between: we become
creators when we have a past. So make free
with the odors coming from
this irresponsible present: breathe deeply,

and a bed in Vermont will be unmade; stir
the wan remains and you will have invented
closets in Florence which were
identically scented,
clearings in Hawaii heretofore a blur—

I know. I've tried it, slipping habit's traces
by a quick whiff myself, gaining from partial
immersion the totally risen graces
of going down into all
the intimate reek, the must of dark places.

Now you take over. Each garden is a grave,
I grant you, but there are resurrections here:
our senses make us giants in what time we have
(Proust's law)—use yours then, my dear,
on a gift that savors of more than we can save.

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X. J. Kennedy

The Death of Professor Backwards

slain January 29, 1976

Three hot-eyed kids hard on a fix's heels,
Enraged that the cash he had on him was small,
Did in James Edmondson, famed vaudeville's
Professor Backwards. Three slugs through the skull
Closed his great act, the Gettysburg Address
About he'd switch and backwards redeliver—
Transposed perfectly them at back hurl he'd
Out called crowd the in hecklers any whatever.

More than clashed glass in Vegas clubs fell still
The night his heart backpaddled to a stop:
Unheard lay songs that once with dazzling skill
His mind's bright loony mirror used to flop.
A listening Sennett, applause his to command,
Why had it to be him, the slim of purse,
Felled like a dog in an alley when his blind
Fate shot back like a truck parked in reverse
To hurl him backwards, trailing gory clouds?

The world will little note and long forget
How every watcher in whole spellbound crowds
Would light the wrong end of a cigarette.

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Galway Kinnell

The Milk Bottle

A tiny creature moves
through the tide pool, holding up
its little fortress foretelling
our tragedies; another clamps
itself down to the stone. A sea anemone
sucks at my finger, mildly, I can just
feel it, though it may mean to kill—no,
it would probably say, to eat
and flow, for all these creatures
even half made of stone seem to thrill
to altered existences. As do we ourselves,
who advance so far, then stop, then creep
a little, stop again, suddenly gasp—breath
is the bright shell
of our life-wish encasing us—gasp
it all back in, on seeing that any time
would be OK
to go, to vanish back into all things—as when
lovers wake up at night and see
they both are crying and think, *Yes,*
but it doesn't matter, already
we will have lived forever. And yes,
if we could do that: separate out
time from happiness, remove
the molecules scattered
throughout our flesh that remember, skim them off,
throw them at non-conscious things,

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who may even crave them. . . It's funny,
I imagine I can actually remember one certain
quart of milk which has just finished clinking
against three of its brethren
in the milkman's great hand and stands,
freeing itself from itself, on the rotting
doorstep in Pawtucket circa 1932,
to be picked up and taken inside
by one in whom time hasn't yet completely
woven all its tangles, and not ever set down. . .
So that here, by the tide pool,
where a sea eagle rings its glass voice
above us, I remember myself back there,
and first dreams easily untangling
themselves rise in me, flow from me in waves,
as if they felt ready now to be fulfilled
out there where there is nothing.
The old bottle will shatter
in the decay of its music, the sea eagle
will cry itself back down into the sea
the sea's creatures transfigure over and over.
Look. Everything has changed.
Ahead of us the meantime is overflowing.
Around us its own almost-invisibility
streams and sparkles over everything.

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The Werewolf

William Faulkner

Dean Faulkner Wells, who has put down here William Faulkner's ghost story "The Werewolf" as he told it to her and her cousin Jill (Mr. Bill's daughter) and her cousin Vicki and the other children of Oxford, is Mr. Bill's niece. She was named after her father Dean, who was Mr. Bill's youngest and favorite brother. Ten years separated the two brothers, but they were very close and enjoyed one another's company in many moods and moments. Dean Swift Faulkner was killed in an airplane crash when he was only twenty-eight.

His daughter, Dean, describes Rowan Oak, and the "Pappy" of her childhood, with a rare eye, and with the Faulkner care and genius for words, and with the emotion of love. Rowan Oak today remains just as she pictures it—beautiful and serene in the daylight hours, full of dancing shadows and ghostly imaginings at night. Every afternoon I take my big black dog Pete there for his run. Once we found ourselves on the grounds in a wintry twilight. Suddenly, quick as could be, it became dark and forbidding; the magnolias seemed grotesque monsters, and strange sounds rustled in the darkness. Pete, who usually fears nothing, quickened his steps toward the front gate, and then so did I—an adult man and an adult dog getting out of there fast.

Many people have the impression that Mr. Bill was an aloof presence. He put up a PRIVATE sign in his driveway to discourage curious visitors who

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came to Oxford to have a glimpse of him. But he loved children, and they felt free to play at Rowan Oak whenever they liked and often asked him to tell a story. This was their privilege, because he was their friend.

Dean Faulkner Wells has recaptured the sorcery of her uncle's story-telling, and the mood and texture of those vanished moments when he told it.

—**Willie Morris**

The house stands far off Old Taylor Road in Oxford, Mississippi, hidden behind long rows of tall cedar trees. The driveway which leads up to the house is dirt, marred by deep ruts and holes; and on each side grow tangled brambles of honeysuckle and blackberry thickets. The house cannot be seen from the street, but at the end of the driveway, it looms big, and white, and beautiful. It looks as if it has been there forever, its two story wooden frame rising so high that the second story balcony looks into the very tops of the cedar trees.

In daylight, you would love this house. Sunshine streams through the tall windows into the large, airy, high-ceilinged rooms which offer plenty of places to play. There is ample space on the front parlor rug for a dozen children to sit cross-legged in a circle and play card games like "Spit" and "Spoons"; there is an open fireplace in the library, large bedrooms upstairs for spend-the-night parties, secluded places to sit and read and think. The grounds surrounding the house are paradise: the croquet wickets stay in place from late spring until school starts in the fall; a ping-pong table stands under the porte-cochère; in the front yard wild grapevines, some of them as thick as a man's arm, trail from the tops of the magnolia trees to the ground, providing natural swings. The tall trees and sand gulleys in the uncleared acres that border the house lend themselves to endless Saturday outdoor games—"kick the can" and "capture the flag"—and there are secret mossy glades for a noon meal of Indian cornbread cooked in a black iron skillet over a small campfire.

The house is called Rowan Oak. Pappy, the last owner of the house, gave it this name. He knew the Scottish legend

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about the magic of the rowan tree, and he believed in its powers, which are that a branch of the rowan tree nailed to the barn door will ward off ghosts and witches and evil spirits. Even though no rowan trees grew on his property, he named his house after the magic tree.

Most of the time, the name alone is enough to guarantee peace and security to all those who live at Rowan Oak. But sometimes, when foxfire dances in the deep woods around the house, when fog swirls around the trunks of the tall cedar trees, when the old house groans in the wind and a loose shutter bangs with a lonely sound, the spell of the rowan tree is not strong enough. It seems then that in the darkness the spirits roam the grounds at will, moving about in the lonely moonlight. And some nights, when the wind is high and an owl calls from the dead oak tree close to the house, and hounds bay at the full moon far off in the woods, you can hear the ghosts of the dead straining at the windows and doors to get inside.

Everything is fine at Rowan Oak, however, as long as it is daylight. When the sun is shining, the walk up the long driveway from the gate to the house is pleasant. The cedars smell good, the packed dirt underfoot feels good, and the sunlight makes dappled, yellow patterns through the leaves onto the grass. But when it starts to get dark, everything changes.

Pappy knew the French phrase for that time of day, for twilight, the brief moments in each day when golden sunlight gives way to red and purple and blue, and the shadows grow long, and darkness is soon at hand, when in the dusk it is difficult to tell the difference between a dog and a wolf. They call it le temps entre chien et loup*—the time between dog and wolf, the time of day when all that is natural and familiar and safe changes quickly into the unnatural, the strange, the frightening. Twilight never lasts long at Rowan Oak. The large magnolia trees that grow west of the driveway shut out the sun's rays, and the forbidding shadows lengthen until, all too soon, the driveway is in total darkness.*

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If you were growing up in Oxford, Mississippi, each time you spent the night at Rowan Oak you would beg Pappy to tell ghost stories, especially on Halloween, because this was the night that the Druids had gathered together in England centuries before, their blue painted faces eerie in the light of bonfires as they danced and howled, beat sticks and drums to keep the spirits of the dead underground. You would come in costume, arriving early to escape the long walk down the driveway after dark. As the sun set, no lights were turned on in the house, so that in the coming darkness, it loomed with an unearthly whiteness. The only lights came from candles placed inside two large jack-o'-lanterns sitting on either side of the front steps.

On this night of the supernatural, Pappy would sit on the steps with you and the other costumed children clustered around him, all eyes wide in the flickering candlelight. He seemed to belong outdoors. His skin was weathered, tan, and slightly wrinkled; and he smelled of horses and leather, cedars and sunshine, pipe tobacco and bourbon. His eyes were brown, so dark that they seemed black, and the fine lines around them were traced by smiles and sadness. His hair was gray, cropped close to his head, his small mouth nearly hidden beneath his mustache. Even on the steps he sat very straight, his shoulders squared, his legs crossed. His hands were still, except for the occasional, deliberate movements of his pipe, when he tapped it against the steps. His voice was low and soft, and he spoke rapidly, so that you would strain to catch his words, even though you knew the story almost as well as he. You would be drawn to him by the sound of his voice as much as by the magic of his tale.

Sometimes in summertime and in the early fall, you would have gone to Rowan Oak to join the other children that Pappy gathered for hayrides. When you got there, the wagon bed would be filled with hay, and you would scramble up eagerly, ready for the long ride, the bonfire, the picnic supper, and the stories. You would be perfectly content to be on your way, as the wagon rolled down the soft, sandy, rutted road, the

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sounds of the mules' hooves pacing off your progress. You would listen as Pappy pointed out the constellations. "Look to your right," he would say, "and just about one index finger above the horizon you'll see Orion." Then he would tell you about Halley's comet and other stories of the stars.

Usually the ride took about forty-five minutes. The wagon would creak along over a long, sloping hill, and as it reached the bottom, Pappy would say, "This looks like a good place!" Andrew would drive the team into a clearing, and everybody would pile out of the wagon. Before you could scatter to explore the dark woods, Pappy would have you gathering small sticks for kindling, while the big boys would drag in heavy branches from fallen trees. Soon, a bonfire blazed in the night, lighting your way to find the long, thin, pointed sticks for roasting wieners.

After the picnic, when the fire burned low and everything became quiet, you would watch the red sparks bursting out of the coals and drifting upward like tiny red stars. The only sounds would be the crackling of the logs, the last, harsh cries of the katydids and the nightbirds. Then, when stomachs were full, when feet and knees were warmed by the fire, it would be time for Pappy to tell a story.

The Werewolf

Faulkner's voice:

In a small village in England, the train station was the focal point of the surrounding countryside, the village's lifeline to civilization. The station itself was a tiny, one-room brick building with four windows and a door that faced the tracks.

In the center of the room was a black, pot-bellied stove.

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Trains came through only twice a day, once at noon and again at four o'clock in the morning.

A young man left London one fall afternoon and traveled to this remote village to see an aging aunt who was sick. Although he had not seen her in years, she was his only living relative and he felt an obligation to make the trip. He had boarded the train in Victoria Station early in the evening and had ridden most of the night, slightly bored and restless at the seemingly endless journey.

The farther he traveled away from London, the more desolate the countryside and the intermittent villages became. When he finally reached his destination a few hours before dawn, he was the only passenger to get off the train at this lonely, forbidding stop. He expected someone, a friend of his aunt's perhaps, to fetch him. The village was at least two miles away, he remembered, accessible only by a rough and unclearly marked path. The thought of undertaking this trek alone in the dark, even though the moon was full, was no more tempting than the thought of entering the black and empty station. A vague feeling of uneasiness crept over him, as he paced back and forth on the deserted platform, trying to decide whether to strike out on his own for his aunt's house or to wait there and hope someone came for him. As he stood staring impatiently into the blackness, clouds rolled in, and along with them came the chilling wind and the roiling clouds of fog so dense, so thick, that the full moon which hung over the horizon was quickly obscured.

The young man looked around outside the deserted station, hoping to find an attendant. No one was in sight. From the high ridge on which the station was built, he looked down into the shrouded valley and wondered at its darkness—why, even so late in the night, there should not be a single light gleaming through the fog from a single cottage. Suddenly at his feet a pattern of light fell. A lamp had been lit by unseen hands. Someone was inside the station.

"How nice," he thought. The night had grown colder now, and he shivered inside his greatcoat. A fire would be fine, and

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company, while he waited, would make the hours until dawn —or until someone came for him—go faster. He turned and walked into the station. A fire was blazing in the stove, which was so hot that the iron door glowed red. A man sat near the stove. His face was dark, his head bowed so that his thick, curly hair shone in the firelight.

"Good evening, good sir!" the young man said, coming to the stove and stretching his hands toward its warmth. "I'm glad to have company on a night like this."

The man said nothing. He sat with his heels drawn up beneath the bench, his long forearms and abnormally large hands draped on his knees. "Perhaps he's deaf," the young man thought.

"Good evening!" he said, louder this time. There was still no response. He took a long, appraising glance at the rough, homespun clothes of a woodsman, at the man's rawboned frame; then he moved away, to the far side of the room, and thought that perhaps this fellow might be willing to talk later, or perhaps it wouldn't matter anyway. Somebody would be along soon to take him to his destination.

He settled himself onto a bench under the lamp which hung from a hook on the wall, brought out the newspaper which he already had read twice on the train, and buried himself behind its pages. He found a story that he had missed in his first and second readings and was soon absorbed. A husky, deep voice startled him.

"We've had trouble around these parts. Do you read about it there in your paper?" The woodsman stood up slowly by the stove and stretched himself as though awakening from sleep. The young traveler became aware, with a sudden curiosity, of the man's huge body. His powerful shoulders sloped forward, his arms swung almost to the floor; and, although he had tried momentarily to pull himself erect, his upper torso still leaned forward, bent slightly at the waist. The young man pitied the backwoodsman, who—he imagined—must have grown this way from years of back-breaking labor, or perhaps more likely, as so often happened in remote districts such as

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this, he had been misshapen at birth, an occasion no doubt unattended by a midwife, much less a physician.

"There doesn't seem to be any news in here about this area," the young man answered. His eyes on the newsprint, he was startled by the sudden shadow that fell over the open pages of his newspaper. Somehow, in spite of the woodsman's hulking form and heavy boots, he had crossed the room with a silent quickness that seemed impossible to the young man. He wondered how the bent and gnarled figure—or any human being, for that matter—could move with such stealth and grace.

The young man recoiled, sliding down the bench, putting distance between him and the strange man, who was beginning to make him feel very uncomfortable. He got up and moved quickly to the window. The room seemed much smaller than it had, moments before.

Struggling briefly with the rusted catch on the window, the young man forced the window open. The wind had risen. He could hear the trees bending before it with creaks and groans. The clouds scudded across the face of the full moon.

"It's getting warm in here," he said over his shoulder. As he turned, the cold wind that rushed into the room extinguished the flickering lamp by the door. In the semi-darkness, lit now by the glow from the fire, he felt himself quite alone. "Could he have gone?" he thought. "Slipped out the door while my back was turned? What a strange creature he is."

As his eyes searched the darkness, he heard a low, gutteral sound that chilled his bones. "Where are you!" he exclaimed, his voice rising in panic. "Are you here?" He stepped backward, bracing his shoulders against the wall. "Speak up, man!"

"Should've been in the paper," the deep, husky voice spoke from the darkness. "Look down in to the village."

Unwilling to turn his back on this frightening presence, the young man twisted his head to look out the window. Moonlight suddenly flooded the station, and the railroad tracks

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gleamed white; but no lights could be seen in the distant village. It was getting close to dawn, he reasoned, and lamps should have been lit on some of the farmers' cottages. He stared into the dark valley below. The village seemed to have vanished.

"Where is it?" he asked of the woodsman. "It can't have disappeared."

"They're there, all right," came the reply from the darkness. "They're there behind barred doors and shuttered windows. At least, the women and their little ones. Their menfolk are climbin' the hills, didn't you hear 'em? They left by the north road, over fifty of 'em, just after you got here."

"What extraordinary hearing!" the young man thought in amazement. The other voice continued.

"They been waitin' for this night, they have, for a month or more. They think they'll get him this time."

"Get who?" the young man exclaimed.

"First it was just a few sheep," the woodsman said, as if the young man had not spoken. "Then a few head of cattle. They said it was a wolf. The throats of the beasts was torn, the marks was right. It looked, indeed, like a wolf gone mad, separated from his pack. Then they found the shepherd boy in the hills above his father's cottage. He'd gone out that night to recover a lost sheep, could hear it bleatin' in the distance. He carried his staff and his father's huntin' knife. The moon was full. He had small trouble findin' his way. The sounds of the cryin' lamb led him to a high, open place in the pines. The sheep was down. The black wolf was at its throat. Whilst the boy watched, the cries stopped. The boy stood still, gatherin' his courage. The wolf turned to him. It started circlin' the boy. When he raised his staff, the wolf was upon him. He had not the time to cry out."

The young man still could not see the craggy face behind the voice. He had the chilling sense that, in the shadows, the woodsman had begun to pace back and forth, unseen, without making a sound. The voice continued.

"They had thirty days grace from the wolf's attacks. Then

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at the next full moon, it struck again, this time much closer to the village. There have been four since that time—the old couple on the road after dark; the young woman, fetchin' water from the stream behind her cottage. And the doctor, tendin' the sick. The horse brought him home lyin' in the bottom of the carriage, his throat torn like the rest. But the wolf had not fed on him or any of the others, not even the sheep. Now the men of the village go out every full moon, armed with their guns and axes. . . lookin'."

"Though they've hit him with their bullets, they failed to bring him down, but they think they'll get him tonight. They've seen his tracks, they say."

"Then why don't they send for outside help?" the young man demanded. "Why don't they organize a constabulary force?"

"Because they know who they're lookin' for." The voice moved closer to the young man. "They know what they be after. They got his print, and they know what kind of wolf he is. The print is always the same, you see. He's missin' a joint on his right front paw. They've made their preparations. Their guns are loaded special. But they may not get him in time."

At his back the young man thought he heard something move outside the window. He turned to shut it, suddenly relieved to be inside, reassured that he was not alone. The woodsman might be strange, but he was certainly of a size to protect them both from what prowled outside in the darkness. He thought he heard a soft rustling of leaves outside the window, as if a large animal was stealing close. In his sudden terror he had wrenched the window in its tracks so that it became jammed.

"Help me!" he cried. He felt his arms weaken from fear. His mind conjured up the image of a huge wolf hurtling its bulk at him through the window, its teeth and claws bared, half-man, half-beast, "Help me!"

A form loomed up over him. Hands grasped the window and forced it down. Breath came hot against his neck. He

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stared with horror at the hand beside his own. The first joint of the right index finger was missing.

When Pappy stopped talking, you and the other children around the fire would remain silent and still. You couldn't help feeling the wolf at your back. A log would crackle loudly, and, as if he knew that you could not stand much more, Pappy would suggest that everyone put out the fire, get back into the wagon, and head for home. As always, he would make you clear the campsite so thoroughly that, when the wagon rolled toward home, except for the blackened pieces of firewood, nothing was left lying in the empty field to show that anyone had been there at all.

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Portfolio

The Songs She Sang to Herself and The Dreams of the Lady of the Castle Perilous

Carole Caroompas

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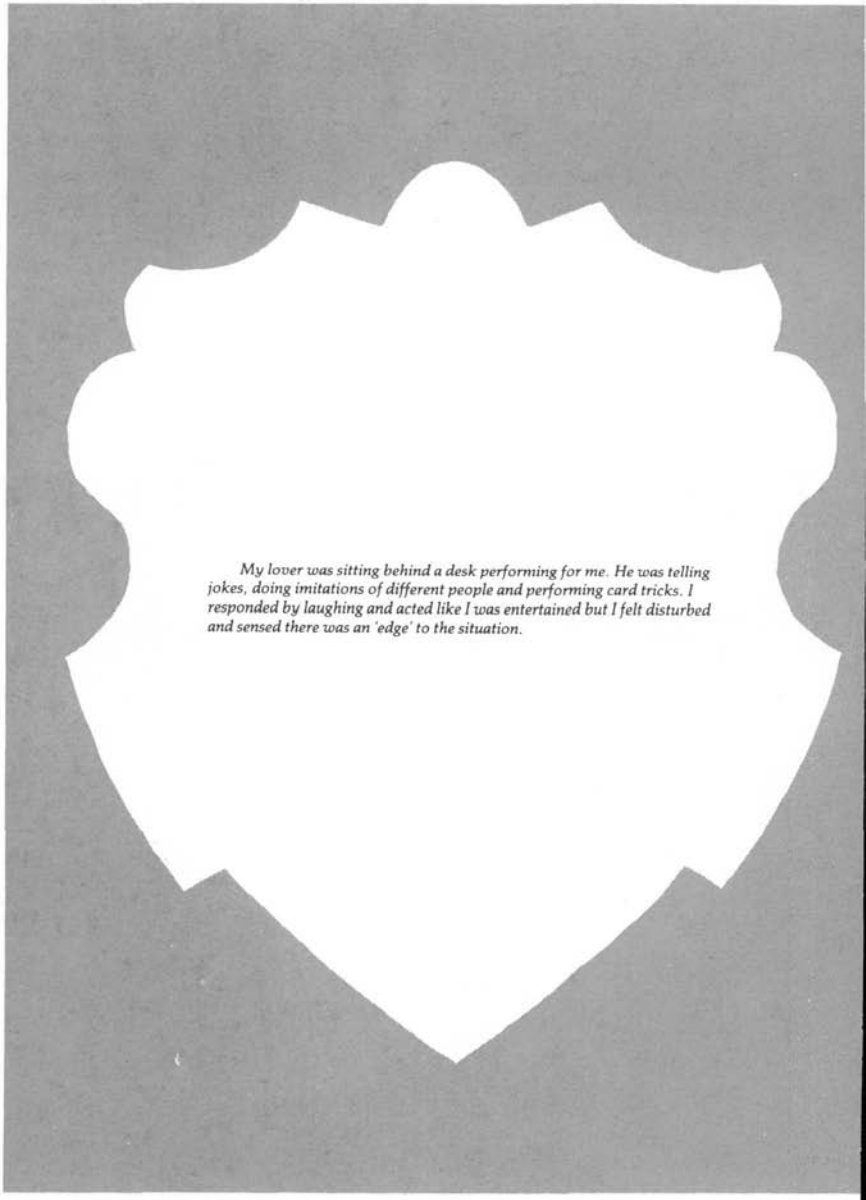
My lover was sitting behind a desk performing for me. He was telling jokes, doing imitations of different people and performing card tricks. I responded by laughing and acted like I was entertained but I felt disturbed and sensed there was an 'edge' to the situation.

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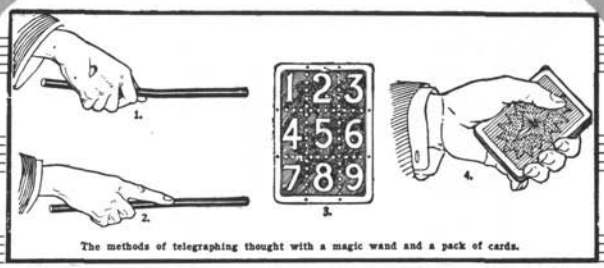
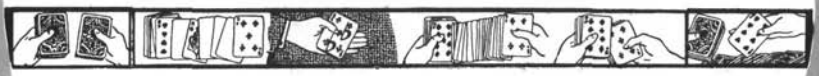
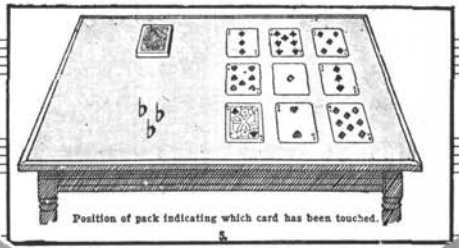


The methods of telegraphing thought with a magic wand and a pack of cards.





Position of pack indicating which card has been touched.

5.

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A GAME FOR TWO

VERSE
If I did — n't ask no ques — tions — Would ya
love me a — ny more? — If I kept the Queen of Hearts in
deten — tion — Would that e — ven out the score? — You
say you just want to play — Just to keep it nice and
li — ght You say you don't want to hear my words That
some times ruin your night — You've stacked the cards You've
made the rules You ex — pect me to en — joy the game — But
why should I play When the odds are yours And my hand always comes up the same —
CHORUS
Show me your cards Show me your hand Now
show me what's up your sleeve I can't waste my time on a

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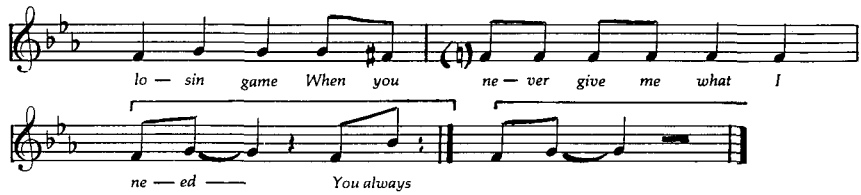

Verse 2

You always try to keep your charm
You think you try to keep things right
When the high cards start to surface
You get nervous and try to start a fight

You know I'm holdin the Queen of Hearts
And I don't want to throw it away
I know you're holdin the Ace of Clubs
And you'll use it to make me stay

You've seen the deck
You've added some cards
You're a cheater and you're out to deceive
Make the same ole plays
Play the same old cards
You keep pulling all those cards from your sleeve

Chorus

Spoken:

You're a so - sorry boy with a too - late love
You shouldn't make the lady play the game
so hard
By the time you'll be ready to show your hand
She'll be gone and all that's left will be
her cards

Last time:

Well here's my last hand
The cards are on the table
No more chips to put in the pool
And it turns out you shuffled wrong this time
Cause you're left with the card that says the Fool

Chorus

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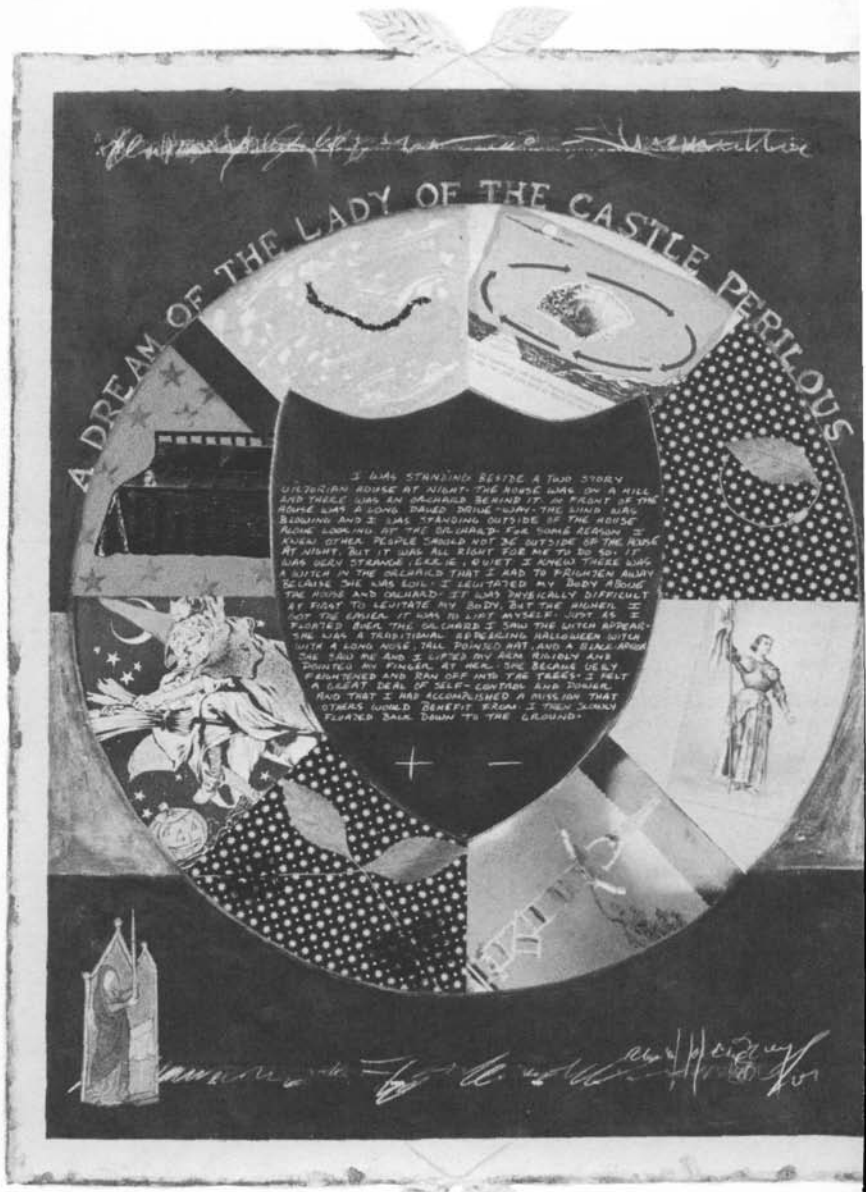
A DREAM OF THE LADY OF THE CASTLE PERILOUS
I WAS STANDING BESIDE A TWO STORY VICTORIAN HOUSE AT NIGHT. THE HOUSE WAS ON A HILL AND THERE WAS AN ORCHARD BEHIND IT. IN FRONT OF THE HOME WAS A LONG TREED DRIVE-WAY. THE WIND WAS BLOWING AND I WAS STANDING OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE ALONE LOOKING AT THE ORCHARD. FOR SOME REASON I KNEW OTHER PEOPLE SHOULD NOT BE OUTSIDE OF THE HOUSE AT NIGHT, BUT IT WAS ALL RIGHT FOR ME TO DO SO. IT WAS VERY STRANGE, EERIE, QUIET. I KNEW THERE WAS A WITCH IN THE ORCHARD THAT I HAD TO FRIGHTEN AWAY BECAUSE SHE WAS EVIL. I LEVITATED MY BODY ABOVE THE HOUSE AND ORCHARD. IT WAS PHYSICALLY DIFFICULT AT FIRST TO LEVITATE MY BODY, BUT THE HIGHER I GOT THE EASIER IT WAS TO JUST MYSELF JUST AS I FLOATED AWAY THE ORCHARD I SAW THE WITCH APPEAR. SHE WAS A TRADITIONAL APPEARING HALLOWEEN WITCH WITH A LONG NOSE, TALL POINTED HAT, AND A BLACK APRON. SHE TOLD ME AND I LIFTED MY ARM RIGIDLY AND POINTED MY FINGER AT HER. SHE BECAME UGLY FRIGHTENED AND RAN OFF INTO THE TREES. I FELT A GREAT DEAL OF SELF-CONTROL AND POWER AND THAT I HAD ACCOMPLISHED A MISSION THAT OTHERS WOULD BENEFIT FROM. I THEN SLOWLY FLOATED BACK DOWN TO THE GROUND.

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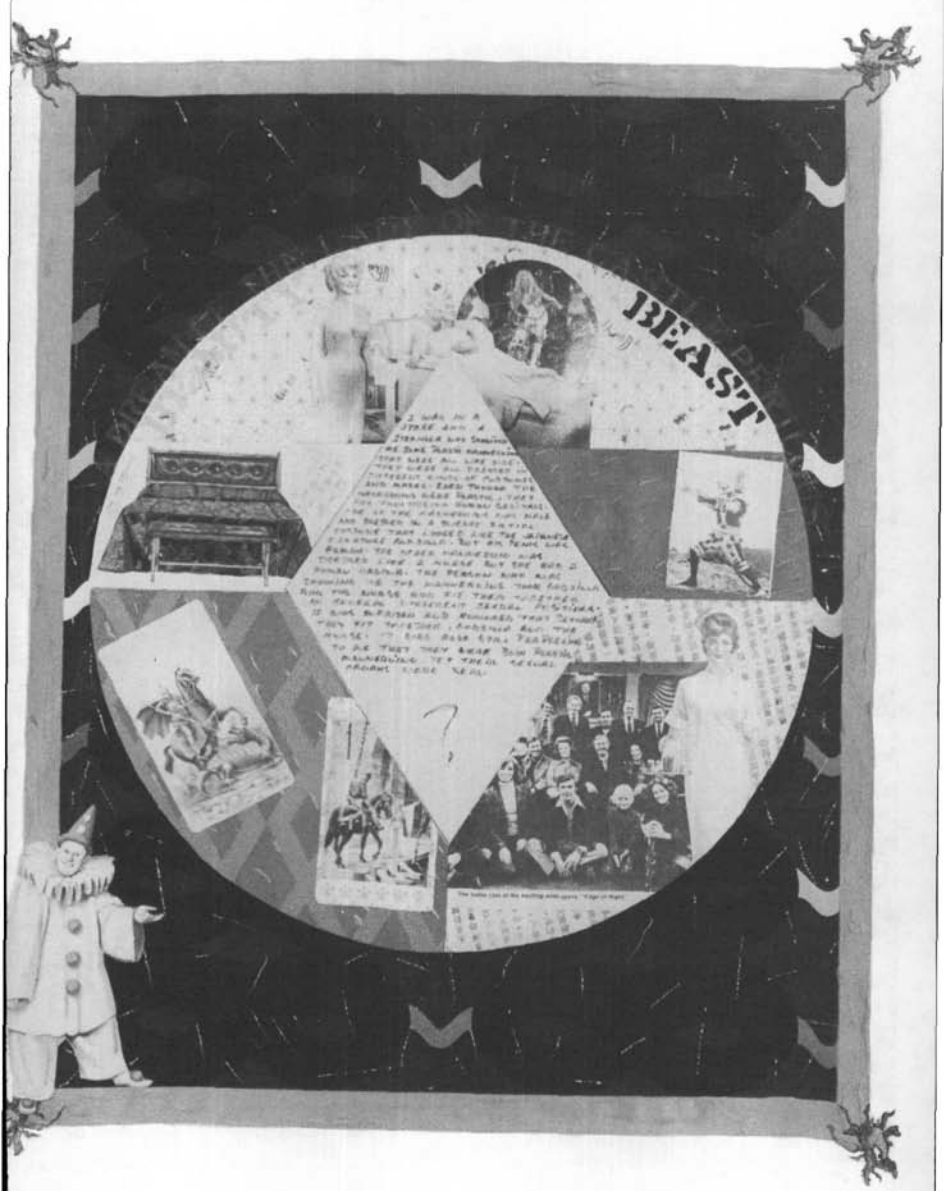

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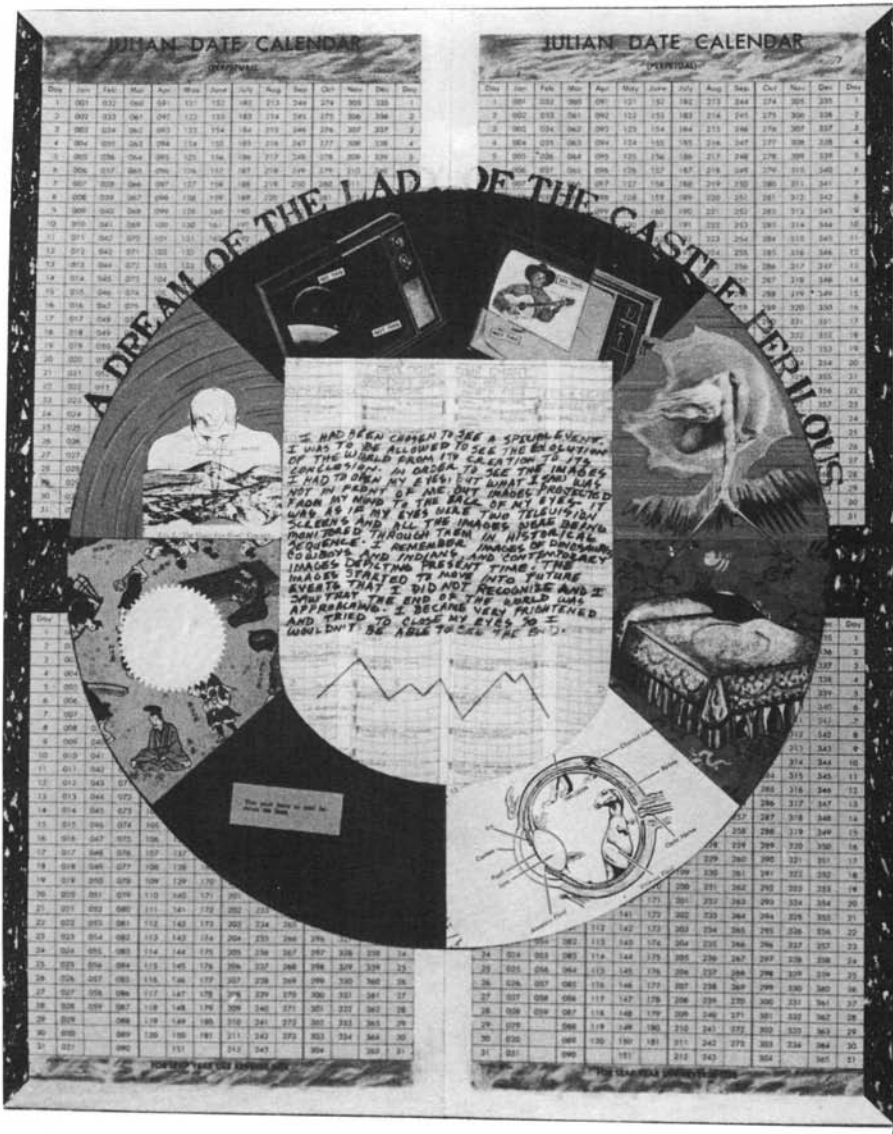
JULIAN DATE CALENDAR
JULIAN DATE CALENDAR
A DREAM OF THE LAD OF THE CASTLE PERILOUS
I HAD BEEN CHOSEN TO SEE A SPECIAL EVENT. I WAS TO BE ALLOWED TO SEE THE EVOLUTION OF THE WORLD FROM ITS CREATION TO ITS CONCLUSION. IN ORDER TO SEE THE IMAGES I HAD TO OPEN MY EYES. BUT WHAT I SAW WAS NOT IN REALITY OF ME. BUT IMAGES PROJECTED FROM MY MIND TO THE BACK OF MY EYES. IT WAS AS IF MY EYES WERE TWO TELEVISION SCREENS AND ALL THE IMAGES WERE BEING TRANSMITTED THROUGH THEM IN HISTORICAL SEQUENCE. I REMEMBER IMAGES OF DINOSAURS AND INDIANS AND CONTEMPORARY IMAGES DEPICTING PRESENT TIME. THE IMAGES STARTED TO MOVE INTO FUTURE EVENTS THAT I DID NOT RECOGNIZE AND I SAW THAT THE END OF THE WORLD WAS APPROACHING. I BECAME VERY FRIGHTENED AND TRIED TO CLOSE MY EYES SO I WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO SEE THE END.

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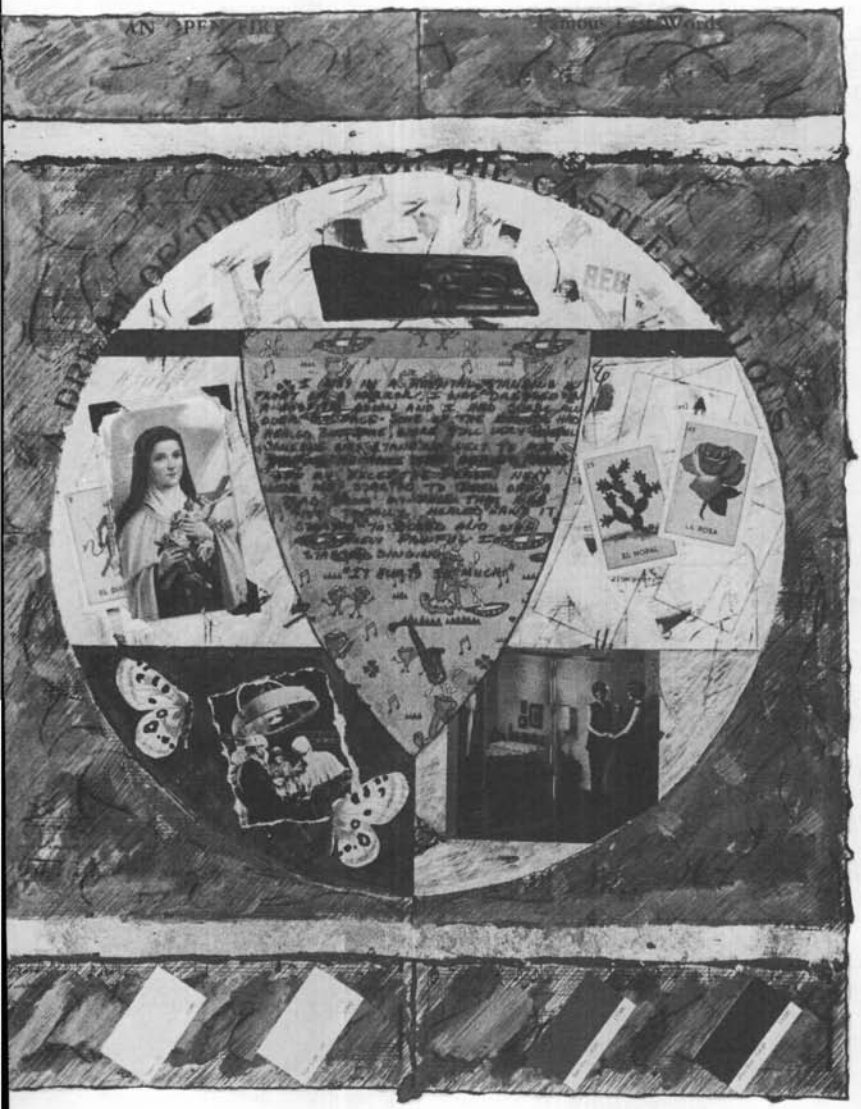

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Kenneth Koch

Best Wishes

Monna Vanna stares out—disdainfully? no, actually she is very young,
Beautiful, following the style of the time, and that is a certain stylish look; she has on a lot of clothes.
And Benjamin Franklin with a stamp pasted over his features
Bearing a picture of the Virgin holding a heart
Is the one whom the white Tcheou tiger pursues, accompanied by his own curlicues,
And a landscape, or rather the air, is filled with hands, with two hands, shaking,
One of a businessman, with cuffs and the end of a suitcoat arm,
And the other a workingman's hand, at the end of a rough cuff and re-darned sweater sleeve,
Which two collies observe from their little red house, and red blossoms there
On a branch, touching the dog-house roof. The sky is blue.
At the Castello Scaligera in Verona
There is plenty of restful scenery, and there are nooks, just what you want,
And with tender abandon the baby sleeps next to her dog.
Beneath the covered bridge goes the boat
Toward the Language of Flowers. I love the rhododendron. Send me your favorite flower.
You, daisy (I see none but you). White iris (I love you with happiness).
You ivy (I die where I hold on). And the fountain sticks out its tongue
And the children sit down inside with the bear and the letters.
The romantic-looking oil-flask boy holds up his head—

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He is inviting us to Classical Athens. She carves his face in
the hard-boiled egg
And says, "Your exact portrait—this is just like you." The
cathedral is open
At Chichicastenango, lively market outside, smoke within;
and blue sky.
The girl with the mandolin and the low-cut blue ball gown
is sitting on an L-
Shaped something and smiling. She is bending over
and leaning
On a stone, this red-jacket-clad old woman, by a pathway
of the Isle de Brehan.
And the *R.M.S. Berengaria* all red and black and brown
Sails out of Rotterdam Harbor with its top decks filled with
roses (yellow)
"I stand by my mark" and poppies "You burn me
forever" and a
Young man is kissing a girl who is holding a broom
In her left hand above her white apron, and he says
The kissing bug inoculated me in Greenport, Long Island—
I've got the habit now.
A Happy New Year! the rectangular gold automobile is
piled high with very white light pink roses.
Bear, Bear, don't go away. Cheer Up. Be Thankful. The
tree is full of pink blossoms—
We are two Guatemalan Indians dressed like Cortez
And one of his lieutenants—we smile
At the creation of woman: small breasts and her face in
profile,
She is almost entirely now out of Adam's side. They are
being served
Garret champagne, one in a gray dress and huge gray hat,
another dressed in orange. A silver bird
Is turning his head aside and not quite looking
At the man inside the pink heart-shaped space who is saying
to a girl,

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Don't forget me, don't forget to write, don't work too hard!
Little girls are all over the train. One is even in the furnace of the engine.
And the award is made of the Citation "For making the bag
That you've left me holding—Greetings." Rectangular pink tiles
On the roof—and some reddish pink roses being picked
By Mimi Pinson, the toast of Paris! (as the small white dog opens its mouth
And the black Scotty broods)—with her light blue-green skirt
Her long curly hair and her half-bare arms and there suddenly appears
In an oval with a gray and white rose on top of it the mustached fortiesish,
Perhaps only late-thirtiesish face of the owner of the Triangle Café.
Mimi looks at it for a moment, then smiles and brushes back her hair.
"Oui, oui," she says, "mais non, je ne le connais pas." And the police dog is contented.
In Ohio, there is Akron with a green tire, and Marietta with trees. And there's a pretty girl
In a sort of reddish halter at Atwood Lake Park near the state house. A bell sounds,
The bell of the little church, at the Opéra in Paris,
And the telegram arrives which comes from "Ardor" and whose destination is "Passion."
The white ribbon is still tied, in four parts, and a pink sun is rising
Above mountains to the rear of the plane. The motel is very homey and quiet
Like these limbs left in Greece to Aesculepius (and also heads and penises) twenty-three hundred years ago.

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Maxine Kumin

Going to Jerusalem

Bedecked with scapulars,
heavy with huge crosses
and crying out abroad,
Death to the Infidel!
the Franks swept by in waves
riding their stone horses,
big-barreled stallions
deemed brave enough for battle,

only to meet the swart,
small, mustachioed Turks
crouched nimbly athwart
their slight Arabian mares,
the only gender they
thought fit for close combat,

and thus the Rhenish stones,
running amok among
the little dish-faced mares,
the high-tailed swans-necked mares,
begetting as they went,
plunged the entire Crusade
upon the Eastern Front
into chaotic bliss.

Angels from streets of gold
benignly looked on this,
God's wonders to behold.
Both sides stood by unhorsed
while Nature ran its course.

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Denise Levertov

Sound of the Axe

Once a woman went into the woods.
The birds were silent. Why? she said.
Thunder, they told her,
thunder is coming.
She walked on, and the trees were dark
and rustled their leaves. Why? she said.
The great storm, they told her,
the great storm is coming.
She came to the river, it rushed by
without reply, she crossed the bridge,
she began to climb
up to the ridge where grey rocks
bleached themselves, waiting
for crack of doom,
and the hermit
had his hut, the wise man
who had lived since time began.
When she came to the hut
there was no one.
But she heard his axe.
She heard
the listening forest.
She dared not follow the sound
of the axe. Was it
the world-tree he was felling?
Was this the day?

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Philip Levine

A Sign

The last words the sea spoke
before it died, the last sigh
of the great wind that blew
before we were born, the last
light that dawns on the hill
of our dying, skull hill we
would call it. These are all
I remembered when I bloomed—
a tiny star of blood hidden
among the orange trees that bore
nothing, a star of no hope
and no pain, just so much
color in the dull light of winter.
You chose me as your color, you
cut me from the stem and wore
me in your hair, and for a time
I was adornment, I was again
a star, something that beckoned
until my petals dried and dulled.
I was put aside in a cracked cup
of water, then dried, then pressed
between the dead yellow leaves
of an old book no one cared for.
I fell one day into strange hands
that had come in search of something
like an answer, something like
where am I? and for what?
Only to find eight flat red spikes
each pointing to a separate wind
of change, each saying in its own
voiceless hum, This is the way
toward all that is and is not.
Follow me! follow me! this is
the way the voyage begins and ends.

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John Logan

Medicine Bow

Something isn't right with me.
We climb in the hot July
car three thousand feet from Laramie
to the snow
covered sun-
mit of Medicine Bow—
my son,
his wife, grandsons and me.
Despite the beauty
of the dove-grey mountains and the bright lake,
the azure columbine,
I find
I am shak-
ing. Like the edge of the snow
my energy
slowly recedes
although
I am in the midst of my family.
anxious, I bend to the ground
and scoop up a shimmering hand-
ful of snow. Suddenly my mouth is
medicined with ice
and I know
I have shocked myself back to life.

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Christopher Logue

Urbanal

The slippery piglet, clear across the way,
has had my tree cut down.
He rang a man who rang a man who knew
a big-boned, broad-backed chap, the type of clay
that stood in red in line at Waterloo.
It took eight hours to knock King Boney down,
and more than thirty years to rear my tree;
but only fifteen dental seconds flat
for that, fat, jelly-baby-faced
pornocrat to have it stapped.
Now I can see his house;
a snot-brown, lie-priced, isometric blob,
smack in the middle of my laureate eye.
A yawning house, a stealthily mantained,
and as (God stop his heart) he skives abroad,
a semi-empty house, his swap, who had my tree's
shoulders that made the evening summer breeze
hiss like a milky night-tide up the sand
cut down to save his garage.
Its roots were getting at his garage.
His garage was endangered. Furthermore,
come autumn, when the bronzed wing in, his car
might get its chrome trim splashed with flock.
What can I do?
twice twenty thousand square in legal blue
behind the leaves that bear his signature
and all my leaves away.

True, there are quits.
Through the enormous windows of his house
soon after dusk when all was still and glad,
five weeks ago I tingled as I watched

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a no less sturdy, somewhat different lad
slither the cutlery into his bag
and fade; and Sunday last,
(meantime his nanny milked *my* breakfast tea),
his "Me!-Me!" squeakers did their peevish best
to baste each other's shop-washed goldilux
with Hong toy Kong posh hand-assembled trucks.
Such treats, however, will not quash his crime.
Indubitably I would have
him and his pimply mouthpiece taken out,
put up against that garage wall, and shot—
if all those lads in red and blue were mine.

And yet I did not know my tree too well.
I did not know its name; its proper age;
whether its leaflike slips of polished silk
were toothed or bayed; or if its full fresh snood,
brotherly hugged, flushed leek down green imperial;
or did that gust strike dark down adder green?—
how much it gained each year; how high it stood,
or standing might have fetched that fleshy hood,
except he had it lamed, laid, lopped, and logged,
"just for the wood."

Is there no law?
Can nobody make Somebody obey?
I love the law. I dream about the law.
Few inky maids can make me jaunt so. See:
An army overspreads a treeless plain.
A king is up for swaps. Between the lines
of yet to be committed soldiery,
leading his horse, alone, a youngish man
(one of the Lord Protector's *Fervent Best*)
confronts the Kirkish generals. Firelocks hiss.
They bunch. They talk. They separate. They say:
"Where is your warrant for His Majesty?"
and hear him, as he draws his sword, say: "This."
and shamefaced watch him lead brave Charles away.

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Rate me with those who pray
beside the eight-months-later headless king;
or cine-see the Emperor rowed away,
some worldoramic, pandimensional fling
stayed by the rape that lies in melody,
and have your own sweet way; but say:
Go visit City Hall, anonymously
and well prepared; go shaved; go calm; go hat
in humble hand, and
hot for the dream that scragged regality,
reactivate a hidden bureaucrat
and with is fuhrerstat
enforce the preservation of your tree;
or will, or shall, or should, or soon, or must,
is all you get from me.
Or say I did; and say,
exploding with authority, I led
a cloud of geriatric minutemen,
lewd, loonie nudists, snagged by plastic leaves,
litle old ladies looped to tree-trained dogs,
dogs local, ex-police dogs, Dogs Resist,
a teacher of the Vegetative Tongue
loved by a glamorous preservationist,
two dozen twangling squatters, Puss & Purr,
Bucket disguised, and Dogberry serene,
Blake of The Globe, (with its photographer),
plus anyone who likes the colour green,
up to his mammoth sty? Why. . .fine prepaid,
with well greased sliders wide, that snorkel he
can tip his fag, look down, and obelize
all my sad riff-raff with impunity.

A curse upon the law! Where did I kiss
my right to cut that scumbag down goodbye?
If I am weak, and certainly
my eye at sunset can no longer fix
a late bee backing from a mile-off rose,

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sly murder horns my mind; and yet to lie,
for all the world's great-headed blossomers,
one of a long-forgotten laughing stock
locked in a laughing house for aye?
Not bloody me.

Twilight. The blind man's holiday.
blurred moonshine in the dewy slate.
I am reduced to prayer. I pray:
Let the stump get him. Let him,
you hideous nude, mauve-lidded, high-rise sylphs,
whilst he is gruntly drunkling for his key
be lashed by instant withies to the sour
£500,000 an acre crud,
stripped of his fancy tat, and left to rot.
Then, when the moon is cooked, and up the way
my neighbour and my neighbor's son perform
Jerusalem (for the umpteenth time) on flute
and English horn,
all through the winking night,
until dear Lucifer is born
again between the courthouse and the block,
and something less than dawn
but more than darkness strides from Ragstone Brock
down and across my city's viewless lea,
crank on his stump I rock,
groaning upon my loss, and on the loss
to local poetry.

Author's Notes:

1. Urbanal: a neologism formed from a non-grammatical analogy with *pastoral*; rhymes with Herb'n'Al.
2. skive: to do no work (British military slang).
3. Puss & Purr: two north London prostitutes advertised themselves under this title in a local newsagent's window.
4. Bucket: see Dickens.
5. Dogberry: see Shakespeare.
6. obelize: to mark with a spit.

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Summer Bees

William H. Gass

Now it is another day. Rain is speaking gently to the terrace. I speak gently, sometimes, to myself. How soft the light is, mingled with the wet.

We had one shortened summer month together, Lou and I . . . my god, even the decade's gone. Pleading the pressures of work, I excused myself from my life and settled in a second-story room in western New York. A wooden stair fell from one widened window like a slide of cards. We hung our towels there: a shirt sometimes, a slip as discreet as a leer. I remember particularly the quiet empty streets, the long walk to the beach. Well, it was scarcely a beach, though there was a pier, and even in August the water was cool in those thin deep lakes the patient passion of the glaciers scratched. My chief memory is the heat, the silence, your pale breasts. Pale as a bleached leaf. I do not understand what makes another body so appealing.

A souvenir scarf, salmon pink and exuberantly fringed (but not a memory of mine) lay across the dresser. And there

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was an old oak commode, solid as a safe. I also recall one stiff chair, committed to good posture and discomfort, its caning gone and the hole boarded up like a broken window, with the seat-wood covered in some kind of slippery cloth on which designs suggestive of breakfast commanded the eater to be shortly up and at 'em. Well. So there were these wan leftover creatures still: the glass dish your hairpins lay in, a distant green like some remembered portion of the sea, so from the side the pins seemed a school of small fish; the lamp which leaned, threatening to slide the shade outside the limits of its bulbshine; the black metal basket where an orange flower flared like a match, and where you would toss the Kleenex you wiped yourself with, seed soaked, relaxed, in a soft wad. So. These things. Then you and I. We were wonderful in our willingness, weren't we? And now is it all ash? Some sweetmeat scrubbed from the teeth? These days the soft cloth which receives my relief gets washed. And the walls...the walls were...Damn. There was a rug—yes, there was a rug—its design by a dimestore indian. And didn't we have a clock we kept in the pocket of its case—somewhere a quiet tick, a measure we forgot? The picture you wanted to turn to the wall...was...Of a Civil War encampment.

If you grasped that stair rail, white paint would powder your hand. Now I had captured your love, I was already counting the cost.

Every morning we ate an orange, and you walked off to the lake to swim while I read until eleven when I met you there. We circled the lake so closely we kept our image always in the water, and we ate our lunch from the same brown sack we used to feed the ducks, the sack the grocer dropped our oranges in, half-a-dozen at a time. The scent of the peel would often linger on my thumbs, the zest of the rind still lodged beneath the nail near the quick. Then in the afternoon we would nap and sweat through the deep heat, our limbs loose as rags, and walk once more down the elm-tented street for a dip, holding hands which had held our bodies together better than our bones. In the evenings I wrote or we listened to the radio a

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little, and you would let your long hair dry on our single pillow. It was the simplest sort of life, empty of everything except ourselves, the contentment we were wrapped in like patriotic bunting. I wrote the section in *Guilt and Innocence* on secondary school almost entirely out of my head—easily—even the songs,

> Unsern Führer lieber wir,
> Unsern Führer ehren wir,
> Unsern Führer folgen wir,
> Bis wir Männer werden...

hardly taking thought.

Bugs would bang against the screen during the early hours of the night, a car might cough, or very far away a truck labor up a hill, and the morning light would be gray and heavy with humidity. I would stand naked at the top of our wooden stairs while you completed your sleep, accosting a day which wasn't quite ready, and waiting for a breeze to brush the hair on my legs the way your breath would caress me in advance of your tongue.

We were happy because we had no history. I know that now. Though I was writing history. I wrote: *Guilt and Innocence in Hitler's Germany,* Chapter Twelve. Our winter room was full of the snow which had fallen between us, the cold wind my wife blew, your desire to have all of me, as though I were entirely at leisure, and had no book, no profession, no family, no commitments to the world. I only wanted to play *eine, meine, mine, mu,* and you eventually tired of being a meadow for my slow fat herds; but in that warm still heavy summer even the stars were wet, and I would wait for a wind, a faint stir in the grass tips, that movement of life in the poplars which signified a breeze, and through the screen, with its fly's-eye view, watch the light slide along your body as if that were air, too, suddenly become skin.

It sometimes seems to me, in morbidly fanciful moments, as if age were aimed at, not simply suffered, for I fled my

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youth as if it were a disease. I wanted adolescence as I wanted its acne. And I can believe those who argue that memory is not enough to establish the reality of the self, because the selves I remember I remember like photos in the family album: that knickered kid, that bald scrawny brat, that fuzz and fat faced second louie, that solemn owl in his flat black hat—they are relatives of mine at best, school chums scarcely recollected, unidentified individuals who have somehow slunk into the group and grin at the blank beside their name. I can unearth someone shouting slogans in a German street, but that loud rowdy could never have been played by the soft-voiced and suety professor I have since become; nor can I long for you any longer in the old way—that pain is also past—since the lover who lingered over you like a nurse through an illness—I see that now—is now another man, no longer a lover of any kind, just as you are, Lou, a different set of lips, another pair of breasts, some further furry tunnel.

I always am, and never was; but who wants to be what they have been? Only those like Lou whose souls are the same as their skins; those whose bodies have beauty and skill, grace and accomplishment. Time is an enemy of matter, not of mind, and history (as I said to Governali), history, so long as it is tied to Time like a tin can to the wedding car, can only be a recital of. . . tents. There were tents, men slouching in grain-sacky heaps, stacked arms. You

Oh. No. I'm not your second-story man any more. Another story has intervened. The beauty which I had from you Tents. Tired men. Smoke. Still air. Stacked arms. The pale pattern of your bra, like something which has lain too long across grass, as that scarf lay across its dresser, is one I watch a former self observe, a self which could have returned through the screen to spread itself like a brown glaze over your breasts, not this body which is all mine now—and a mind which is pure bleach.

You turned the tents to the wall, hid the huddles of men, the limp flag, the dog. There was, of course, an amber patch behind it, and its paper back was brown and parched and

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marked with black crayon, a line of dust along the wire. The shadow of its neglect lay upon it, the paper dry and drawn up tight till it tore where it drew back from its glue. Yet you preferred the blank backside of the image. The hammered frame, back there, was smooth. And now I know what the walls were. I have recovered the color of unskimmed cream.

That one small room made us more than normally neat. We so rubbed and moistened one another, we did not disturb the collar stay on the other window's sill, or the pin in the corner by the hall door. It was We spent whole days consuming an hour. We were rich. We made hay. Sunshine fell like a shower.

Well. I regret the loss of the lover who loved you (hourly, I regret it), but not the loss of the slogan shouter, the maker of messes, I once was. The fingers which slipped through the enchanted forest of your twat—I promise—did not heft that rock on *Kristallnacht.* It's as if my forties had cancelled my twenties out, and my fifties stamped P A I D on both. And beyond the tents, the men, the tented arms, I think I see a station, stacks of wood. There were a few beards on the men and many small moustaches. This was a world—our old world —turned to the wall like the cliché said. Some were sitting cross-legged. I remember particularly our sandaled footfalls and your hand—the light way it led the swing of our arms.

Suddenly the temperature fell like a stone scuffed over a cliff, and when you woke, as surprised by the chill as the trees, I tossed you a towel to cover yourself, and you held to your breasts half-a-dozen honey bees which had sought shelter in its folds.

But Chapter Twelve of *Guilt and Innocence* had come from my head like a flow of tears; and I remember I wanted the gaze of my healthy German kids, the pure *schein* of the facts, to concentrate in the nib of my pen, look back at my words the way those men stared, as they had to, stolidly at the lens, into the heart of the black hood which would eventually hold all that remained of their lives. Poets are the bees of the invisible, Rilke said. A stray strand of hair ran like a crack across your chest. Am I still that astonished self? that innocent who

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attacked you from afar? Later, small red spots would come out on your breasts when you showered, memories of a flesh I could not scar with my kisses or, with my worship, bless. It got hot again, but our summer's month was over. For as long as we were together, you held those bees against me.

A swarm of bees in May
Is worth a load of hay;
A swarm of bees in June
Is worth a silver spoon;
A swarm of bees in July
Is not worth a fly.

Commode. Scarf. Dresser. Go-get-em chair. The sea-green dish. The sliding shade. The flower. School of fish. My seed. And when we left that room we left it just that way: the twisted, hammered towel, the tents, men, rifles, turned to the wall, one torn orange, that heat and that humidity, dead bees crushed in the cloth.

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Portfolio

Drawings for the French Triple Bill

David Hockney

The six works included in this portfolio are Hockney's drawings for set and costume designs he has done for the New York Metropolitan Opera's presentation of "Parade," an evening of French music theater. The program includes three French works—Erik Satie's *Parade,* Maurice Ravel's *L'Enfant et les Sortilèges,* and Francis Poulenc's *Les Mamelles de Tiresias*—and was premiered at the Metroplitan Opera in February 1981. Hockney has previously designed stage sets and costumes for the Glyndebourne Festival, England, productions of Stravinsky's *A Rake's Progress,* and Mozart's *The Magic Flute.*

(Drawings ©1980 David Hockney, courtesy Petersburg Press.)

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CAFE WITH PALM TREE WITH CLOUDS
SURROUNDED BY CURTAINS

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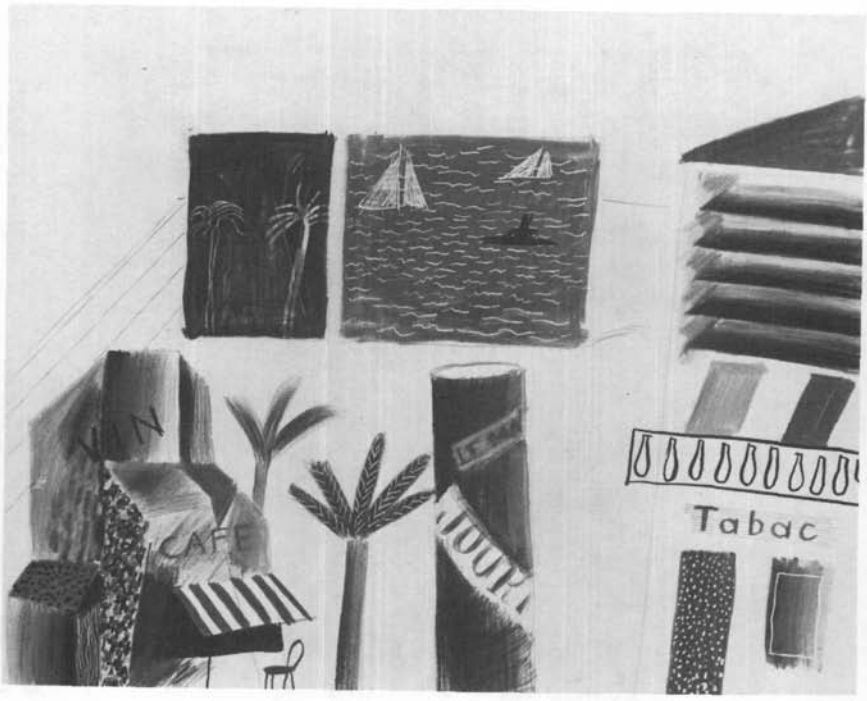

ZANZIBAR WITH CUBIST CAFE

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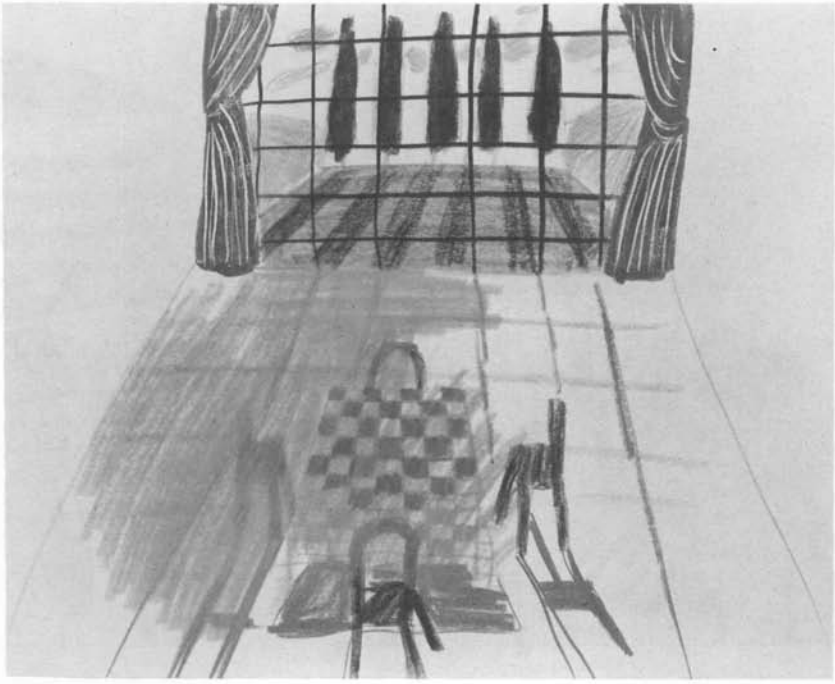

ROOM ON FLOOR WITH WINDOW AND POPLARS

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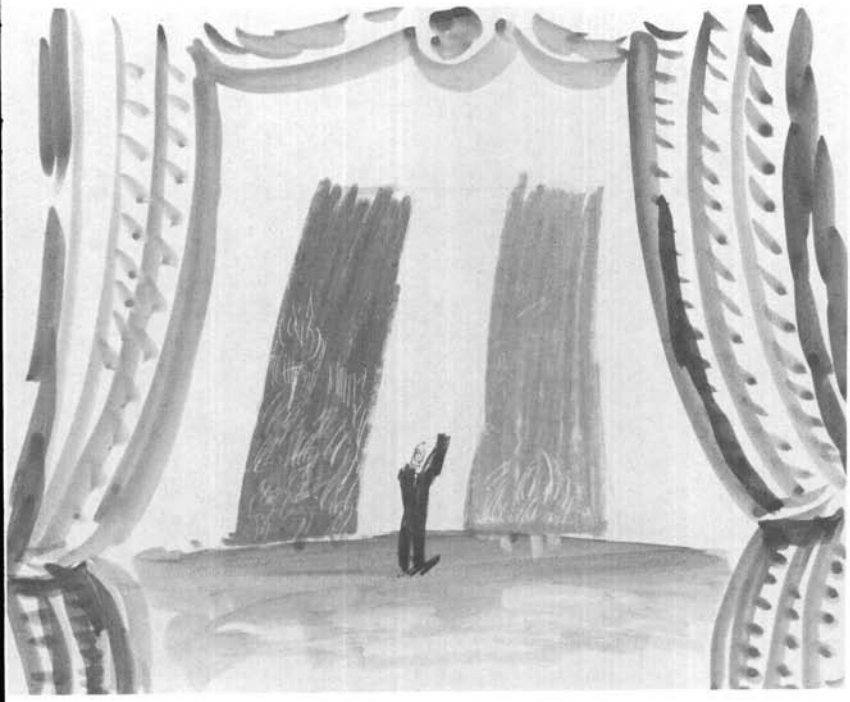

THE ORCHESTRA AS A FRENCH FLAG

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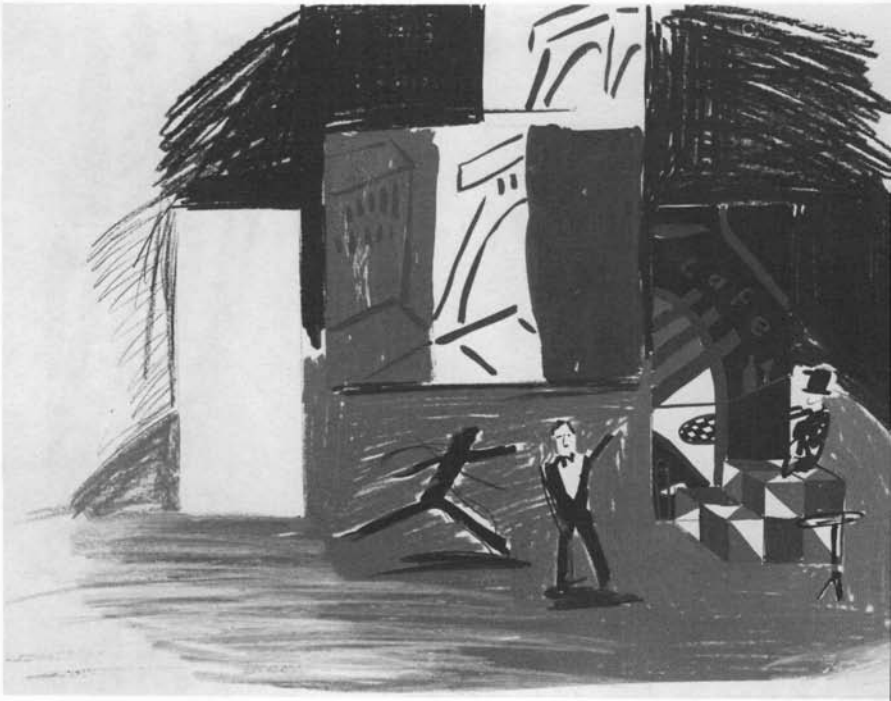

PARADE PARIS CAFE

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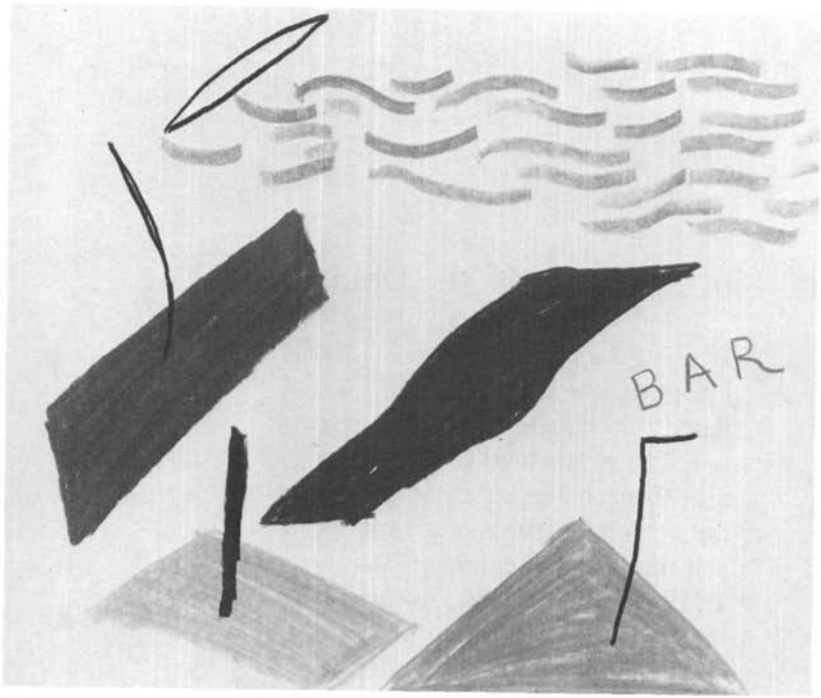

BAR AND SEA

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Robert Mezey

In The Fields Of The Dead

Walking a long time in the fields of the dead
I stopped where the grass
flared thickly, and leaned on a stone
to rest from the high sun.
I sat there cooling in my sweat, tracing
the worn lines, names and years
and the little graven images that harvest shadow.
The names flooded me. In the still air
they rose above the stone
like heat waves.
Points of flame winked at the tips of grasses
and Solomon entered me,
still mourning Abigail,
mourning Samuel, Jesse, John,
none of them lasted a year,
and finally Iris, wife of Solomon, also mourning,
gone but not forgotten.
Not quite yet.
All around me the small slabs sunken in the grass
and a few mansions, pale grey
and innocent.
I felt a road running beneath where I lay.

Hours. The buzzing of flies
in the silence.
The bones that hold up the face grow tired,
the face can hardly recognize itself.

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Clouds, a mountain of clouds,
and in their light
I saw the slope
bursting with graves,
graves and evergreens and all the summer's greens,
even cut flowers breathed in this new light.
I rose from my grassy mound and walked a moment
into the freshening garden.

It is night.
I stand by the low stone wall of the kingdom,
an iron spike under my palm, dust
under my feet. Well, I can't help it,
it *is* dust, and I can't help pressing my hand against the
point.
Looking for miles down the empty street,
streetlamps at intervals laying little pools in the darkness,
I could almost see to the end of my life,
almost beyond,

were it not for this darkness just behind my eyes.

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Herbert Morris

Praise for the Second Daughter

This could be Jeffrey Rosen's car
or a poem about the night.

Only two can be riding in it.
It is small enough to maneuver
darkness as darkness shall not be maneuvered
late in these suburbs to this depth again.

That it shall take us where we need to go.

Only two will attempt the evening in it.
It is forever shaping its arrivals,
unerringly inventing its occasions.

Where shall we say we undertake ourselves?
How shall we say we journey to the other?

In the night, riding in it,
    darkness, like meaning, comes unraveled,
    yields to miles, yields to morning,
    and in the reaches of that progress,
    in the poem or in the car
    in which only two can be riding,
    it shall or shall not be disclosed
    why the divorce was chosen,
    how marriages themselves can seem to offer
    bonds no lesser conveyance guarantees.

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Only two will attempt commitment in it
since it is hand-tooled, private, small,
and has the person of its driver
written into its verbs and gears.

In the night, advancing in it,
    praise of the second daughter
    whom earlier that summer
    evening we shall have met there,
    left to make our way back in darkness
    in the poem or in the car,
    shall or shall not have been pronounced,
    thoughts of an early second marriage
    as we ask how to say ourselves,
    where in the dark to say the other,
    late in what place to say the night.

Later in Jeffrey Rosen's car
or in the mileage of that poem
dedicated to marriages
which will say voyage for us, night,
it shall be said quite simply, strangely:

if I avoid your eyes this evening
it is because the beauty of this world
blinds me too beautifully and soon.

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Howard Moss

News From The Border

The fishermen lug in their nets, the take's
Too small, the natural's shunted aside
For derricks busy recouping the wastes
Of the limitless profits of coal and oil.
Barely able to reach the dunes
(The other half of the parenthesis
In reverse), the waves have had years of going
On like this. As blue as gas,
The sea lights up, goes out. The breakers
Pursue a few mad screaming gulls,
Mean little beasts hooked on garbage.

And further along, there's the hotel's
Honeycomb windows looking out to sea,
A tray of ice cubes, each with its sniper.
Yet the summer clients stay faithful:
For instance, in Room 608,
Ms. Minerva, a former goddess, is keen
On not getting up. "One day," she threatens,
"Is so like another that one will come
When I won't even try at all.
Brandy?"

But others are dying like Florida love-bugs
On beaches so covered with freighter fat
That even birds evolutionally adjusted
To the profit motive are saying, "We can't
Take it anymore." In South America,
An orchid enthusiast has stupidly mated
A gentle species, in love with itself,
With a waxy, dumb, hysterical affair,
Whose volunteers will cover the country,
Approach the border, then march across it,
And before you can say, "Muchos gracias, senor,"
Destroy what is left of civilization.

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Joyce Carol Oates

Small Miracles

After the first death there is a shrinking.

Miracles to fit in a spoon.

The sun rolling crazy and free as the wheel
of an old baby buggy.

The patchy macaw in the children's zoo dipping
his giant beak up and down, up and down,
merely to amuse.

The God of Trash flinging himself gaily to the sidewalk.

Death?—but it was only a piercing, the fleeing
thread through a needle's eye,
or the shy escape of steam that coalesces
on the nearest cold surface.

After the first death there is stillness.
The gaps of night between street lamps.
White pinched flesh between tiny stitches.

After the first death there is a pause.

And then the second death: and a pause.

And the next death, and
the next.

Thimble-sized miracles, shrunken wise
as your soul.

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Ron Padgett

Poem

When I am dead and gone
they will say of me,
"We never could figure out
what he was talking about,
but it was clear that he
understood very well
that modernism is a branch
that was cut off decades ago."
A man and a woman.
Guess who they are.
Mutt and Jeff
who used to look so good
in the comics.
I especially liked their moustaches.
And the sense in it
that God is watching
from some untelevised height,
and sometimes
throws himself on the ground.
There is a tremendous impact,
for the molecules of God
are just tremendous.

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Six Poems by James Schuyler

from The Payne Whitney Poems

We Walk

In the garden. Sun
on the river
flashing past. I
dig ivy leaves.
We walk in a
maze. Sun, shine
on. Now it is
one hour later.
Out the window no
sun. Cloud
turbulence and
the wind whistles.
Curious.

1/26/75

Heather and Calendulas

A violet hush: and sunbursts.
An aluminum measure
full of water. Scentlessness.
"Go to church next week?"
Fortuitous soya nuts too
salty. Accordian pleats.

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The phone bill in buff.
Three postcards of three
paintings. A good review.
Pale green walls and
a white ceiling. Lamps
lit in daylight. Ice.
The temperature 16. In
February. "Laugh and
the world laughs with you."
Die, and you die alone.

2/10/75

Back

from the Frick. The weather
cruel as Henry Clay himself.
Who put that collection together?
Duveen? I forget. It was nice
to see the masterpieces again
covered with the strikers' blood.
What's with art anyway, that
we give it such precedence?
I love the paintings, that's for sure.
What I really loved today
was New York, its streets and
men selling flowers and hot dogs
in them. Mysterious town houses,
the gritty wind. I used to live
around here but it's changed some.
Why? That was only thirty years ago.

2/11/75

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Blizzard

Tearing and tearing
ripped up bits of paper
no, it's not paper
it's snow. Blown side-
ways in the wind,
coming in my window
wetting stacked books.
"Mr Park called. He
can't come visiting
today." Of course not,
in this driving icy
weather. How I wish
I were out in it! A
figure like an ex-
clamation point seen
through driving snow.

2/12/75

Pastime

I pick up a loaded pen and twiddle it.
After the blizzard
cold days of shrinking snow.
At visiting hours the cars
below my window form up
in a traffic jam. A fast
moving man is in charge
herding the big machines
like cattle. Wierdly, it all
keeps moving somehow. I read
a dumb detective story. I
clip my nails: they are as hard

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as iron or glass. The clippers
keep sliding off them. Today
I'm shaky. A shave, a bath.
Chat. The morning paper.
Sitting. Staring. Thinking blankly.
TV. A desert kind of life.

2/15/75

Linen

Is this the moment?
No, not yet.
When is the moment?
Perhaps there is none.
Need I persist?

This morning I
changed bedding.
At lunch I watched
someone shake out
the cloth, fold and
stow it in a side-
board. Then, the
cigarette moment.
Now, this moment
flows out of me
down the pen and
writes.

I'm glad I have
fresh linen.

1/31/75

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Frederick Seidel

Flame

The honey, the humming of a million bees,
In the middle of Florence pining for Paris;
The whining trembling the cars and trucks hum
Crossing the metal matting of Brooklyn Bridge
When you stand below it on the Brooklyn side—
High above you, the harp, the cathedral, the hive—
In the middle of Florence. Florence in flames.

Like waking from a fever. . . it is evening.
Fireflies breathe in the gardens on Bellosguardo.
And then the moon steps from the cypresses and
A wave of feeling breaks, phosphorescent—
Moonlight, a wave hushing on a beach.
In the dark, a flame goes out. And then
The afterimage of a flame goes out.

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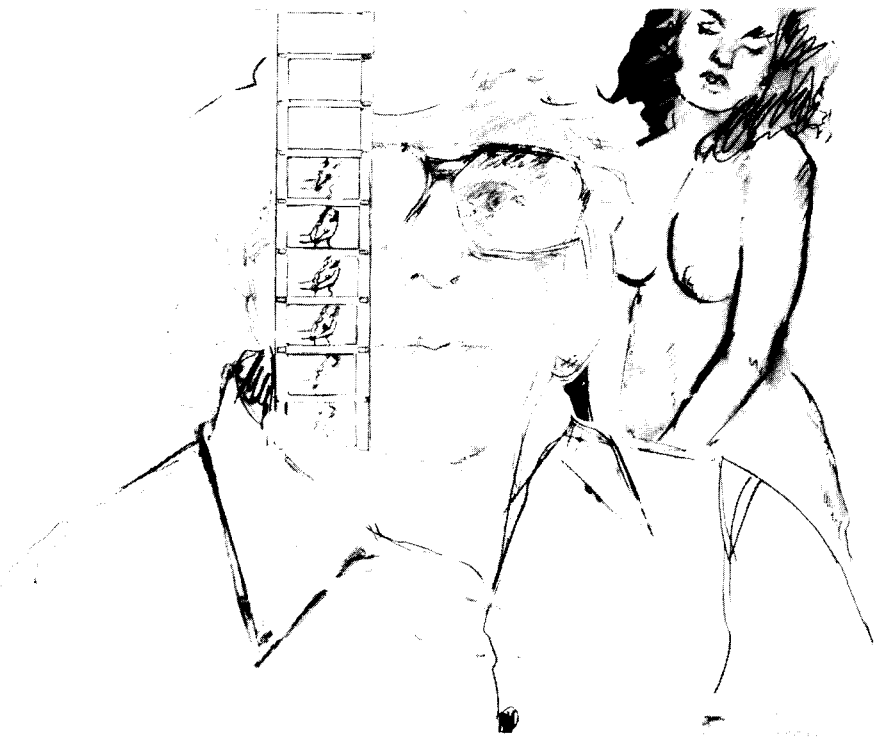

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Heavy Put-Away
or,
A Hustle Not Wholly Devoid Of A Certain Grossness, Granted

Terry Southern

Recently I was researching an article for a woman's magazine, whose considerate editor had already entitled it— *Con-Men: Their Games And Their NAMES*—aiming, with the final emphasis for a bit of the old exposé mileage no doubt. I had assumed in front that, through editorial pressures, it might gradually get bent into the usual hacksville tom-foolery —a rehash of classic and clichéd hustles. . . and, for the most part, so it proved to be. Most, yes, but not all, for there was one conspicuous exception, and it was deleted, totally, from the piece—"because of," in the head-back closed-eyed words of the senior blue-coiffed lady-editor, "certain elements in the narrative which are simply too, how shall I say, er, uh, *gross* for our general readership."

I was really quite surprised. A prevalent real-life hustle "too gross" to be exposed? What a curious age we live in.

In my research I used a small unobtrusive Sony-600, obtaining verbatim recordings of every conversation. The following is the one which was deleted from the piece, and is, I submit,

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among the most intriguing (albeit outrageous) deceptions presently in vogue, in the U.S. of A.

The narrator—whom I shall call "Art"—is thirty-four, white, college-grad, unmarried, clean-cut and boyishly good-looking, a type seen mostly in beach-movies. . . a younger Jack Nicholson; and though he was careful to keep his story always in the third person, even slightly detached, as though describing someone else, I had the recurrent and distinct impression he was talking about himself.

The interview was taking place on the terrace of the "Sow 'n Merkin," a cafe-restaurant on La Cienega, about two blocks below the Sunset Strip. Only a moderate amount of pedestrian traffic on the sidewalk that passed our table, and whenever a girl would go by, Art's eyes would flick after her with a warm somewhat carnivorous glint in them, without interrupting his story. He's also one of those "L.A. types" (no other way to say it) who do coke quite openly—though with consummate discretion, natch—carrying it pre-chopped in an ornate antique-style snuffbox, dipping in with the little finger, for swift unobtrusive toots off the back of the nail . . . which Art did throughout his narrative, occasionally sliding the box to me across the table. The first time he passed me the box, I glanced around, super-casual, to check out the neighboring tables, but Art was quick to allay my concern.

"It's cool, man" he said, "no vigilantes here." He smiled and assumed a cracker drawl: "Hell, we done strung 'em all up."

I switched on the Sony-Six, and Art took that (as per intention) to be a signal to begin.

"Okay," he said, "now here's a funny number a couple of guys I know run from time to time—I've been saving it. I mean, it could be a little heavy. . .for, you know, certain tastes."

"No way, Art," I assured him, "you lay it down, and I'll pick it up."

He chuckled, somewhat cynically now that I think back on it, and then continued:

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"Well, there was this chick—name of *Sally*—very cute, twenty-three, twenty-four years old, worked as a kind of hat-check cigarette-girl at a small club on the Strip. I forget the actual name of the club . . . it was like the *Crescendo,* one of those you know, with a piano-player, and maybe a combo in for weekends—that kind of place, small but legit . . . just your 'average American bar.' Anyway, this guy—let's call him Al—starts coming in, almost every night. Nice looking guy, about thirty-five, sharp dresser, leased Lincoln Continental parked outside. And he's always quite friendly—not pushy about it, just friendly—you know: 'Hi, Ted,' 'Hello Tom,' 'Hi Sally,' and blah-blah-blah. And so finally he's like a regular customer, coming in nearly every evening. Comes in before dinner, has a couple of drinks, and splits. Now he's gradually getting fairly tight with Sally, the hat-check cigarette-girl—no heavy come-on, nothing like that, just sort of a *pal.* And one night, a slow night, she's sitting at the bar with him, having a drink, and he lays this story on her . . . about a *friend* of his—an older guy, a terrific guy, friend of the family, a sort of 'surrogate father' is the way he put it—who's coming in from New York in a week or so. And he goes on to describe this guy, in very flattering terms—an important businessman, a well-known financier, a major executive of a huge corporation, on the board of directors of several big companies, seat on the New York Stock Exchange, private plane, and so forth. And he tells her how the guy comes to California on business two or three times a year, and that when he does, he likes to have a *discreet affair* with someone—*not a hooker,* he isn't interested in that at all—he wants someone, well, like someone to *talk* to, and to spend a pleasant evening with. 'He's good for a thou,' Al said, 'a thousand bucks for the evening, and usually a nice gift of some kind besides.' Al knows all about it, because he has arranged it for him before, several times—so he was able to assure her that it was 'strictly legit', and what's more that if she didn't *like* the guy she could just split, she didn't actually have to make it with him. Naturally, he *hoped* it would happen, but it wasn't really

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critical, I mean it wasn't going to be a deal-breaker if she didn't let him fuck her—because he was happily married, had a wonderful family—wife, children, grandchildren, the whole bit — it was just that he liked the excitement of, you know, meeting a nice young girl from time to time, and so on . . . made him feel *younger,* whatever. Anyway, he went on to say that he, Al, knew that the guy would *like* Sally, and he wondered if she would be interested—a thousand bucks for a couple of hours, probably a nice present, and after she got there, if she decided she didn't want to make it with him, that would be okay, she could just leave. Well, right away she said *no,* it wasn't the sort of thing she would be interested in, *ever,* and he said 'Well, no offense,' and she said 'None taken,' and he took her to dinner, never mentioned it again, took her home, didn't hit on her in any way, didn't come in for coffee or a drink, said he had an early appointment, had to get to bed, and that was that. Saw her the next few nights at the club, never referred to it again.

"Now then, *parallel to this,* there was a young couple living in the Valley—the guy was a stunt-man, or let's say an *ex*-stunt man, with a *broken back*. . . had taken a fall, a *big* fall, landed on a Chapman crane. . . crushed his back. So he's laid up—*totalled.* Now the tie-in is that the stunt-man had married this girl's best friend, Sally's best friend, about a year and a half before this. Bill and Mary, that was their names, and they had this kid, and the kid was about *a month old*—a one-month-old kid—like an *infant.* Now the guy, Bill, had broken his back about six or seven months ago, so for the last four months they've been in heavy trouble. I mean, they bought a *house, furniture, two cars*—all the usual stuff —during the first six months they were married. . . and then he busted his back. But the studio wasn't liable, because it was some kind of unauthorized stunt, whatever, so he wasn't getting any workmen's comp. I mean, he really got ripped on the whole thing — wasn't getting *any* money. And they had all these *medical* bills—for his back, and for her having the kid, *plus* all the regular bills—the car payments, mortgage payments, insur-

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ance payments, *everything*. And, of course, she can't work because of having the kid, and he's lying around—they don't know yet if he's going to be a full-on paralytic or not—just lying there in a *full-body cast,* with the wife and the new-born baby, and they're *starving*. No bread at all, being dunned by everybody—about to get *killed* by the house-payments guy, the car-payments guy, the guys with the furniture, TV . . . all of it. *Murder. Wipeout.* Now the wife, Mary, she would call the other girl, Sally, and they could *talk,* on the phone . . . it was really the high point of her day, her conversation with Sally, the hat-check girl. You see, she could never get out of the house because she was stuck with the paralyzed husband and the kid. Actually, she was very much *in love* with her husband—which is what gives this whole story a certain *'je ne sais quoi,'* ha—I mean it wasn't like she was being a ball-breaker about it, it was just a *really terrible* situation. And so she was sort of living vicariously on the phone, through her friend Sally, who would tell her all about her day—her *night* actually — at the club . . . you know, who came in with who, etcetera . . . and so on that same level, of just interesting day-to-day trivia, she mentions the guy, Al, and the proposition he made —but only referring to it as something that happened at the club, no more than that. But a couple of days later, Mary calls and says that she's been *thinking* about that thing, that *proposition*. 'It's horrible, I know,' she says, 'but we're just *so* desperate that I think maybe I ought to *do* it—I mean, you know, if you think he would want to.' Well, Sally *knew* the guy would go for Mary, because she was even better looking than Sally was. But she said, 'Well, what about *Bill?* What's *he* going to say?' And Mary says, 'Well, he won't say anything, because he won't *know*. I mean, I'll just tell him I've got to go to this *meeting,* or something like that, and then maybe you can come over and pick me up, and you know, take me there —and when it's over I'll have the money and take a cab home . . . and well, he'll just never know anything about it. I mean, I realize it's terrible, and I hate it, but I just *don't know what else to do.'* Because she really *did love* the guy, of course, and

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that's the key to it, of you see—the whole caper—that she's this totally innocent person, this *very nice girl,* who is really in love with her husband, and had never *dreamed* of making it with anyone else, or with anyone for *money,* ever, but their terrible circumstances—and the *amount* of money being offered . . . well, it was *tempting.* Of course Sally was completely surprised, she could hardly believe it. 'Mary,' she says, 'I don't think you should do it—I mean it's too weird, it might affect your relationship with Bill—even if he *didn't* find out about it.' And Mary starts crying and says, 'Yes, I know, I know . . . I guess you're right, it's just that I'm so desperate . . .' And she cries for a little bit on the phone, and Sally cries, and then they drop the subject, and that's the end of it—except that a few days later, when they're about to *turn off the electricity,* Mary calls Sally and says, 'I know it's crazy, but that thousand dollar thing—with the older man from New York—could you try to find out more about it?' And she tells her about the electricity, and everything. So the next time Al comes in the club, Sally asks him if he's found a girl yet for his friend. And Al says, 'No, as a matter of fact I haven't, and the guy is coming out in about a week, and I'm getting a little nervous about it.' And so Sally tells him about her friend Mary, who she says is sort of *thinking* about it. And she goes on to describe her—'a very beautiful, really *nice, nice* girl, who loves her husband very much,' and so on, but that they have these terrible financial problems, and she tells the whole story to Al—the guy's broken back, the electricity about to be shut off, and so on, and asks him, Al, to tell her more about the guy. So he lays this heavy rap on her again about what a wonderful, gentle, sweet, attractive, generous man this guy is. 'I mean, she's really going to *like* him a lot,' he says, 'he's a *truly nice man.* And if she *doesn't* like him, you know, she can just leave.'

"So they set the thing up. The cover story, for Bill, was that Mary was going out for the evening with a girl-friend, to see a movie. She would go out at seven—the baby would have had its bottle by then, and she would put it next to the husband

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on the bed, because he can barely get around—he can *move,* but it wasn't the easiest thing to do, you dig, in this *full-body cast.*

"Now then, Al gives Sally full instructions about how it's to be done. *Discretion,* that was the main concern—you've *got to be discreet.* This was because the guy doesn't want to be *seen* in the lobby of the hotel, or anything like that. He's *staying* at the hotel, but he feels it will be more discreet and more comfortable, and so on, if they do their thing in a *bungalow.* So Mary is to book it, Bungalo ten, a big mother, at the Beverly Hills Hotel, book it in her name, go there, sign in and register. Bring a bag, and in the bag have a couple of bottles of really fine Scotch, and a bottle of good brandy. Get some mixer — club soda, and some ice, wrap it all in a towel so it doesn't rattle, and put it in the best bag she's got, check in, and go to the bungalow. 'Listen,' she asks Sally, 'where am I going to get the *money* for the whiskey?' Well, Sally was short and couldn't come up with it, so she went to a neighbor, whom she barely knew, and said she was *desperate,* she *had* to raise fifty dollars, could *she* loan it to her. So the neighbor took the money out of her sugar bowl, but emphasized that she would have to have it back the *next day,* because it was the *household-money* and so on. And then Mary didn't have a really smart bag, so she borrowed that from Sally—who picked her up on her way to the hatcheck-joint, and dropped her at the Beverly Hills Hotel, where she had already called up and reserved Bungalow ten. The boy took the bag to the bungalow, showed her in, and she waited there. See, the idea of bringing the booze in was that the guy didn't want anybody coming to the room while he was there, because of the big discretion thing—him being a famous person, well-known at the Beverly Hills Hotel—and he just couldn't afford *any indiscretion at all.* So she, Mary, was instructed to get there at about seven, order a nice dinner for herself, anything she wanted — he recommended the pheasant, and a particular wine, very expensive—and he would eat elsewhere and then join her at about nine. And that way they would avoid

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the whole room-service scene and any risk of him being recognized. So she went to the hotel, about six-thirty, registered *her* name, went to the bungalow, had the pheasant, the wine, etcetera, signed the check, and waited. Then, at about nine, *he* called. 'Is everything all right?' trying to sound pleasant and cheerful. He says that he'll come down now, down from his room, and meet her, if it's convenient. She says, yes of course, and so he arrives in a few minutes—and he's a really *nice attractive* guy, very thoughtful and considerate and *cultured.* So the anxiety she had felt began to disappear. See, she had been getting sort of panicky about it. I mean, she hadn't been to bed with anybody in about *six months,* because of her husband's busted back, and then she'd had the baby. . . and so this was going to be the *first fuck* she's had in quite a while, and she was kind of uptight about it, about the whole thing, but he really put her at ease, and began to sort of draw her out, and she told him all about her husband and about the baby, and all the depressing stuff about their situation, and she cried a little bit, and he was terrific — perfect father-guy, and she found him attractive, and they drank some of the booze, and then they went to bed, and it was okay. I mean, it wasn't in any way sordid or vile, or anything like that, and she really dug him, and he was very interested in her and said that he understood there had been this money arrangement, this thousand dollars, and that was fine, but he didn't want that to be the main thing. He'd gotten to really *like her,* he said, and he wanted to take an active part in helping her and her husband out of this predicament, and maybe even take an interest in the *child,* the child's education and so on. And they talked some more and made love again, and now it was about *eleven o'clock,* and he takes out this *ring*—this *beautiful diamond ring* — and he tells her that he bought it for his daughter's birthday, and he wants to know what she thinks of it. And she says, 'Well, it's really *beautiful.* Absolutely *fabulous.*' It's still in the velvet case, you know, and he says, 'Well, you see, I'd like *you* to have one just like it, because I think you're a blah-blah-blah

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wonderful girl and the ring really suits you,' and blah-blah-blah. It's a big stone, very impressive. 'Oh, I couldn't,' she says. 'Don't be silly,' he says, 'I insist.' Then he gets on the phone and calls the jeweler at the jeweler's home. 'Yes, you know the ring I bought this afternoon—well, I'm leaving first thing in the morning, and I want to get another one like it. Could you come over to the hotel now? No, I've got an early flight, and I just won't have any time at all tomorrow. Yes, the same ring exactly. Just call Bungalow ten when you get here and I'll meet you in the lobby and pick it up. No, I don't know the size, so bring an assortment, and we'll determine the size when you get here. All right, see you soon. Thank you.'

''So, from her point of view, everything has gone just great — she'll have the *money,* she'll have the *ring,* she has this fantastic *new friend* who's going to be like a godfather to the child, and help them all out, and so on. *Now* her only concern is how she will handle it in terms of her husband, how to explain about the money and about the ring. And the guy advises her on that, too—he asks how well does her husband know her background. Is it conceivable for instance, that she had an aunt or uncle, that Bill didn't know about, who could have died and left it to her? She thinks about this for a minute, and says yes it *is* possible, there could have been this aunt in *Youngstown,* or someplace . . . so that little problem is settled. Now it's about twelve-thirty, and the phone rings. It's the jeweler, down in the lobby. The guy starts out, to go meet him and pick up the ring, and just as he gets to the door, the instant before he goes out, he remembers about not knowing her ring size, so she takes off her wedding-ring and gives it to him so he can match it for size. He says he'll have a quick drink with the jeweler, in the Polo Lounge, just to be sociable, pick up the ring and be back in ten minutes or so, probably less. So she turns on the TV, finishes getting dressed, and sits there waiting for him. Times passes. One-thirty, two-thirty . . . three-fifteen. She starts to get panicky, calls the Polo Lounge, the Lounge is closed. Calls the desk,

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asks for his room—he isn't registered, they never heard of him. *Never.* Now she calls Sally at the club. Closed. Calls Sally's house. No answer. So, she's sitting there, alone, four o'clock in the morning, no money, a hundred and ninety-five dollar hotel bill. . . desperation time. Finally, nothing left but to bottom-line it—*call the husband.* She tells him where she is—Bungalow ten at the Beverly Hills Hotel—he'll have to pick her up because there's no money for a cab, and there's no way to *get* a cab without alerting the hotel that she's about to skip. So—now dig this—the husband, Bill, wearing *his full body-cast,* moving like something out of a horror movie, has to *wake this neighbor* he doesn't even know very well, at four in the morning, *borrow his car,* put the baby on the seat beside him, *try* to drive from the Valley to Beverly Hills, cruise the hotel until she can sneak out—without the bag in case she's spotted — get in the car, and *drive back.* And on the way back, she has to tell him *what happened*. . . about the money she owes the hotel, the neighbor, the bag she has to replace, the wedding-ring. . . and, you know, man, the *whole story.*"

And with that, the sun sinking behind the Hollywood hills silhouetting him, Art gave me his All-American, boss-charm, hero-of-many-battles smile. "Now I ask you," he said softly, sliding the snuffbox across the table, *"wasn't that a heavy put-away?"*

We sat in silence then, watching the sun slowly go down, and having a few unobtrusive toots.

"Listen," I finally said, "those guys. . . they must have been really. . . well, one thing I'm a little *hazy* about is just how to characterize their *motivation.*"

Art smiled, raising his brows, as in surprise. "Oh yeah?" He turned his eyes towards the distant hills, where the last rays of the sun bled out all along the horizon—but he didn't reply.

"Well," I went on, "I think you'll agree there *is* a certain ambiguity here. . . I mean, let's just run it down in a re-cap — what did they get out of it? Okay, *one:* the guy gets *laid,* by a

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beautiful young girl—*that's* a plus. . .''

''A *really nice* girl,'' added Art, nodding his head to emphasize that aspect of it.

''Right. A beautiful young *really nice* girl. . .who hasn't made it with anyone in six months. Okay, that's all a definite plus. But is that enough—to justify such an elaborate ruse? I mean, what *else* did they get out of it?''

He looked at me, with something close to pity. ''I should've thought it was obvious,'' he said, a slightly pained smile on his lips.

''Well, let's see, there was her *wedding ring*—probably a simple, narrow gold band—what was *that* worth? Fifty bucks? A hundred?''

''A hundred tops,'' said Art, ''probably less.''

''Well, that doesn't seem like much. . .for all that trouble.''

He laughed. ''You've got a pretty *materialistic* slant on things, don't you?''

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Anne Sexton

Admonitions To A Special Person

Watch out for power
for its avalanche can bury you,
snow, snow, snow, smothering your mountain.

Watch out for hate,
it can open its mouth and you'll fling yourself out
to eat off your leg, an instant leper.

Watch out for friends,
because when you betray them,
as you will,
they will bury their heads in the toilet
and flush themselves away.

Watch out for intellect,
because it knows so much it knows nothing
and leaves you hanging upside down,
mouthing knowledge as your heart
falls out of your mouth.

Watch out for games, the actor's part,
the speech planned, known, given,
for it will give you away
and you will stand like a naked little boy,
pissing on your own child-bed.

Watch out for love,
(unless it is true,
and every part of you says yes including the toes,)
it will wrap you up like a mummy,
and your scream won't be heard
and none of your running will run.

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Love? Be it man. Be it woman.
It must be a wave you want to glide in on,
give your body to it, give your laugh to it,
give, when the gravelly sand takes you,
your tears to the land. To love another is something
like prayer and can't be planned, you just fall
into its arms because your belief undoes your disbelief.

Special person,
if I were you I'd pay no attention
to admonitions from me,
made somewhat out of your words
and somewhat out of mine.
A collaboration.

I do not believe a word I have said,
except some, except I think of you like a young tree
with pasted on leaves and know you'll root
and the real green thing will come.

Let go. Let go.
O special person,
possible leaves,
this typewriter likes you on the way to them,
but wants to break crystal glasses
in celebration,
for you,
when the dark crust is thrown off
and you float all around
like a happened balloon.

March 24, 1974

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David Shapiro

To The Earth

To Meyer Schapiro

I fell with my father through space
In a space module as round
as your thumb

My father remarked of the earth
How they had divided everything

By twos or by one (a joke)
It was better by far to visit the other side
than stay stranded in that self

We passed the poor Americas
South Africa striped as a zebra
And Russian artists who could not practice their art

The art of the grid
While others wondered whether we had seriously
judged the grid

But all over the earth the artists painted
what they wanted
Except where they could not—or what they needed—
and did not

And my father worried aloud
Knocking on the moonlit plastic module door

When we fell, we screamed
But we were safe in Texas, safe as Texas, safe
as Texas in Texas

Eating bread not electrons
Madly in love with the earth

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Louis Simpson

Magritte Shaving

The houses look at one another,
a language of windows.
The violin stands above the collar. . .
sleigh bells in a blue sky.

How calm the torso of a woman
like a naked statue.
Reclining in an alcove
with curtains, the window gives
a view of earth. . . yellow fields.
She has a blue leg and a green arm,
red arm, and leg painted saffron.

The orange sphere floating in space
in front of the blue canyon
has a face like a mask
with fixed brown eyes.
Directly underneath, on the parapet,
stands a shirt with a tie
in a dark, formal suit.

He has left his shaving brush
on top of the cabinet with doors of glass
that is merging with a cloud.

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William Stafford

One of the Ways

We grappled that bird quiet between us
carefully holding its wings folded
and by whispers trying to calm the wild
eyes that glared around, sharp as
the hooked beak open to rend our hands.

Was it a hawk? an owl? an eagle?—
it thrashed, and feathers threw great blasts
of air all over the room where we were trying
to hide it. "Don't let it scream," I whispered,
"it might wake the others, the whole sleeping world."

It's never a tame bird, that one—only
remember what that was like back
then—wrestling talons and wings, whispering
the shouts we had to exchange while we were learning
the old fight there in that room, quiet as breathing.

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Gerald Stern

June First

Some blossoms are so white and luscious, when they
hold their long thin hands up you strip them for love
and scatter them on the ground as you walk;

and some birds look at you as if there were no
great line drawn between their lives and yours,
as if you drank together from the same cement;

and some pods spin in the wind as if you would not pick
them up gingerly to see if they had wings
and then would not break them open to see what made them
fall, to study their viscera.

I touch you as I would the sawdust in the eaves
or the crazy buttercups in the middle of the mulepath
or the frightening foil
jumping and leaping in front of the oily grackles;

and I touch you as I touch the grass, my body falls down
on the ground
and I pull at the roots as I watch you in the limbs
bending down to avoid the red blossoms,
hiding in the leaves,
reaching up like the tallest dryad,
your curved arms and your jewelled fingers
waving slowly again in the hot sun.

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May Swenson

From A Daybook

January 29th

Black-white-black the flock of scaup
pushing hard against whittles of the tide.
Each seems to have a window in the side.
Light might shine right through. The day
is frozen gray, a steel engraving,
the bay a pewter plate, sky icy mist.
Black scaup, bluish bills poked forward,
float, white middles on dark water are
transparent squares of light.

February 10

Snow beginning makes a brightening.
Scarce white fur released from gray sky
starts to gather, dense in darkening air.
Expectation freshens the hibernating mind.
Is the scene beyond the apron of the eye
about to shift? At dawn will new birds
arrive, stand vivid on an ermine floor?
Inside, we now vicarious watch
winter's rigid climax. Crystal by crystal
formed in the opening of mind's burrow,
the dream of death rehearsed, and the
costume fashioned. Of rich white fur
the curtain, parting, deepens its folds.

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March 17th, Before Storm

Sky, a red-striped flag, billows
over cobalt tide. A low lightblade
snags on ridges of the waves.
Wind begins to agonize in bare trees
and it rips lengthwise the murky
banner. There is a clear green
naked staring iris between clouds.

May 28th

Ripe in the green leaves (a whistle
urgent and tireless) a pulse of pleasure
sits, shaped to fit my hand. Radish-
bright, it pretends to hide behind
the leaves. Instead revealed, is seen
vulnerable and flagrant. Radical
whistle, color ripe and candid, the pulse
of pleasure shaped to fit my hand,
has wings. Has wings. Has vanished.

July 3rd, Morning Descent

Gray wing divides blue from white.
Blue blank as swipe of waterpaint.
White unsmirched, mat without sketch.
Gray wing whisked by cold upper air.
Slantwise shadow brushes its tip.
The carriage rocks. Blue widens,
white brightens. Round-as-Rubens'
forms begin. To become shaded
on one side. They sedately shove
each other. Become each others'
bodies. Blank mat gray wing severs,
dives through, slides under, hides blue.
Depth becomes height. Wing downglides.
A long white slope. The carriage stops.

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September 8th

So long I've wanted to get him
into my word-cage, Wildhead,
his call a pack of cards
shuffled, riffled, crisply
reshuffled. Then expertly
gathered up, he flies
beside the canal over the sandy
road and the bay. Blue and
white and belted, buoyant,
flamboyant acrobat, airclimber,
clown, hovering diver, Wildhead,
best of fishers, King!

October 24th

Tall sails going away, turn
from broadside to profile
in evening light. Their spiny
masts support great silken quills.
Wind loves feather, flag and sail.
Colored cloths lick out, looking
for the panting wind. Gulls
hover the tall white pinion
shapes of ships going away.

November 15th

The horizon has disappeared.
A gigantic pair of shears
has cut it off. Or it was
effaced by a thick fog eraser.
Crossing the waves' border.
a faint boat starts to creep
the sky, keep vertical, sail
nudged by an odourless wind.

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Charles Tomlinson

Programme Note

Reading this, you are waiting for the curtain
To go up on a glade, vistaed valley
Or colonnade of lath. Yet you are not here
To view a painting—the painted thing
Like the written word, is there for the hearing—
To which end the tympanist stretches his ear
To interrogate a drumskin, hangs over
Undistracted by bell note or forest murmur
In horn and harp. Cellist pursues
An intent colloquy with his instrument,
Urging nerve and string up to that perfection
He may falter at. For, the aria done,
It is he alone who must comment on
The meaning of it, and bars he is testing now
Climb then on a faultless bow
Out of the darkened pit as the hero pauses
To resume in song. He, too, unseen
Sweating into his paint, runs through
(In mind, that is) the perils of a part
That from start to finish (and this is true
Of every bubble and iota of these tuning notes)
Raises its fragment to build a single arc
Of sound. Yet suppose that you are here
Tonight to share in the good conscience
Of all masquerade, that this wood or square
Wait to be filled with cadences in which
Taking leave of the humid north,
The steam of Niebelheim, you find yourself
With time and light enough to feel
The filigree of things, and dare to be
Superficial out of profundity: suppose
This composer of yours had for a beginning
The merest ravelled thread of a plot—

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The sort of thing a poet would wince at
Or a bad poet write—, it flows
Out from his musician's mind, not
As the Gesammtkunstwerk (let that dragon sleep),
The streambed's deep self-inspection,
But the purest water where reflection
Pooling for a moment, is drawn along
Over drops and through recesses, to emerge
Strong though contained, a river of song:
You feel that you could leap it from side to side:
Its dazzle and deftness so take hold,
They convince the mind that it might be
Equally agile, equally free:
Are you the swift that dips here, or the course
Of sheer, unimpeded water, the counterforce
Or rock and stone? But images lie—
Not the Ding-an-sich, but the light to see it by:
And no river could convey the artifice
And no landscape either, the pulse of this:
A closer thing, it is as if thought might sing
To the bloodbeat, set it racing;
As if. . .and yet a man shaped this
Who read the fragile story from the start
As that which his art would make of it—
So that, in the mind, the body dances
To this flowing fiction—soprano, tenor
And basso buffo—believing all,
Limpid, unpsychological: and finding true
A wholly imaginary passion—passion spaced until
Meted and metred-out, its urgency
Does not merely billow up to fill
The gallery with sound. But I have said
Enough and the musicians mouthed and bowed
Their accordant A; the light glows out
On the gildings, and here is the man in black
And white who holds this world of yellow and green and red
Together, and his first chord cuts the last whisper back.

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Charles Wright

Laguna Blues

It's Saturday afternoon at the edge of the world.
White pages lift in the wind and fall.
Dust threads, cut loose from the heart, float up and fall.
Something's off-key in my mind.
Whatever it is, it bothers me all the time.

It's hot, and the wind blows on what I have had to say.
I'm dancing a little dance.
The crows pick up a thermal that angles away from the sea.
I'm singing a little song.
Whatever it is, it bothers me all the time.

It's Saturday afternoon and the crows glide down,
Black pages that lift and fall.
The castor beans and the pepper plant trundle their weary
heads.
Something's off-key and unkind.
Whatever it is, it bothers me all the time.

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Guerre de Plume

Martha Gellhorn
Laura (Riding) Jackson
Stephen Spender

The interview on the Art of Poetry with Stephen Spender which appeared in The Paris Review #77 prompted lengthy responses from two sources taking exception to Mr. Spender's memory—Laura (Riding) Jackson (for his description of her providing amusement to W.B. Yeats for throwing herself out of a window) and Martha Gellhorn (for Spender's accounts of his various meetings with Ernest Hemingway in Paris and in Spain during the Spanish Civil War). Both their commentaries follow. Mr. Spender's reply to each appears on page 404.

Martha Gellhorn: *On Apocryphism*

"Apocryphal, a. Of the apocrypha; of doubtful authenticity; sham, false."
The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English, Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1925.

Apocryphal stories would not be worth worrying about if their inventors stuck to the spoken word. What's a bit of bragging or slander among friends? But when these tales reach print they become accepted fact. No matter how implausible or self-serving, how spiteful or absurd, they are believed. Distinguished professors, scholars, biographers repeat and thus validate the fantasies of

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apocryphiars (new word). Built-in falsehood, children, is bad.

The form for apocryphiars is to wait until witnesses to the apocryphal episode are dead. The motive for an apocryphal story is the build-up of the inventor or the put-down of the subject or both. There has to be something very odd about apocryphiars. Undigested grudges? Vanity out of control? Historical social climbing?

A second new word is needed: *apocryphism*, a meld of apocryphal story and apocryphiar. I stop reading wherever apocryphism rears its two-faced head. If what I know about is untrue, why trust the parts I cannot check? For that reason, long long ago I stopped reading anything on the Spanish Civil War or Ernest Hemingway. Apocryphiars thrive on both to this day. I would not have touched apocryphism with a twenty foot pole but for a recent apocryphism in this elegant magazine and a current literary *cause célèbre** in which I have not the slightest personal interest. Over forty years ago, I met briefly the plaintiff; I have never met the defendant. The goings-on of the stars of the literary world do not concern me. The literary world is not my home ground. But all of a sudden I knew how that camel felt about the last straw: enough is enough.

I am definitely not dead and may be the sole surviving witness to a few years during the Spanish War. Who knows, these painfully researched pages might filter far from the *Paris Review* and warn off present or future apocryphiars. How could they ever be sure that a forgotten witness is not lurking by a typewriter?

And so to a selection of apocryphisms. It is astonishing that they have not been noticed and mocked before.

"Ten years later, lunching with Stephen Spender during the Spanish Civil War, Ernest said that he had cured Martha Gellhorn of her squeamishness by taking her to the Madrid morgue each morning after the fascist shellings. He then drew from his pocket a sheaf of photographs depicting wartime atrocities and advised Spender to inspect them closely. The British poet, he'd decided, was far too squeamish himself." (Scott Donaldson, interview with Stephen Spender, April 24, 1975 from *By Force of Will—The Life and Art of Ernest Hemingway*, 1977.)

"Another time, my first wife and I met him and Marty Gellhorn in Paris. They invited us to lunch, someplace where there was steak and chips, things like that, but my wife ordered sweetbreads, also she wouldn't drink. So Hemingway said, 'Your wife is yellow, that's what she is. Marty was like that and do you know what I did? I used to take her to the morgue in Madrid every morning before breakfast.' . . . At that same meeting in Paris, he told me again that I was squeamish and then he said, 'This is something you ought to look at, it will do you good.' He produced a packet of about thirty

*The lawsuit Lillian Hellman has brought against Mary McCarthy, Ed.

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photographs of the most horrible murders which he carried around in his pockets." (Stephen Spender Interview, May 1978, p. 124, *The Paris Review*, Vol. 22, No. 77, 1980.)

Well now, I wonder how many other variations of this comically ghoulish story are drifting about, though Spender muffed it: the end of the second version could have been much better. He should have said that he knocked Hemingway down for insulting his wife and I pushed over the table and flounced out, enraged by the slur on my courage. The trouble is: it didn't happen, any of it.

I never knew Spender had a first wife, I never lunched with him and the unknown wife in Paris and logically neither did Hemingway. I didn't know there was a morgue in Madrid though now on reflection I see that there had to be one, as in every big city, and it was surely full due to the unnatural deaths of war, but the only morgue I ever frequented was in Albany, New York, when a cub reporter on the Hearst paper in my distant youth; and I'd bet a diamond tiara that nothing on earth would have got Hemingway near the Madrid morgue. He didn't even set foot in any of the appalling Madrid military hospitals where I spent much time. Then and in later wars, I observed that male reporters steered clear of all places where war was shown in ruined bodies. This is a statement not a criticism.

And is it not strange that Hemingway carried ghastly photos in his pockets and no one except Spender ever saw them? If such photos existed wouldn't Hemingway have shown them to me or to Herbert Matthews or to anyone and everyone he met, since that was rather his style? Why, why, unique among mortals was Spender so privileged? Does "squeamish" sound like a Hemingway word? I am fond of the "steak and chips" putdown; Hemingway the hick as well as morbid brute. Spender can't have remembered that Paris was Hemingway's first oldest town where he treated himself to the good food from the moment he could afford it. But since we weren't there anyway it hardly matters what wasn't eaten. The entire story is lunatic except that I'd just as soon not be recalled, a minor footnote in history, as the woman who spent every morning before breakfast in the Madrid morgue. The next Life and Work of E. Hemingway should omit that whimsy. Hemingway was long dead when this apocryphal story first appeared, and Spender forgot about me.

The major part of Spender's remarks on Hemingway in the *Paris Review* (p. 124-5, P.R.) is extension and invention based on the apocryphal Hemingway reminiscences in his autobiography (*World Within World*, 1951; later repeated by at least one misled writer, Stanley Weintraub in *The Last Great Cause*, 1968). Spender's reck-

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oning of his actual presence in Spain is dim, but it seems to have been two days in Barcelona in early 1937, followed by a visit to Valencia, Albacete and Madrid—March 1937—leaving Madrid for Valencia sometime during the Guadarrama offensive, any day between March 9 and 18. His book suggests that he spent from two to three weeks in Spain in March. Up to him to fix the dates. Spender's final visit to Spain was in July, 1937 (cf. Hugh Thomas *The Spanish Civil War*) when he attended the Writers' Congress. On his first trip to Spain, Hemingway arrived in Valencia on the night of March 16, 1937 and left for Madrid on the morning of March 20. He did not return to Valencia until May when leaving for Paris. If this time table seems tedious to you, I agree from the heart, but it is necessary.

The *Paris Review* interviewer, Peter Stitt, asked Spender: "How well did you know Hemingway?"

Spender, "an authentic man of letters in the modern world" (cf. the *Paris Review*), has known many famous people and is, one would think, sufficiently famous himself, and he behaved very well in WW2, unlike his hero Auden, so why couldn't he have answered, simply, "Not at all. I met him once in Valencia." I wish he had, but he chose apocryphism. And rather grand, rather supercilious apocryphism at that.

"Hemingway I knew during the Spanish Civil War. He often turned up in Valencia and Madrid and other places where I happened to be. We would go for walks together and then he'd talk about literature." (p. 124, P.R.).

The weeks and months Hemingway spent in Spain in 1937 and 1938 are too well authenticated to bother with, but note how Spender shifts it around: he was there, Hemingway "turned up." I suggest that the "long walks" was one walk from the Press Office in Valencia to the Victoria Hotel, the only time their paths most briefly crossed and that all else is the wildest invention. Too many people know the Fabrizio/*Chartreuse de Parme*/war lit-chat; it must have been Hemingway's stock offering. I'm not sure he didn't write it somewhere. Is it likely that Hemingway of all men would bare his soul only to Spender of all men and talk about cowardice, his fear of? Does this sound even faintly probable: "He [Hemingway] said, 'Only if you actually go into battle and bullets are screeching all around you, can you know whether you're a coward or not.' He had to prove to himself that he wasn't a coward. And he said, 'Mind, you shit your pants with fear. Everyone does that, but that isn't what counts.'"

Golly, imagine a whole army in such a condition; it would count most adversely; this is all too foolish to be borne. The dialogue is

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ridiculous, even allowing that Spender may have no ear for the spoken word. The story is on a par with the morgue visits. I'd write Spender off as a silly juggins and wonder why he claimed an imaginary intimacy—for we never saw Spender in all that Spanish time and Hemingway moved in group formation—but I am outraged by one of Spender's sentences (p. 125, P.R.).

"He [E.H.] told me that what motivated him really while he was in Spain wasn't so much enthusiasm about the Republic, but to test his own courage." I mean to nail that good and hard, so no forthcoming Hemingway scholar picks it up. And then another and another repeats it until, in the evil manner of apocryphism, this trash turns to truth, and the Republic of Spain and that noble lost war become merely an athletic exercise for Hemingway's nerve. There was plenty wrong with Hemingway but nothing wrong with his honest commitment to the Republic of Spain and nothing wrong with his admiration and care for men in the Brigades and in the Spanish Divisions and nothing wrong with his respect for the Spanish people. He proved it by his actions, and if they aren't well enough known, you can look them up in any of the innumerable books on Hemingway.

Spender's actions in Spain, as recounted without a smile (*World Within World,* pp.212-247) fourteen years after the events made me smile a lot, reading of them now forty-three years on. Merriment is an unexpected relief. When I have done what I can against apocryphism, I will never again read a word about the Spanish War because the memory of the suffering of others and the defeat and the aftermath for the losers is unendurable still.

Spender's first action, through no fault of his, was a dotty wild goose chase from Gibraltar to Tangier (and Marrakesh and Casablanca which sounds more like sightseeing) and Oran, ending in two days at Barcelona. *The Daily Worker*, evidently managed by a nut case, asked Spender to report (i.e. discover) the whereabouts of the Russian crew missing from a Russian supply ship sunk by the Italians in the Mediterranean. In due course some practical character questioned the Italian Consulate in Cadiz and learned that the crew was interned there. So Spender says. I would think more apt to have been shot but that is an historical guess, and does not affect Spender.

Spender's second action grew from his haunted guilt for the fate of a friend, named Jimmy Younger, who had volunteered "for personal reasons" to fight in the British Battalion. Spender is frank about this. "Someone I loved had gone into this as a result of my influence and of my having abandoned him." Obsessed by anxiety for Jimmy, Spender accepted an offer to broadcast from the

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"Socialist Broadcasting Station" in Valencia but found, on arrival there, that all the parties in Spain were unified and there was no separate station from which to broadcast. He hurried to Albacete to look for Jimmy, knowing already by mail that Jimmy, after his first experience of combat (the Jarama in February, 1937) hated war, "now he was a pacifist," was clearly scared witless and mad to get the hell out of Spain. Poor Spender did his best, and seemingly that was all he did, in Albacete and Valencia, to extricate his friend from danger and settle him in a safe desk job; but these were in short supply in the International Brigades. He met Jimmy in Albacete, looking "fit and bronzed and young," but the next day Spender was pleading with the "English Political Commissars" to give Jimmy "non-combatant duties," pointing out "that he was sick."

Assured that Jimmy would not again be exposed to bullets, Spender went to Madrid where, on a "quiet day," he visited the nearby front lines one morning and did not wish to linger after that single tour. In Madrid he stayed at the Casa de la Cultura, an establishment which is news to me now, "a grandiose palace," turned into a residence for intellectuals, complete with purple velvet curtains, a butler and other servants from the *ancien régime*. While there, the Guadarrama offensive began; Spender returned to Albacete and heard that Jimmy had deserted. "In the crisis" (to save Madrid) "Kerrigan forgot his promise to me with the result that Jimmy was ordered to the fighting." Jimmy avoided that, but was caught in Valencia, sent to clink, and at last shipped back to England as a dead loss. Before that happy outcome, Spender writes, "For several months after this, my life was dominated by my concern with Jimmy's problems." Not with the overpowering problem of the survival of the Republic.

Spender's last action in Spain was attendance at the Writers' Congress in July, 1937. This part of Spender's life in Spain failed to amuse me. I had not known of that literary jamboree and think it disgusting, even at this late date. An international collection of good and less good writers gathered in Spain to show their solidarity for the Cause. They were fêted and coddled, transported around the safe zones in comfort to applause from the humble citizenry, fed like pashas while the Spaniards went hungry, made speeches and recited poetry to each other and departed on a special train. Spender calls this this happening "a circus of intellectuals," much too mild a judgement.

Out of Spain, Spender wrote poems but was no Rupert Brooke of the Spanish Civil War. The great poet of that war would have been Lorca. Franco's Fascists killed him in August, 1936.

Spender's troubled heart was in the right place but with such a

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futile if harmless record, he should not now in an apocryphism belittle Hemingway's more effective devotion to the Republic.

Spender writes that Malraux was the outstanding figure at the Writers' Congress which was "dominated by his nervous sniff and tic. One day in Madrid, Hemingway, wistfully looking in Malraux's direction, said, 'I wonder what Malraux did to get that tic. It must have been at well over ten thousand feet.' " (*World Within World,* p. 239). This goofy quotation doubtless led Hugh Thomas in *The Spanish Civil War* to place Hemingway at the head of the list of writers present at that weird get-together where I am certain Hemingway would not willingly have been found dead. Hemingway was in New York in the summer of 1937, at work on the narration, and dubbing of *The Spanish Earth,* afterwards showing it in the White House and in Hollywood where he raised money for ambulances: useful service to the Republic. There is a perfect sample of apocryphism, a bright little fake jewel.

We move on from "the veteran poet" (cf. London *Sunday Times*) to that famous personage of American letters, Miss Lillian Hellman, whose memoir *An Unfinished Woman* I read with unfathomed amazement.* Goodness to Betsey, I said to myself, what an *important* lady. How marvelous for Miss Hellman to be Miss Hellman. This book reads like a novel, I thought, and then found that *Pentimento* reads like excellent short stories. In my specialized study of apocryphism, Miss Hellman ranks as sublime.

Let us begin on page 56 of *An Unfinished Woman*, hereinafter referred to as AUW for speed. Miss H. starts a long anecdote: "*In 1938, after I had been to Spain* [my italics], and was back in Hollywood for a short stay, Ernest and Joris brought the final cut of *The Spanish Earth* to California." For two and a half pages, Miss H. describes this evening which—with her usual importance—she makes very much her own. "We invited a few well-heeled people," etc. After the film, she writes, Mrs. Parker asked some friends to her house, far from a pleasant occasion because Hemingway in an unexplained rage smashed a glass in the fireplace. Miss H. was lovely and comforting to a shaky Scott Fitzgerald and persuaded him to come to that party despite his fear of Hemingway. The glass smashed at the moment Miss H. and Scott arrived.

This apocryphism is a whopper. Hemingway and Ivens took *The Spanish Earth* to California on July 10, 1937. Since Miss H. writes, truthfully (p. 63, AUW) that she met Hemingway for the first time in "those pre-Moscow Paris weeks," *August or September, 1937*, she could not have been present at Hemingway's only showing of the film in Hollywood. (I cannot figure out where or when Miss H. ever met Joris Ivens but would welcome exact information.) Miss

*All page references to *An Unfinished Woman* are taken from the Bantam Books paperback, U.S. 10th printing, January, 1979.

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H's Hollywood story grows in apocryphal size when we read of that evening in the King James Version of Hemingway's life by Carlos Baker. "Fitzgerald, who was present, was full of admiration. The next day he wired Ernest that 'THE PICTURE WAS BEYOND PRAISE AND SO WAS YOUR ATITUDE.' The attitude, as Scott soon wrote Max Perkins, 'had something almost religious about it.' Ernest was keyed up to a kind of 'nervous tensity' that sent him into and out of Hollywood 'like a whirlwind' leaving thousands of dollars in his wake." I have found many errors of fact in the King James version, where I was involved, but Baker got the facts I know of wrong from ignorance; he is not an apocryphiar.

As we progress in this increasingly learned treatise, I would like you to note that this is apocryphal put-down number one of Hemingway in AUW; more await you.

One page 59 of AUW, Miss H. begins another long anecdote. "A year or so later, we were in the Stork Club, and the table grew, as it so often did until it included Ernest and Gustav Regler, a German writer I had known in Spain.... *The Spanish War had just ended* [my italics] and many Republicans and their supporters had been caught in France or in northern Spain and had to be bailed or bought out. We had all given money to make that possible but Ernest was in a bad humor.... People began to leave our table until nobody was left but Ernest, Regler, Dash and me." This fantastic tale takes up two pages; the burden of it is that Hemingway, bullying and vicious, "crumpled" a tablespoon "between the muscles of his upper and lower arm" and challenged Hammett to do the same. It would be impossible not to feel contempt for Hemingway, reading that story, but everything in it is untrue.

The Spanish War ended officially on March 31, 1939, and it is clear that Miss H. had no idea of the enormous tragic exodus into France which preceded the end, nor of the abominable French treatment of the soldiers of the Republic. I do despise her facile "we had all given money." To whom? To bail or buy out uncounted thousands? "The Spanish war had just ended" can be any date you choose, a week, two weeks, a month. It does not matter because neither Regler nor Hemingway was anywhere near New York. Regler was at the bridge from Catalonia into France with Herbert Matthews in the first heartbreaking days of the exodus; after that he was in France with his great love Marie Louise, free and as happy as anyone could be in those terrible times, until he was arrested as a German and sent to a concentration camp at Vernet in August, 1939. From which, with no help from Miss H.—but unstinted help from Mrs. Roosevelt—he was rescued before it was too late. He and Marie Louise reached New York towards the end of May, 1940. Heming-

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way was in Cuba writing *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, had been there since February, 1939, and did not visit New York at all until July, 1940. Since neither Regler nor Hemingway was at the Stork Club, the spoon story is the second apocryphal put-down of Hemingway.

I doubt that Miss H's spoon trick is physiologically possible. Like Spender's filthy photos, the spoon trick has the added absurdity of being seen only once by Miss H. Mr. Hammett was dead, as were Regler and Hemingway, when AUW was published. If Hemingway had ever been able to do such a thing, he would have crumpled tablespoons, proudly, in bars all over the world. Scott Donaldson, in good faith but perhaps without enough good sense, picked up this Hellman apocryphism and repeated it, in one sentence on page 264 (Penguin edition) of *By Force of Will*, as proof of Hemingway's great physical strength. Thus rubbish lives.

Gustav Regler, who was not at the Stork Club, appears again on page 234 of *Pentimento*.* From internal evidence, the time of this anecdote, in "Arthur W.A. Cowan," must be the early fifties; again the exact date does not matter. Miss H. is with Mr. Cowan (not specified where) and silent and when asked why and told "Spit it out," she writes: "I told him about a German who had fought in the International Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, been badly wounded and was now very ill in Paris without any money and I had sent some but not enough." Miss Hellman documents her generosity meticulously in both books. The anecdote continues on page 235, wherein Mr. Cowan gives her a check for $1000 ending with "I sent the money to Gustav and a few months later had a letter from his wife," etc. etc.

But Regler was not ill and penniless in Paris. He had been perfectly healthy if never entirely happy in Mexico since 1940. Marie Louise died there of cancer in 1945. Later, Regler married a very nice American woman who was not penniless. He could not get an entry visa to the U.S. due to his long-past Communism, though I think he finally did. Still healthy, he certainly went to Europe in 1957. His autobiography, *The Owl of Minerva*, was published in Germany in 1958, in England in 1959, in the U.S. in 1960. He names all his helpful friends but Miss Hellman is not among them. Where did that money of Miss Hellman's and Mr. Cowan's go?

Miss Hellman is the very devil to pin down on dates which is peculiar in non-fiction where facts and dates are essentially linked. I find this puzzling in view of her authoritative detail about everything except time. Fascinated, I tried to make a chronology of Miss Hellman's travels in 1937. To start we have one sure fact: Miss H. and Mrs. Parker and her husband, Alan Campbell, and I did cross on the *Normandie* from New York to France (p. 63, AUW), arriving

*All page references to *Pentimento* are taken from Quartet Books paperback, U.K. 1980.

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on August 23, 1937. I had not met them before but was kindly invited for a drink in first class, liked Dottie and Alan and thought Miss H. a somewhat sullen presence. This slight acquaintance netted Miss H. two quick cat jabs at me which I receive with a cat-like smile. How long then did Miss H. stay in Paris?

P. 62, AUW: "about the third week in Paris." P. 63, AUW: "in those pre-Moscow Paris weeks." P. 103, *Pentimento*: "that month in Paris." P. 143, *Pentimento*: "I said I had seen Julia in October." As all must know, this was during the stopover between trains, Berlin-Moscow. P. 112, *Pentimento*: "But I trust absolutely what I remember about Julia." What shall we decide? Miss H. left Paris for Moscow in early October, if she is "absolutely" certain about anything that concerns Julia? Until Miss H. proves a date, let us say she left Paris on October 1, though it can just as well have been later.

Two statements are repeated in both books. P. 67, AUW: "When the trunk did arrive from Berlin two weeks later." P. 143, *Pentimento*: "the trunk did arrive in Moscow two weeks later." So Miss H. spent at least two weeks in Moscow, bringing us to October 14, if the train sped from Paris to Moscow in only one day. Parenthetically and irresistibly, consider this tidbit. P. 68, AUW: "I did not enjoy the Moscow Theatre Festival except for a production of *Hamlet*," etc. Perhaps this can be explained by the fact that The Fifth Soviet Theatre Festival took place in Moscow from September 1 to September 10, 1937. Foreign visitors then had the choice of proceeding to Leningrad for further performances from September 11, for five days, or of travelling to the Ukraine for ten more theatre days. Intourist ran a four week trip, leaving London on August 25, price from £32.15s—makes you think. The Society for Cultural Relations with the USSR in London (ah research, research) knows in boring length of only one *Hamlet* production during 1937, in *Leningrad*, precise date unavailable. Maybe a special performance was laid on for Miss H. in Moscow though the Theatre Festival was long over.

Miss H. then left Moscow on October 14, the earliest possible date from her curiously muddled evidence, presuming that she left Moscow immediately upon getting her trunk. P. 63, AUW: "I went back to Paris after a few weeks in Prague." P. 143, *Pentimento*: "I wrote to her [Julia] from Moscow, again from Prague on my way back to Paris." What is a few weeks? Surely two at a minimum? That brings Miss H. back to Paris on October 28—we are hurrying the lady, allowing always the least amount of time said to be spent here and there. She then rested a few days in Paris and went to Spain. She arrived in Valencia on October 13, "From a diary, 1937," p. 71, AUW, one of the diaries she has not lost. I must say I

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don't see how she did it.

A riveting mix-up is added on p. 183, *Pentimento*: "I had been in Helsinki in 1937 for two weeks." I cannot fit that in anywhere since there is no other reference to foreign travel in 1937 except for p. 56, AUW: "I decided to join Ivens in Spain but I came down with pneumonia in Paris and came home," etc. Her self-issued invitation "to join Ivens" relates to a corporation I never heard of until now, on becoming a reluctant researcher. It was called "Contemporary Historians," formed apparently in February, 1937, its members being MacLeish, Dos Passos, Hellman and Hemingway, its purpose "to produce" what became *The Spanish Earth.* I don't know how the other three members of the group aided *The Spanish Earth.*

Hemingway did not speak of them; I can find no record of any group meetings. The single printed connection between Miss H. and Hemingway to emerge from my present delving is as a co-founder or member of "Contemporary Historians." Perhaps Miss H. caught pneumonia in Helsinki in February or March, 1937, before she made her abortive attempt to "join Ivens" from Paris? Perhaps Helsinki was another year? The short Helsinki episode is puzzling in more than its date.

This wearisome effort to attach Miss Hellman to some firm dates has a purpose. My favorite apocryphal story comes next. It begins on the last line of p. 63, AUW: "I liked Ernest." Hemingway had not "just come out of Spain," (p. 64, AUW). He had sailed from New York on the Champlain two days ahead of me; in that pre-historic past, we tried steadily though in vain to be discreet. On p. 65, AUW, Miss H. writes: "Hemingway and Parker, who did not like each other but who in those weeks were trying hard to mask it from the Murphys." We are meant to think that Hemingway spent night after night with Miss H., Dottie and Alan "in those weeks." "I don't remember that Martha Gellhorn joined us, perhaps she was not in Paris!" I was, and with Hemingway; we had six merry hiding days and did our chores for the return to Spain.

One day Hemingway felt he had to call on Dottie Parker as some sort of anti-gossip ploy. He went alone (more discretion) for an evening drink; Herbert Matthews and I met him in the lobby of their hotel—the Meurice according to Miss Hellman—to go to dinner. He loped toward us, closely resembling a horse that has escaped from a burning stable, with a smear of lipstick on his collar. I went to Le Lavandou to swim for a few days and returned to Paris. Hemingway and I left for Spain on September 6, arriving in Valencia on September 7. Spain was the focus of his life then, not auld lang syne. He never mentioned seeing them after that one drink-

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time meeting; but I cannot prove how he passed three nights at the beginning of September. So much for Miss H's buddyhood with Hemingway "in those weeks."

Miss H's story picks up speed on p. 65, AUW: "One night after dinner, when we usually parted, the Campbells and I, led by Ernest moved around Paris," etc., Miss H., feeling "drunk and headachy," returned to her hotel room. After she had been asleep for two or three hours, Hemingway pounded on her door (what was the night concierge at the Meurice thinking of?) with whiskey and a package, the proofs of *To Have and Have Not.* Thereafter Hemingway sat in her room all night, while Miss H. read the proofs. When dawn came she made some highly perceptive but rather critical remarks about the ending of the book, which annoyed Hemingway. In the hotel hall, on his way out, he said, "I wish I could sleep with you but I can't because there's somebody else. I hope you understand." Furious at this presumption, Miss H. woke Mrs. Parker who, bright as a button in the dawn's early light, spoke knowingly but improbably about Max Perkins and Hemingway's bad cutting to shorten the book, and soothed Miss H's wrath over the half-offer of sexual intercourse. As dawn conversations go, it is a winner. This anecdote runs from p. 65 through p. 67. It ends: "The next day I left for Moscow, changing trains in Berlin."

Now turn to *Pentimento*, p. 108: "I left a note for them [Dottie and Alan] saying I was leaving early in the morning and would find them again after Moscow. . .Now I lay down, determined that I would not sleep until I had taken stock of myself. . .In any case, I slept through the night and rose only in time to hurry for the early morning train." Turn next to p. 112, *Pentimento*; "I think I have always known about my memory; I know when it is to be trusted and when some dream or fantasy entered on the life, and the dream, the need of dream, led to distortion of what happened . . . *But I trust absolutely what I remember about Julia.*" (My italics).

Which Miss Hellman shall we believe, if any? For the third time, Hemingway was not there. On the night before Miss H. left for Moscow, as she so clearly states, whether at the end of September or in October, we were in Madrid safe from apocryphiars until Miss H. arrived. Hemingway read his proofs in America before sailing. Again Miss H. has devised a malicious apocryphism about Hemingway. There are too many, they have a queer ring.

I can hardly bear to discuss Miss H's ego trip in Spain. First, there is a peculiar omission. Though so full of Dottie and Alan in Paris, Miss H. neglects to mention that they had preceded her to Spain, safely blazing the trail. An AP news item, dated Valencia, October 10 (1937), reports that "Dorothy Parker, well-known American

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poet'' and her husband Alan Campbell ''will leave by air for Paris tomorrow. They have been travelling in Spain for several weeks.'' Did the friends meet in Paris before Miss H. set out bravely to war? Obviously Miss H's journey becomes less impressive when we know that Mrs. Parker, whom Miss H. defines as not ''my generation'' (nine years difference in age), had already survived several weeks in Spain without fuss or mishap.

A letter from Madrid to my mother, dated October 8, 1937, says ''Dottie Parker is here and very nice and we had a marvelous dinner at Matthews.'' My clear memory is that Dottie and Alan stayed in Madrid briefly, less than a week, and that Miss H. stayed even more briefly. Madrid had a bad reputation for danger though it was quiet that October. The three friends, like most visitors, were based in Valencia, in every way a more comfortable city.

Take a deep breath.

Miss H. arrived in Valencia on October 13, 1937. On October 14, she presented her credentials at the Press office (AUW, p. 73). She was ''pleasantly welcomed by Constancia de la Mora, had two telephone calls from her suggesting I come back to the office and meet people who might like to meet me, and have not gone. This is nothing new; *part the need to make people come to me, part not wanting to seem important.*'' The italics are mine and those words say more about Miss H. at that war than anyone else could ever think up. It was Constancia's job to take polite care of all visiting foreigners. The great New York playwright (''The Children's Hour'' and a second unsuccessful play) imagined that her clippings and fame had preceded her and she did not want to seem important in Spain. Dear God. No hint of conceit marred Mrs. Parker's acts and attitudes in Spain, but then she was not a conceited woman.

On this same page 73, AUW, an air raid starts, the day after the important Miss H. arrived. Being a dramatist, Miss H. describes the air raid dramatically through page 76:

A child screamed; women ran. (I was always impressed by the Spaniards' quiet reaction to danger.) A policeman (an imbecile?) pointed to a bench and gave Miss H. a shove. She ''crawled [rolled? wriggled?] under it for protection from bombs. Until now I have never heard of and of course never seen anyone under a park bench during an air raid but Miss H. is unique, and humor is not her most notable trait. Somehow this sizeable city empties; Miss H. is all alone; it is practically her private air raid. She left the park bench, too frightened to stay by herself. Running, she reached the convent wall next to her hotel where she saw that ''the planes were overhead, flying fast;'' how else. Two Spanish soldiers were standing in the convent door; one said, in English, ''Italian bastards.'' ''As he

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spoke, one plane dropped down and from it slowly floated what looked like a round gift-wrapped package."

I don't know what to make of this. Like millions of others, I have been on the ground during various air raids but never glimpsed a bomb "slowly" float. I am also bewildered by "one plane dropped down." The big silver Italian bombers, flying from the Balearics, were not dive bombers; habitually, their pilots kept to a very prudent height. Bomb bays did not open to eject one bomb, like an auk's egg, or a gift-wrapped package. The trip would not be worthwhile, would it, when the object was to cause as much indiscriminate death and destruction as possible, in minutes.

Air attacks on civilian populations, and the artillery attacks on Madrid, were then a novelty of war, exhibited for the first time in Spain, later spreading and continuing violently throughout the world, a vile commonplace of our time.

But there is no record anywhere of an air raid on Valencia on October 14. And I have searched above and beyond the call of duty. The (London) *Times* from Valencia reports "the worst air raid so far. . .on the harbour district" on October 3. At least sixty bombs and heavy casualties. An AP dispatch to the *New York Times,* dated October 3 from Madrid corroborates the date. From Madrid, on October 4, the (London) *Times* correspondent wired "reports are reaching Madrid" of bombers along the Mediterranean coast and "between last Friday and Sunday" (*viz*: October 1–3) casualties at Barcelona and Valencia had mounted to "triple figures." The air raid of October 3 on Valencia is definitely established.

At the bottom of a page in the *New York Times* for October 15, there is a ten line paragraph headed "Valencia, Spain, October 14, AP." The man on the spot reports a daylight raid by "five Insurgent warplanes" on "the Government's Mediterranean naval base at Cartagena." Cartagena, as the crow or bomber flies, is approximately one hundred and twenty miles south and west of Valencia. The AP man in Valencia would surely have noticed bombs dropping around him on October 14, the date of Miss H's air raid. The (London) *Times* does not mention that Cartagena air raid or any other for that date.

On October 16 the *New York Times*, but not the (London) *Times*, carried a dispatch dated "Madrid, October 15, AP," stating that "insurgent airmen attacked Cartagena, Barcelona and Valencia, government cities on the eastern coast, causing heavy damage and casualties." That one looks very dicey, a correspondent filing loose news. The Madrid AP man had to get his information second hand; the AP correspondent in Valencia was there. If Valencia itself had been bombed on October 15, the AP man there

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would have cabled a report about it. Valencia was the capital of Republican Spain, the seat of government, not an inconsequential village. The lack of corroboration by the AP or the (London) *Times*, from Valencia, rules out the fact of an air raid there on October 15.

After that, no attacks on Valencia are reported until December 11, when Fascist ships shelled the port without casualties for a change.

Apart from the wrong date and the absence of solid proof of any air raid on Valencia after October 3, how come that Miss H. did not visit the scene of the crime, the "section around the port" . . . where "the Italian bombers killed sixty three people." (p. 74, AUW.) If she ignored the obligation to write about wanton killing of civilians, Constancia de La Mora would most certainly, gently, firmly have arranged for her to see what war looks like. One must conclude that Miss H. was told of the very bad raid on October 3 and her imagination then took over, placing her a bit off key at the center of the apochryphal action.

On October 22 (p. 80, AUW), Miss H. sets out for Madrid at 7 A.M., arriving there after 8 P.M. that night. She is sorely tried by the strain and fatigue of the journey, by the road and its perils. "Hot and aching, I groaned my way out of the car and sat down suddenly on the running board . . . hoping the dizziness would go away." (p. 83, AUW.) "Weak and dizzy" is such a frequent phrase in AUW that one can only admire the will power that kept Miss H. going. Of course thousands of less sensitive people travelled that road regularly; it was the main route for civilian and military supplies to Madrid. In the late afternoon, the village where Miss H. sat down suddenly provides a splendid anecdote (pp. 83-6, AUW), featuring a woman with peroxided hair, an English-speaking evacuee from Madrid, in itself a rare lucky break for Miss H. who did not speak Spanish. The "bleached lady" told Miss H. that she disliked this village "where they were bombed almost every day." Can Miss H. have met a nameless Spanish apocryphiar? A few bombings would have left any village a heap of deserted rubble.

Miss H. was again generous (p. 86, AUW). "We kissed each other and the four ladies of the table followed us downstairs. I had left my shoes for the blonde lady under the chair." Presumably none of the four ladies noticed that their foreign guest, who might more usefully have left some canned food, walked on stocking feet. Her gift was not observed until Miss H. saw the blonde lady at a window "as she shouted for me to come back for my shoes, and then, as I waved no from the car, she clapped her hands in applause." As do we all; Miss H's repeated munificence is beyond praise. I wonder how Miss H. knew that the shoes would fit.

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I have only one folder of notes on the Spanish War. By chance, I made very full notes for October 15, 1937 which begin: "We started off in a fury." Obviously I don't remember what that quarrel with Hemingway was about but it soured the whole day and night. Sefton Delmer, Herbert Matthews, Hemingway and I spent a long useless day trying to see some section of the front near Aranjuez. The notes make little sense to me now and most of the names in them have become only names. "We drove rapidly back to Chinchon hoping for permission from the Colonel to visit the lines and see what had been done. But the Colonel was asleep after three exhausting but unsatisfactory days of fighting...and finally we realised that they did not want us to go to the lines because the operation had been a failure. So there was nothing to do but return to Madrid...The end of the afternoon at the Censura [press office] is a tedious affair, with waiting people and dim lights and nothing much to do and no news these days, but often visiting firemen. Miss Hellman was amongst those present..."

Having no reason whatever to fudge dates, I think you can accept as fact that Miss H. had arrived in Madrid by October 15, and I think her own later date of arrival on October 22, has the purpose of making her Spain visit seem longer than it actually was. Her record on dates is far from perfect. There is no other mention of Miss H. in my notes nor in any letter to my mother.

AUW, p. 86: "Madrid October 23...Early this morning a young man from the Spanish Press Office came to tell me that Columbia Broadcasting had agreed to give them radio time for me that night and the government people were very pleased because they hadn't had much luck getting air time in America." Broadcasting from Madrid was not really such a big deal. Even I did it, had done so on October 9, though I hated it from stage fright. Miss H's account of how these broadcasts were arranged enhances her importance but is incorrect.* Foreign radio networks, of any country, asked someone in Madrid to broadcast. "The government people" agreed to the time if the station was free. The written broadcast had to be passed by the censor. How remarkable that Miss H., so replete with detail about herself, did not mention writing her broadcast that day and seeing it through the Censura. In my scant notes, I read bad-tempered complaints about the nuisance of the Censura, when you had to get last minute changes accepted and the witching hour at the microphone drew near.

Instead of writing her broadcast, Miss H. says (p. 86, AUW): "I wanted to see University City but I got tired before I got there." Based on her official birth date, Miss H. was a young woman of thirty-two that year, not frail in appearance. From the Telefonica to

*CBS has no program records as far back as 1937. In spite of the importance Miss H. attached to her broadcast there is unfortunately no mention of it in the New York Times for October 24 or 25 but possibly Miss H. got her date wrong.

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the trenches and smashed buildings of University City, Madrid's front line, was an easy walk, perhaps half an hour. Miss H. uses "I" meaning "we" the way royalty formerly used "we" meaning "I." She could not have gone alone, but it was not her type of outing. A warren of shallow trenches connected the remnants of buildings; sandbags in holes in these buildings indicated where the enemy had the clearest view of movement. Though it was a stable front then, periodic bursts of anger caused it to come alive with machine guns and mortars. The lines were so close that the men on both sides taunted each other by megaphone at night; by day that amusement was too risky. One detail I remember (who am not big on detail like Miss H.): the Fascists had a good gramophone, they played records at night. "Kitten on the Keys" was much appreciated by the Republican troops. They disliked Fascist songs and took pot shots in the direction of the sound.

P. 86, AUW: "...when I came back to the hotel, Ernest was in the lobby with a bottle of whiskey for me and an invitation to have dinner that night," etc. I am surprised that Miss H. did not say Ernest had brought his right eye for her, whiskey being of that value in Madrid. AUW, pp. 87-8 are devoted to that dinner party which I remember but not at all as Miss H. remembers it.

My memory is so much simpler that I'll give it first. I have no date for it. (Miss H's date is October 23.) We four, Delmer, Matthews, Hemingway and I, pooled cans from our invaluable and ever-decreasing supply to make a good dinner for Miss H. Delmer had become a first-class can cook. Miss H. brought nothing but herself and unlike Dottie she was not funny. The object was to please Miss H. and encourage her zeal for the Republic. Evidently we three Americans, zealots but not apocryphiars, felt this was necessary, and the Englishman, Delmer, went along because he shared the apartment with Matthews. I remember it as a dull, grumpy dinner, and afterwards we heard that Miss H. said the correspondents in Madrid lived off the fat of the land and we were suitably irritated. That is my memory. I did not see Miss H. after that evening whenever it was. My guess is that Miss H. was no longer in town.

Her sojourn in Spain was not sufficiently vital to the Republic to be documented in any book I can find. Mrs. Parker named Miss Hellman as her literary executor and might as well have left her papers to Fort Knox. Until Miss H. releases Mrs. Parker's papers, there is no way to prove how long Miss H. actually stayed in Spain. I estimate ten days at most, and mostly in Valencia.

Miss H. however has a memory (p. 86, AUW) of eating beef at our dinner, given by "Madrid bullfight people." Her incomprehension of that war is near idiocy. How could she think there were

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ever bullfights in war-time Madrid, let alone beef? What a target a bullfight crowd would have made for the German artillery on Garabitas hill. "When I arrived Ernest was already there and Martha Gellhorn, looking handsome in her well-tailored pants and good boots." The best-dressed woman at a war: that is a delightful put-down which I enjoy for its open bitchery. In a spirit of fun, I return it here: if Miss H's beauty had matched her brains, she would have been a more cuddly personality. "I took along two cans of sardines and two cans of paté," generous as ever; it's my word against Miss H. on that one. "I dropped my spoon and Ernest told me that I was hearing my first bombardment." What follows has to be quoted in full though it takes a lot of space but it is Miss H. at her noble best. Everyone else, not to mince words, is a shit.

"The Englishman, Ernest and Martha went out to the balcony to watch—[Miss H. forgot Herbert Matthews but he too is dead now, as is Delmer; no witnesses left except me.]—every night at almost the same hour the Franco people bombarded the telephone building—and I sat on the couch in the living room with my head bent low and my eyes shut, hoping I could control the panic I felt. Several times Ernest called to me to come out on the balcony, it was a beautiful sight, he said, and once Martha called, and once the Englishman came to the door and stood looking at me and went mumbling back to Ernest. Ernest came to the door, stared at me, opened his mouth as if to speak, changed his mind, and went back to the beauty of the shelling. After a while the phone rang, and the Englishman said the man at the radio station said the station itself was being hit, it would be too dangerous for me to come there, so would I tell the chauffeur who was already on his way to take shelter somewhere?

"About ten minutes later the doorbell rang, a servant admitted the chauffeur, and I went down the stairs with him.

"When I was a few flights down, Ernest shouted at me, 'You can't go into that shelling.' He ran down the steps toward me. 'Come back here.'

"I said I wasn't going to come back. It was important for me to do the broadcast, they probably couldn't get the time on another night. Ernest was holding me by the arm. Then he dropped my arm and said softly, 'So you have *cojones* after all, I didn't think so upstairs. But you have *cojones* after all.'

"I said, 'Go to hell with what you think.'

"When the broadcast was over and I was back at the hotel, Ernest knocked on my door. We had a few drinks and I kept wanting to tell him that I would have gone into far more dangerous places to get out of that apartment that night but I didn't tell him."

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Oh man, one might even say *Wow!*

I am having trouble with dates. The (London) *Times* report, dated Madrid, October 22, says "the city was again shelled during the night, although less intensively than recently." An unusually long paragraph in the *New York Times* (two Congressmen were in town) dated October 22, reports a bombardment beginning at 10:45 P.M. on October 21, ending at 12:05 A.M. on October 22. In Madrid, pencilled on scrap paper, I wrote October 11—biggest shelling. October 13-14 (night)—2nd shelling. October 25—3rd shelling. November 24—4th shelling. Checked against the (London) *Times* and the *New York Times* my dates agree, except October 21-22 (them) and October 25 (me). I can't win an argument with both the *Times*, so I have to accept October 21-22. The precise timing of the bombardment in the N.Y. *Times* is doubtless correct, due to the presence of the Congressmen which gave importance to what was by then routine news.

If the date of Miss H's alleged unlovely evening with us monsters was October 23, as she states, no shells hit Madrid that night.

Miss H. writes (p. 67, AUW): "every night at almost the same hour the Franco people bombarded the telephone building." By her own timetable, she must have slept through a bombardment on her first night (October 22) in Madrid. Who can credit that? But as she was in the city on October 15 according to my disinterested notes (it made no difference to me when Miss H. arrived) she had to know that "the Franco people" did not bombard every night. A regular artillery schedule would have spoiled their terror tactics. Instead nobody ever knew when shelling would begin and though the Telefonica was often hit, the whole city was the target. There were too many times when bombardments were fearful continuous hell for all the inhabitants of Madrid. In the typescript of an old article I see that we counted 600 shells with a stopwatch in less than an hour one night; and describe the effect on people and homes the next day. October 1937, and through to the last week of November, was relative peace by Madrid standards.

The venom in Miss H's story is directed mainly against Hemingway who urged her to come on the balcony to see "the beauty of the shelling." Miss H. is a crazy mixed-up kid about Hemingway; she wants us to think she was great buddies with him and that he danced attendance on her yet she cannot stop knifing him. At night, there was nothing to see during a bombardment; phosgene (incendiary) shells were unknown in Spain. Windows were opened against the risk of blast because window glass was irreplaceable. Like the entire population of Madrid, we could tell by the sound of incoming shells whether there was immediate danger,

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and by the noise of explosions we could gauge where shells were landing and the pattern of the bombardment. Like everyone else we listened carefully. All of us foreigners had as our model of behavior the stoicism and the jokes of the people of Madrid. If there was a bombardment on any night when we were in that apartment we would certainly have been listening from the balcony where Miss H. has us gloating over non-existent fireworks.

If the radio station "was being hit," (p. 87, AUW), no one could have made a broadcast that night. The station was an ordinary almost soundproof room in the diplomatic quarter, the safest part of town. Miss H. cannot have rushed out into a rain of shells to do her superb bit for the Republic at a microphone that was not operational. As a newcomer, Miss H. had a perfect right to "panic" if she was experiencing her first artillery bombardment though not on October 23 when there was none.

But could Miss H. have passed over—without a word—the pointed scream of incoming shells, the explosions—a rumbling roar confined in that stone city, her emotions in the car on the dark deserted streets alone with the only chauffeur in Madrid as brave as John Wayne, her climb through the rubble (the station "being hit" must mean several shells) to reach the microphone where the intermittent thunder of high explosive echoed in that almost soundproof room? Does such modest silence, such a waste of truly dramatic detail sound like our Miss H? That is, if she ever heard the big guns aimed at Madrid.

The only purpose I can see in her story is to heap scorn on the rest of us while displaying her own magnificent courage. "I would have gone into far more dangerous places to get out of that apartment . . ." (p. 88, AUW). Perhaps that was revenge for not having charmed us? Specifically for never having charmed Hemingway? Carlos Baker could not have overlooked so important a woman if she had had any relation to Hemingway's life. Is Miss H. suffering heartburn from an old undigested grudge?

Whose account of that dinner party are you disposed to believe? Mine (nothing much) or Miss Hellman's (high though highly dubious drama)? In my opinion, Miss H. has the *cojones* of a brass monkey.

Here is another apocryphism (p. 90, AUW). "November 4." "Walking back to the hotel, I was shocked to see that a whole block was almost completely destroyed since I had been past it a week before. I stopped in front of what had been a fine nineteenth century house converted to apartments and asked a woman who was standing in the broken doorway when it had been destroyed. She said that *the night before* [my italics] twenty-seven people had been

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killed and nine wounded." Miss H. also spoke to a man and two children (p. 91, AUW). Had she learned Spanish since arriving in Valencia on October 13? Miss H. describes her perilous entry to and exit from the smashed building and what she saw, in graphic detail. She collected some souvenirs, two china bottles and the daguerreotype of a young girl. I forgot to report that Miss H. gave away a can of beef soup to a seamstress, en route to this dwelling.

There was a vast number of wholly or partially destroyed buildings in Madrid, dating all the way back to the murderous German air raids in the summer of 1936. Miss H. might have explored any of them. She might also have been accompanied by a guide/translator from the Censura, as was usual for passing visitors. The woman in the broken doorway cannot have told Miss H. or a hypothetical translator that "a whole block was almost completely destroyed," or even a portion of a block, on the night of November 3. Surely to God Miss H. would have heard the artillery uproar and surely to God she would have behaved heroically during it. But there was no artillery fire in that October and November, as I am weary of saying, except on the four dates I have listed. Hunger and cold were far worse for the people than high explosives, in the autumn and winter of 1937. Hence Miss H. seeing, in her destroyed house, that "a bowl of limp lettuce was sitting on a chair" (p. 90, AUW) is ludicrous incomprehension. Lettuce, of all improbable unseasonal nonnourishment in an abandoned apartment in Madrid, where the daily sandy bread ration was just over five ounces.

"Valencia November 6" (p. 91, AUW). "It was nice to come back to Valencia maybe because air raids frighten me less than the nightly bombardments in Madrid." By now I must have made abundantly clear the one confirmed date of the one (and pre-Hellman) air raid on Valencia and the three dates (October 11; 13-14; 21-22) of bombardments in Madrid, thus proving that sentence to be sham and false.

Miss H. has written a great part for herself throughout AUW, with special skill in her Spanish War scenes. She is the shining heroine who overcomes hardship, hunger, fear, danger—down stage center—in a tormented country. The long endurance of the Spanish people and the men who fought to defend the Republic was true heroism. Self-serving apocryphisms on the war in Spain are more repellent to me than any others.

I observed at the beginning of this tome and observe again—there is no harm in making your point twice or as often as you can get away with it—that one clear apocryphal story is good reason for not trusting the other stories you are unable to verify. Questions about the rest of AUW, outside Spain, and even about "Julia,"

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swim in my mind like a shoal of sardines. I am only certain that Miss H. is a wonderful storyteller and writes fast vivid prose. Also I can hope that Spender does not succumb to childish apocryphism in future comments on the Great Dead.

Hemingway became a shameful embarrassing apocryphiar about himself, which I believe damaged him as a man, but he was not like that in Spain nor in China. Or, since I can only testify to what I know, never in my hearing. He had a fair amount of hyena in him, as he admitted, but he made good jokes and was valuable cheerful company in those wars and no more boring than we all are the rest of the time. In Cuba, in World War Two, I watched with anger the birth and growth of his apocryphisms about the spy factory, the Pilar submarine patrol. As far as I could see, apocryphisms grew like Topsy until I stopped being there to see. Perhaps his own boastful apocryphisms have brought on him the apocryphisms of others that surround his name.

Now, for the first time, this article has obliged me to consult the Hemingway scholars. The eye roams beyond the needed page, and I wish it hadn't. The Hemingway saga, probably swelling with each new book on Hemingway, is bad news. His work sinks beneath the personality cult and the work alone counts, the best work from the beginning through *A Farewell To Arms*. He was a genius, that uneasy word, not so much in what he wrote (speaking like an uncertified critic) as in how he wrote; he liberated our written language. All writers, after him, owe Hemingway a debt for their freedom whether the debt is acknowledged or not. It is sad that the man's handmade falsehoods—worthless junk, demeaning to the writer's reputation—survive him.

Nothing excuses apocryphism by anyone about anything. No good comes of it. It is cheap and cheapening. The world would be a far far better place if people—especially writers and politicians—stuck to fact or fiction. Not fiction passed off as fact. Literary apocryphiars, it seems to me, confuse and distort the record; political apocryphiars can be fatal. Consider, for instance, the Tonkin Bay story. Alas, the chances for a far better world are as usual slim but we might train ourselves, our heirs and descendants, to be wary of all apocryphism.

Laura (Riding) Jackson: *Literary Mentioning*

The passage in the interview with Stephen Spender published in your issue no. 77 in which Mr. Spender played about with a refer-

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ence made by W.B. Yeats to Laura Riding, in a talk presumably witnessed by Mr. Spender, came to my attention when I was in the midst of composing a chapter for a book of memoirs, the chapter having the title "Importance." The reference to myself exhibits an attitude to me as one who is an item of literary mention outside the bounds of the Important Mentions but useful as something of a flourish of special sophistication. Literary interviews bring out this particular worst—addiction to strategic mentions—of the literary-world worsts.

Spender told his interviewer that "another thing which amused Yeats very much for some reason was Robert Graves and the whole saga of his life with Laura Riding. Yeats spoke of how Laura Riding had thrown herself out of a window without breaking her back or breaking it but being cured very rapidly. All that pleased Yeats tremendously." Thus does Spender put the touch of debonaire interviewee poise on this vanity caper of Yeats's that he reproduces as a little anecdotal gem for the interview's adornment. Yeats is seen being "amused"—to borrow Spender's disgusting word for this disgusting exposure by Yeats of his organ of humor—by a joke of which I am the center, it tickling both his only-human and his artist nature. But I am only an incidental mention in the whole frame of reference, which is Robert Graves and "the whole saga" of his life with me. Robert Graves himself was not joke stuff for Yeats, he recognizing in him another head up in the clouds where the Important keep their heads.

This episode of amusement over my not breaking my back or breaking it and being cured of the break must have preceded Yeats's inviting me to contribute to the *Oxford Book of Modern English Verse* of his editing, and my declining the invitation. I acted thus mainly because of his scornful refusal to consider something of James Reeves's for inclusion in the anthology, I judging Reeves's work to be at least as worthy of inclusion in it as that of any of the young poets who I knew were to be represented in it. In a letter to his friend Lady Dorothy Wellesley (who had converted him to thinking well of my poetic work), Yeats told how he had written to me telling me that my "school" was "too reasonable and truthful, that poets were good liars who never forget that the Muses were women who liked the embrace of gay warty lads."

The picture of a cold-blooded bloodiness, Yeats enjoying the "saga" of Robert Graves's "whole life" as incorporating my breaking or not breaking my spine, confirms a general impression of him that has mounted into a distinct conception of his poet-nature and importance-status. To the image of a performing magician, hands behind back, producing surprises that dissolve before they can be

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closely perceived, was added one of vampire-quality, in the drawing-in from audience-excitation of sharp inward satisfaction and, from invisible privacies of invisible visionary experiences, of gratifications of self-esteem filling the inward vacancies of self-doubt.

If my picture of Yeats seems that of a monster, this is not because I have nursed any ill-feeling towards him. How I have come to see him is related to the special view I have had of the nature of twentieth-century Literary Importance as a monstrous one, turning what may be personally wrong with a literary-world figure of importance into a mere feature of the instrumentality of self-importance that has been literarily blown up into professional giantry.

I have not yet identified Mr. Spender's part in this twentieth-century Importance perversion of the literary sanities and decencies. Spender's touch in depicting Yeats's amusement over Laura Riding's injured back as a particularly amusing feature of a Robert Graves "saga" is a demurely light one. He concerns himself only with representing Yeats's mood with sympathetic good humor. The representing of my injured back as something of my life anchored to the importance-status of Robert Graves in literary-world mention-rhetoric may have indeed originated with Yeats, but Spender at the least joins in the anchoring. Spender is a gentle-mannered but astute Yes-Man of the spheres of the contemporary literary-world's life in which this status carries an accent as of topmost social standing. His personal equipment of writer capability and sensitivity, initially, likely, of no mean substance, has been thinned into a fluid distribution of literary interestedness in which deference to the discriminations of importance-status is mingled with a benign literary-world universality of interest. The stretching of himself between the two poles of literary personalistic importances and humanitarian literary fellowship has converted him into a namby-pamby enthusiast of all the rest as deserving of something or other, for the honor of literature.

But what use, in making such comment as I advance here, if contemporary literary-world values accommodate themselves to the kind of behavior that has provoked my comment—in fact, to any kind of behavior translatable into the language of twentieth-century literary-career opportunism, either its hieratic or demotic forms? I shall quote from the concluding parts of the chapter "Importance," from the text of which I have taken a little of this statement.

> There is no saving of what literature and the world of special concern with it has come to be. It has, all, just about destroyed itself in constituting itself a replica of the modern human

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world in which minds may escape from the impact of this world into a reality of private creation. Whatever reveals the moral identity of the world of contemporary literature with the falsification of the entire human actuality that the contemporary version of the human world constitutes contributes to the possibility of the clearing of a way to true experience of extant reality—to perception of the nature of the eternally immediate importances: and—may I say?—to the coming to be of a real literature.

Stephen Spender Replies:

I am sorry that Miss Gellhorn is having trouble with her memory: something that can happen at our age, with which one can only sympathize. However, she should not exploit her oblivion for the purpose of calling me a liar ("apocriphiar").

Perhaps it may jog her memory, if I remind her that the luncheon of Hemingway, herself, Inez (my first wife) and myself at the Paris brasserie which she denies ever having taken place started off with much banter between Hemingway and her in the style of dialogue in Hemingway's early novels, in which she addressed him sometimes as "Hem" and at other times as "Hemingstein."* To judge from her letter, stylistically she has never got out of this manner.

She might also remember that, whether before this, or on the same day, or soon after, Hemingway and I gave a joint reading at Shakespeare & Co., Sylvia Beach's bookshop in the Rue de l'Odéon. From behind a battery of drinks, Hemingway read extracts from his as yet unpublished novel *To Have and Have Not*, and I read, from the manuscript, some far from heroic poems about Spain. James Joyce was in the audience (this was the only occasion on which I met him). My first wife, whose existence Miss Gellhorn is unaware of (and probably considers apocryphal), was also present.

In my account of this luncheon I have never said that Hemingway took Marty each morning to the morgue before breakfast. I have merely reported that he said he did. As everyone knows, there was sometimes a gap between what Hemingway said he did and what he did; but I have to admit that until I read Miss Gellhorn's letter, I supposed he did do something of the kind. He certainly showed me the photographs of the murders in Spain.

*P.S. Immediately after despatching the above to Paris Review, I happened to meet an old friend of mine who was passing through London on her way to America. I told her, for her amusement, that Martha Gellhorn denied that I had ever met Hemingway and her in Paris. "Oh," she said, "I happen to know very well that you did. For soon after doing so, Inez and you lunched with me in Paris. This was in 1937, and you described to me the luncheon with Hemingway." The occasion was fixed in her memory, because in the same week as her meeting us there was the accident to the Hindenburg Zeppelin, in which her brother saved his life by jumping from the flaming zeppelin.

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Miss Gellhorn should not judge the limitations of Hemingway's vocabulary by those of her own Hemingwayese. There was point to Hemingway's telling me that I was "squeamish" with its kind and generous implication that I was not "yeller." As the reader may gather from Miss Gellhorn's rambling summary of my autobiography *World Within World*, in Spain I was greatly preoccupied with trying to save a friend who was a member of the International Brigade and who had deserted from it, from being shot. I was also (as my poems show) horrified by the violence of the war. It was in these circumstances that Hemingway (on several occasions) told me that I was too squeamish. This was the point too, of his showing me these photographs: to make me face up to the Goyaesque horrors of the war. It was for the same reason that he emphasized that for him the great attraction of going to the front was to prove his courage. To be afraid was part of being courageous; it is in this sense that he said every one at the front was shitting in his pants. Miss Gellhorn's literal interpretation of this metaphor shows her exquisite sense of humor, but does not make it less appropriate.

I never suggested that Hemingway did not support the Spanish Republic. But his concern with the question of his own courage — shown throughout his life in so many of his activities — was something apart.

A friend points out to me that Geoffrey Wolff in his book on Harry Crosby records that Hemingway once gave Crosby a photograph of a man's arm that had been removed from the belly of a shark off Key West. The photographs in the Hemingway House are certainly murderous enough, though the victims are, of course, animals. Perhaps Hemingway did not show Miss Gellhorn *all* his photographs. I am sure that he can never have called her "squeamish": which may explain her astonishment in finding that that word existed in his vocabulary.

Martha Gellhorn describes the Writers' Congress held in Madrid in July, 1937 as "an international collection of good and less good writers" where "Hemingway would not have been found dead." The good writers included André Malraux, André Chamson, Rafael Alberti, José Bergamin, Miguel Hernandez, Manuel Altolaguirre, Pablo Neruda, Octavio Paz, Ludwig Renn, Alexei Tolstoy, Michael Koltzov. It was assembled in response to the invitation of the Spanish Republican government and was a demonstration of the solidarity of intellectuals from all over the world with the Republic. It was far and away the most striking manifestation of its kind in the present century, and therefore fully deserving of Miss Gellhorn's initial ignorance of it and her later disgust.

I wrote two accounts of this meeting, one immediately after it was

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held which was published in *New Writing 4* (Autumn, 1937) and which I have reprinted in *The Thirties and After*. There is no mention of Hemingway in this. In *World Within World*, without looking at the earlier version, I wrote an account with emphasis on the contrast between the hospitality with which the Spanish received us and the surrounding unhappiness of Spain. In this account written fourteen years later, I describe Hemingway looking at André Malraux and making the remark about his famous "tic." Obviously if Hemingway was in America at the time, he could not have made the remark in Madrid. The account in *World Within World* is misleading. I must have confused this with another occasion which took place, probably in Paris, at an earlier date. Nearly half a century after the event I cannot recall where it happened: but the point is that the remark was made and remained in my mind.

Martha Gellhorn, because in the interview I refer to taking "walks" with Hemingway (characteristically, within a few lines of quoting the passage, she changes "walks" to "long walks"), tries to make out that I claim a friendship with Hemingway which I have never claimed. In *World Within World* there are less than two pages about him, and the only note suggesting friendship struck is to record my gratitude to him for his understanding of my attempts to save my friend (an understanding which Martha Gellhorn by no means shares). In fact, I did know Hemingway very slightly better than appears. I met him during the Second World War with Cyril Connolly in London. In Spain, he invited me to stay with him in Key West; but I never had the opportunity to do so. All I do in the interview is attempt to answer a question put to me by the interviewer, about my impressions of Hemingway. Please, reader, look at the relevant passage in the interview.

If she were one to accept apologies, I would like to apologize to Laura Riding for saying that Yeats was amused by the Riding/Graves or Graves/Riding saga, and I would like also to apologize to the ghost of Yeats for causing bad blood with the living. However in extenuation I would point out that the saga surely derives from the epilogue Graves wrote to the first edition of *Goodbye to All That*. Graves refers, rather cryptically, here, to Laura Riding throwing herself out of a window, breaking her spine and making a recovery which seems more apotheosis than miracle. The reader has the impression that Graves regarded the episode as a magical event in the life of some saint. Presumably, at the time when this was written it met with the approval of Laura Riding.

Reading this in 1929 I was suitably awed, and I do not mean to

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sneer now in suggesting that the epilogue was part of a deliberate attempt to create a legend. In fact, I respect legends coincident with love. All that I would say is that, given such a legend, it becomes property in other people's minds, towards which they may take an irreverent or amused attitude. The irreverence or amusement does not denote lack of sympathy for the suffering upon which the legend is based, but only a certain skepticism about the legend itself. So it would be wrong to regard Yeats's amusement at episodes in the Graves/Riding legend as "cold-blooded bloodiness." After all the legend was made public property—with all the risks of the public reacting irreverently to it—by the sufferers themselves. (For the same reason, the part of Martha Gellhorn's letter about me which I can accept is that in which she accuses me of being unsmiling about what was after all, to me, no smiling matter, but which I risked making the object of ridicule by my publishing it as part of my personal legend.)

To judge by the passages she quotes, Laura Riding's book offers urgent analysis of the effects on the writer today of living in a community which attaches importance to incidents that blow up his own sense of self-importance. I take what she has to say about the effects of such circumstances on me as serious criticism, not mere insults like those of Miss Gellhorn: the more insulting because of their lack of any critical intelligence or indeed of ability to react in any way other than of making obtuse accusations, fun though these are. But writing a book that is at once autobiography and a critique of modern literary Importance, I hope that Laura Riding will include analysis of her own legend. She has never been superficial in anything she has done. But surely it would risk being superficial to cast the blame for her own legend on Robert Graves and, I suppose, T.S. Matthews in his book largely about the Graves/Riding legend, *Under the Influence*. The legend is like that of Moneta, the prophetess, in Keats's great last poem, "The Fall of Hyperion," but someone who plays the role of prophetess in others' lives must surely recognize that she is pressing on their sensibilities the seal of her own Importance? Does she do this as an inevitable result of the conditioning of the modern literary life? Or does she stand outside these circumstances of historic conditioning—perhaps—as one of her early writings suggest—outside the historic process altogether?

I ask these questions because they are serious, and because I think Laura Riding is the living writer best qualified to answer them.

To judge by the extracts, her book will excite passionate interest. But no amount of cerebrating about what the attitudes of readers should be, can get away from the fact that writers who put their lives (and their deaths) onto paper live in glass houses.

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The Paris Review *Eagle, or "the bird" as it was referred to, was designed by William Pène du Bois, the magazine's art editor, in the spring of 1952. The symbolism is not difficult: an American eagle is carrying a pen; the French association is denoted by the helmet the bird is wearing—actually a Phrygian hat originally given a slave on his freedom in ancient times and which subsequently became the liberty cap or* bonnet rouge *worn by the French Revolutionists of the 19th Century. The bird adorned the top lefthand corner of the magazine's covers until issue number 27 when the artist Larry Rivers utilized the entire space with his design of a winged helmet; the bird, to the regret of some, vanished never to appear again, at least on the magazine's covers. It did put in an appearance at the New York World's Fair (1964-65) on a pair of metal pennants that hung from the crosstrees of the center pole of the Paris Review Booth ("The Smallest Pavillion at the Fair") until the flags blew off in a summer wind storm.*

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The Paris Review Sketchbook

The first talks about the *Paris Review* were between Peter Matthiessen, in Paris with his beautiful young wife Patsy, and Harold L. (Doc) Humes, who had arrived in Paris not long before. Peter was then at work on his first novel *Race Rock;* Doc was already the flamboyant publisher (he carried a silver-headed cane and wore a beret) of a magazine called the Paris *News-Post*—once described by John Ciardi as "the best fourth-rate imitation of the *New Yorker* I have ever seen." Among the names proposed for the new enterprise, and subsequently discarded, was *Manuscript* (what would have become, had it stuck, *Ms.*); it was thought bland.

Peter Matthiessen had met Humes in the Dôme in Montparnasse in the spring of 1951. "He was a remarkable figure," Matthiessen remembered. "He wore a cape...burly and curly fellow with a deep laugh...a lot of style to him; he was appealing, aggressive, warm-hearted, curious, yet with convictions on every subject...all of which made him impossible. Doc wanted me to serve as fiction editor at the Paris *News-Post*, but the first story I acquired—"The Sun and the Still-Born Stars," by a young unknown writer named Terry Southern—was so much better than his magazine that I persuaded him to put to death the Paris *News-Post* and start a new literary magazine, using Terry's story all over again, which we did."

Humes was expected to function as the first managing

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editor of the *Paris Review*. From his short experience with the Paris *News-Post* he was supposed to know something about the process of putting out and distributing a magazine: he knew the jargon of the printing shops. But, instead of doing what was expected of him, he took to reading *Huckleberry Finn* in the corners of the Montparnasse cafés, a *supérieur* of beer in front of him. He explained that it was best for the young staff of the *Review* to learn for itself. As its managing editor, he was doing the magazine a favor by remaining aloof from its activities. Besides, he had decided to become a writer; administrative work was behind him. That first summer of 1953 he applied to Harvard as a graduate student and was accepted. Archibald MacLeish took him into his English writing course. He left for the United States.

Those who put out the first issue of the magazine that summer in Paris took umbrage at Humes's concept of his duties as managing editor. Somewhat peremptorily perhaps—since they forgot to inform him—they lowered him down the masthead to the position of Advertising and Circulation Manager —a somewhat curious title in retrospect, since he had as little to do with these departments as he did with managing.

Humes's debasement came to his attention when the first shipment of magazines arrived in New York. He was furious. He hurried down from Cambridge. He had a rubber stamp made up with his name and an exalted title. Down on the wharves he got into the shipping crates where he began stamping the masthead page of the magazine in red ink, half a thousand copies or so, until his arm got tired.

Such was Humes's indignation that in the next issue he was promoted and he appeared at the top of the masthead—along with Peter Matthiessen, the fiction editor, George Plimpton, who had arrived from Cambridge University at the invitation of Matthiessen to be the Editor and assume the active responsibility for the magazine, William Pène du Bois, the art editor, and Donald Hall, the poetry editor. Humes remained at that level until the fourth number of the *Paris Review* when still having done little discernible for the magazine he was

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shifted once again and designated an advisory editor—this time without visible rancor on his part, or stamping of ink-pads.

John Train took over most of Harold Humes's responsibilities. He liked to refer to himself as the "so-called managing editor." He was the magazine's managing editor until one day in 1954, after a year of organizing things in the office, he left a note in his In-box stating, "Do not put anything in this box." By this he meant to tell the rest of the staff that he was moving on to something else.

He was a Harvard graduate (an editor of the *Lampoon* there), with a master's degree in Comparative Literature. His clipped, wry perception of things was what one might associate with an Oxford don rather than a young graduate newly arrived in Paris. He would not suffer fools or people who bored him. Those he wished to discourage were diverted with an invitation to an address in Montparnasse where Train said he lived. There on a large sheet-iron gate on a wall too high for the visitor to see that behind it was a vacant lot, Train gummed his calling-card which, on occasion, he would replace. The hopeful guest, spotting it, would bend to read in Train's neat hand: PLEASE KNOCK LOUDLY.

What Train recalls of the *Review*'s earliest days follows:

One proposition we all agreed on and did achieve was that we wanted to get away from the style of most of the other American literary quarterlies, with *Partisan Review* in the lead, which were steeped in literary and political theory, as were our French counterparts. I doubt if there was a single French literary magazine at that time that didn't reflect some specific political orientation. You were not considered *serieux* unless you were politically *engagé*—no matter with what. I, on the contrary, after my postgraduate work in Comparative Literature, was convinced that theories, both literary and political, are the enemy of art.

My eyes were opened on this subject by Bernard Berenson. I

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was staying with him in Vallombrosa, and one day accompanied him on one of his little walks, meaning not much walk and a lot of talk. Turned out in perfect light tweeds and carrying a small folded shawl over one arm, he would inch along, holding forth exquisitely. When you got a foot or so ahead he would clutch you by the elbow, spinning you around toward him, and make a point. One would then straighten out, resume the march and carry on until the next spin-around. On the occasion in question I was describing my objective of getting a doctorate in comparative literature when I noticed that B.B.'s expression seemed to have clouded slightly. "What do you think of Comp. Lit.?" I asked a bit anxiously. B.B. frowned and reflected, clutched my elbow, spun me around, and bayed hoarsely, *"Comp. Lit. is dead as cold mutton!"* He meant that to deflect one's gaze—in one's all too limited time—from art itself to forms of words about art was a big step down from the juicy reality toward the dry and derivative.

Anyway, at the *Paris Review* we were united on that point: no learned articles on who influenced whom, or the higher significance of whatever; just the prime matter, except perhaps for occasional newsy pieces on what was brewing on the European literary and artistic scene.

We had trouble over the name. There were, as might be imagined, innumerable suggestions. I claim to have devised the name *Paris Review,* and lobbied for its acceptance. I remember calling on our group one by one to push it. It seemed so logical: *Paris,* for the slightly exotic appeal—greater then than now—and because that was our distinguishing feature; *Review* because that's what it was.

We took a long time getting started. Raising money was a problem, since although *we* expected to make money, nobody else could see any basis for that hope, particularly since we were in fact totally unbusinesslike. (I doubt if the corporation has had even one shareholder's meeting since its inception.) We worked out a deal to be sponsored for legal and housekeeping purposes by *La Table Ronde,* an established French

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magazine considered to have a conservative political tone although that meant nothing to us.

George came up with a money-making scheme of lofty simplicity. We would approach the Paris *Herald-Tribune,* he announced. Surely someone knew somebody there. We would offer to do a literary page in each issue: a whole page, filled with stimulating criticism, moving poetry, gripping fiction. We would make so much money from our page that the *Review*—and its editors—would be in clover. And how would we shoehorn this extra matter into the newspaper's already congested format? Quite simple, George blandly explained. The *Trib* would simply chuck the stock pages. After all, none of us read the stock pages, did we?

To provide a keynoter for the first issue we turned to Bill Styron, who, in his late twenties and already a published author, was an elder spokesman of the group. He seemed very worldly-wise. After a while he produced a laborious piece wrestling with his own particular literary theories. It was my task to edit this effusion, and I blue-penciled it with vigor. Styron, nettled, fired back a rejoinder which unlike the original submission had feeling and strength, and, labeled "Letter to an Editor" (me), started the issue in good style. He took a whack at writers who used "terms like...*Zeitgeist,*" which, as a person of scholarly bent who was comfortable with the word, I somewhat resented. "As for *Zeitgeist,*" Styron riposted in his inaugural Letter, "which you accuse me of denouncing unintelligently, I still don't like it, perhaps because I am ignorant of what it means." (That problem seems at last to have been solved, since the word turns up here and there in Bill's latest novel, *Sophie's Choice.*)

Many of the early conversations about the magazine were held in Peter Matthiessen's studio. William Styron wrote of the place (which he later used as a scene in his novel, *Set This House On Fire*): "Peter and his wife, Patsy, lived in a modest

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Harold L. (Doc) Humes . . . one of the founders (with Peter Matthiessen) of the Paris Review.

Peter Matthiessen on the Du Bois' penthouse terrace atop the Hotel Montana in St. Germain-des-Prés.

Richard Wright, Peter Matthiessen, and Max Steele on the quai opposite the Île de la Cité. (Photo: Otto van Noppen and Dominic Beretty)

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but lovely apartment on a Utrillo-like back street in Montparnasse; spacious, airy, its one big room filled with light, the Matthiessen pad (the word was just coming into use about then) became the hangout for many of the mob of Americans who had hurried to Paris to partake of its perennial delights, to drink in the pleasures of a city beginning to surge with energy after the miseries of the recent war. 'U.S. Go Home' was painted by the Communists on every wall—it was possibly the most ignored injunction in recent history. For the Americans happily established there, Paris *was* home, and no place was more homelike than the Matthiessen establishment on the Rue Perceval. To this I recollect with awe the sense of an almost constant open house, in which it was possible at practically any time to obtain music and food and drink (Peter was unfailingly generous with what seemed to be a nearly inexhaustible supply of Scotch) or, if need be, a spot to sleep off a hangover and—of course always—conversation.''

Styron wrote the preface to which Train refers after discussions in the Matthiessen studio and, in the late evening, at tables in a Montparnasse bar called the Chaplain. A smoke-filled place, in which Styron used to say you could write your name in the cigarette haze with your finger, its entrance was on a little dog-leg street that was not far from the Dôme.

The Chaplain had a grand piano, actually in tune, which on occasion music students would play to test their abilities on an audience which included their own peers. Sometimes the mini-performances were excellent, but there was never any applause from the music students listening, as if to give any would be to acknowledge a level of superiority in one of their own. Once, Zaidee Parkinson, now married to the conductor Richard Dufallo, played there when she was very young, sitting like a school-girl with a straight back, her long hair hanging in a fall to the edge of the piano stool she sat on; she played an intricate piece by Scriabin: in the room the conversation dropped away. There was no applause when she finished. When she returned red-faced to the table, the Editor told her that traditionally there never *was* any applause in the

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Chaplain. Silence was the great accolade. She had received it. He envied her. He told her that when he played he had to listen to the jokes being told at the table alongside the flank of the piano.

Apothecker—the German word for pharmacist—was the collective name given the female volunteers in the early days of the magazine who came through Paris and moved on so quickly that their stay in the small box-like office on the Rue Garancière was scarcely noticed. The descriptive was inflicted on them by John Train. The male counterparts were referred to as "Musinskys"—named after the first of their breed, Frank Musinsky, who came to work for a Paris summer. Neither term was used to anyone's face, naturally, and the Musinsky tag never caught on anyway.

Many of the Apotheckers and Musinskys moved on to greater things. Among the Apotheckers were Frances Fitzgerald, author of *The Fire in the Lake,* Jane Fonda, the actress, who left a permanent imprint on the magazine with a line-drawing of a coffee urn in the *Paris Review* #18, and Gail Jones, the singer Lena Horne's daughter. Of the Musinskys, Colin Wilson went on to write novels and non-fiction of distinction. In Paris, he was a door-to-door subscription salesman, though somewhat self-serving as he used the receipts from his sales to return to England and help get himself started without leaving any of the proceeds back at the magazine.

Many of the Musinkys wanted to be writers. They practiced in the office or at the café tables. One of them was a Princeton graduate who owned a magnificent name (Peter Moscosco-Gongora) and such an unquenchable confidence in his capacities and his future as a writer that, rather than finding titles for his short stories, he numbered them, as one might musical compositions. The first story he sent out on the rounds was Number One, or what he referred to—as one would a symphony—as his "First." He would ask, "Have you read the

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Fifth yet?''

The activities of another Musinsky of less artistic pretensions than Moscosco-Gongora were described recently by John Train: ''In Paris we had a demon *camelot,* as in French one calls a walking vendor, named Vittorio Abrami, an impoverished Italian philosophy student. He would walk through the cafés handing out copies of the *Review* opened to whatever in them seemed most attractive, usually drawings of nudes by some new young artist, showing just a flash of them, like a dirty postcard vendor. He could sell five or ten in a good café sweep, which week after week became a significant figure. Abrami had to be relieved of his cash by evening, like a cormorant, or he would spend it and be so ashamed that he would go into hiding. Alas, he succumbed to unrequited love for a pretty French philosophy student, and to win her favor shaved off all the hair on his head, which made him so hideous that he lost his effectiveness as a *camelot* as well as an amorist.''

The first *Paris Review* office was in a small room in Les Editions de la Table Ronde, a publishing subsidiary of the house of Plon, a solemn, conservative, very austere publishing concern with offices around a great enclosed courtyard at 8 Rue Garancière opposite the walls of the Garde Republicaine. The editors of Plon worked in the kind of silence one associates with clerking in 19th century London banking institutions. One of its editors was an epileptic who had a mild seizure which came on schedule every month. There would be shouts and the sound of running feet...the heavy slam of distant doors. It was the only time that any suggestion of activity emerged from the grim facade of the building across the courtyard.

Charles de Gaulle was published by Plon. One day the General came to 8 Rue Garancière. Everyone was lined up to meet him, including, surprisingly, the *Paris Review*'s staff —all the Apotheckers and Musinskys standing in a row—per-

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haps to suggest how extensive the Plon operation was. The epileptic was due for a fit, so he was asked to watch the proceedings from a short distance—standing in the shadows of a courtyard door.

Every evening at six the concierge locked the door from Les Editions de la Table Ronde to the courtyard. Keys were not entrusted to *Review* personnel, so the procedure for editors working late was to leave by the windows—hanging from the sill by the fingertips and then dropping into the Rue Garancière below. It was a jarring descent, especially for the shorter members of the staff. On occasion, this exodus—which must have looked like the flight of second-story men surprised in mid-job—coincided with the return of the mounted Garde Republicaine from an official function—often the ceremonial arrival of a head of state at the Elysée Palace. As they turned into their quarters across the street, their horses' hooves clattering on the cobblestones, they would glance haughtily from under the brims of their plumed helmets at the editors...as if a descent of cat burglars, their legs flailing briefly as they dropped from the facade of Editions Plon, was beneath their dignity to do anything about.

The Café de Tournon was around the corner. It was not only the hangout of convenience for the *Review* people, who would drop down from the office window after dusk to meet there for a drink, but it was removed enough from St. Germain-des-Près, where the tourists sat in the cafés and craned their necks looking for Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir, and from Montparnasse, where the older tourists sat in the Dôme or the Rotonde and chatted about *that* generation, so that it had a comfortable, private, and rather drowsy ambiance of its own. Regulars did not talk about the Café de Tournon too much...for fear it would be overrun and "spoiled." Those who went there had an almost proprietary attitude about it.

One of the regulars was Eugene Walter. He lived across the

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street in the Hotel Helvétia. He was known by many in the Café de Tournon as "Tum-te-Tum," from the first words the editors of the *Paris Review* ever heard him say. He had pronounced them upon hearing that a story of his, "Troubador," had been accepted for the first number of the magazine: dressed in a faded, linen suit he stood in the doorway of the board room of La Table Ronde, and upon the news of the acceptance from the editors, he announced, dragging it out, "Ah, Tum-te-Tum!"...providing a name which stuck, though he preferred to be known as Professor James B. Willoughby. That was how he signed his letters, under the salutation "mille fleurs." He came originally from Mobile, Alabama. He knew not only a great deal about literature, but also about gumbos and other Southern culinary delicacies; he was uncommonly informed on the ballet and opera, costume and set design, and when he became an Advisory Editor he pressed a number of portfolios on the editors, including one of courtiers illustrated as different vegetables; his influence was such that Archibald MacLeish, who had taught a number of the editors and early contributors in his famous English S course at Harvard, wondered if the magazine was getting a bit fey.

The monkey was Walter's favorite animal.The highest accolade he pressed upon the girls around the Café de Tournon was that they were just a step or two below being "Queen of the Monkeys." They adored him. In his hotel room he had a stuffed monkey under a bell-jar that he packed and moved with him. It went with him when he left Paris to take up residence in Rome...in a lovely roof-garden apartment that one remembered for his cats, and his plants everywhere, and the moist rain-texture of the place.

What follows is Eugene Walter's reminiscences of the Paris he left, and especially the Café de Tournon:

The Café de Tournon in the Rue de Tournon, just in front of the Palais Luxembourg, developed into a scintillation center, a firebox, a winter garden, a zoological park. *Every*

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The above photograph was taken outside the Cafe de Tournon in late 1954, or early '55. Seated in the front row, from left to right, are Vilma Howard, poet; Jane Lougee, the publisher of Merlin; *Muffy Wainhouse, the wife of Austryn Wainhouse; Jean Garrigue, poet. In the second row are Christopher Logue (with the cigarette), poet and* Merlin *editor; Richard Seaver, then associated with* Merlin, *who subsequently became the editor of the* Evergreen Review; *Evan S. Connell (with the moustache), novelist; Niccolo Tucci, essayist and novelist; a lady known as "Gloria the Beautiful Cloak Model"; Michel van der Plats from the Dutch publication* Het Vaderland *(in the trenchcoat behind the Cloak Model); Peter Huyn, poet translator, editor; Alfred Chester, novelist and short story writer, and Austryn Wainhouse, novelist, translator, and* Merlin *editor. In the last row are three* Paris Review *editors—Eugene Walter, novelist, poet, librettist, GAP (with hat) and William Pēne du Bois. Next are James Broughton, poet and film-maker; William Gardner Smith, novelist; and Harold Witt, poet. (Photo: Otto van Noppen and Dominic Beretty)*

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café in midtown Paris has *something* going for it. And some *specialité:* lawyers, couturiers, actors, whatever. By accident, the Café de Tournon, mildly literary and professional to begin with, went wild, and became ever more so.

The day I arrived in Paris, I had moved into the Hotel Helvétia across the street from the Café. The hotel, an 18th century townhouse, was immaculately clean, and I liked the marmalade cat who came up with M. Jordan, the proprietor, when he brought breakfast. The Café de Tournon was close; coffee there was good. I liked their Irish setter, Arnauld, a real silly who, with one enthusiastic lashing of the tail, could send whole trayfuls of drinks crashing off the little round tables outside on the sidewalk. Seeing people correcting proofs, and reading over their drinks, I realized I had found the appropriate climate.

Everybody turned up sooner or later. The very pretty, very witty Francine du Plessix; the minxey bright-eyed Bee Dabney, who drew wonderful cats and monkeys. The English poet Christopher Logue. He liked so much to propagate the idea that he was a somewhat shady character; he told wondrous wild tales to further the effect. I like his work very much. The *Paris Review* published a fine suite of poems in which precious stones speak in the first person; I still get a tingle on a line from "Diamonds": "Brighter than a thicket of drawn knives, I..." When Christopher's mother visited Paris, he tried to keep her under wraps, finally brought her to the Tournon. Everybody thought she'd be, at the least, a red-haired Polish gypsy, or a Tunisian midwife, but she was a pink-cheeked little English lady with a silk print dress and a cameo.

How many books were written in or around the Tournon? Who knows? I must say, I remember one day looking up from my Dubonnet and there were about ten people busy writing, staring into spaces, sipping endless black coffees or aperitifs. Some might have been doing accounts or lessons, who knows, but among those I saw scribbling on one occasion or another were William Gardner Smith, Austryn Wainhouse, Max Steele, Evan Connell Jr., Mary Lee Settle, Sissel Lange-Niel-

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sen, Nanos Valaoritis, Daphne Athas, Jean Garrigue (whose short novel, *The Animal Hotel* was partially inspired by the Hotel Helvétia). All these and more, sometimes only jotting notes or reading proofs—or writing letters, for the post office was just at the corner. The place was a bee-hive. Jane Lougee, publisher of the literary review, *Merlin,* sometimes brought her Siamese cat when she came for a Pernod with the *Merlin* editor, Alexander Trocchi, or the gifted and intelligent Richard Seaver. Mary Louise Wainhouse was studying Russian and often gossipped with the Finnish art historian, Renata Fitzthum-Eckstadt. Stravinsky turned up a couple of times; so did Clara Malraux and Jean Duvignaud.

The Café de Tournon, in its early manifestation, was rather seedy and rundown; later it was redecorated with scenic murals: I liked the earlier aspect. Behind it, around the corner, was the Rue de la Garancière where was located the offices of *La Table Ronde,* which allowed the *Paris Review* a cubbyhole. The editors and writers of that publishing house turned up in the Tournon, along with some cabaret entertainers whom I never figured out. Where did they perform? I'll never know. They must have chosen the Tournon for their between-shows "break." They were very very French-looking young men: over-sexed and undernourished, and very very pale, their pallor accentuated by bluish eye-shadow and white powder. Once in a while they'd perform unaccompanied in the Tournon. There was a song I loved, which translated, "Give me your hand, Marquise, the minuet is the King's polka. . ." I haven't even mentioned the painters. Zev, that splendid solitary inhabitant of some realm equidistant from Constantine the Great and George Herriman, often rambled in the Tournon, as did the solemn young American painter, Robert Harris, sometimes Antoni Clavé and Douglas Davis, friend and limner of Edith Piaf. He died on the Atlanta plane.

M. Alézard, the proprietor, opened the place in the morning, with Arnauld, the red setter, zanier than most of his ilk. Later, Mme. Alézard would turn up. They made excellent

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fried or scrambled eggs on a hot plate not much bigger than a silver dollar. The coffee was superior: perhaps that is why it became a literary café. There was a whole bevy of completely delightful Brazilians who frequented the place, because of the coffee. They were very skitty, chattery, often sang. I loved them. One day the Brazilian currency was devalued and one by one they vanished. I still miss them. A delightful creature from Madeira, Celestino Mendès-Sargo, amused us mightily with a song in Portuguese about Jupiter and the Muses: "The only way to live, ladies, is to try everything. . . ."

Gurney Campbell, author (with Daphne Athas of the *Observer* prize play, *Sit on the Earth*), was already outlining her trilogy of plays about Gandhi. The Dutch photographers, Otto van Noppen and Dominic Beretty, were part of all this, as well as Robert Silvers, who had just finished his military service and been sent to me by Cecil Hemley, the publisher-poet. Robert began to help in the *Paris Review* office. Edith Schor knew all the words and the music of *La Carmagnole,* the dance steps too, and we'd sing and dance it in a circle, lally-gagging back to the Tournon after the play-readings. A catchy tune. Once a policeman cautioned against singing it publicly; another time we got a bucket of water on our heads. It was a people's song during the French Revolution and is still frowned upon in the 6th and 7th *arrondissements:*

"Ah, we'll see it yet,
We'll see it yet:
We'll hang the high-born from the lamp-posts!
Dance, dance the Carmagnole!"

Well, never a dull moment. The Communist bookshop on Rue Racine was blown up. A famous old restaurant closed and the cellar was found to be full of cat bones. Rabbit had been a great *specialité* on the menu. An eccentric Austrian committed suicide in the Hotel where Catherine Morison lived with her grandmother's fans. The Café de Tournon buzzed

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and tingled day and night . . . gossip à gogo . . .

The biggest Percheron horses I ever saw or imagined came in mid-morning to bring the beer. The wine came in a tank-truck; a hose was inserted into a hole in the sidewalk opening into the cellar of the cafe. I used to time how long it took to fill the daily-depleted wine reservoir. One Monday morning, 23 minutes. The boy from the bakery brought paper sacks of hot croissants, but the long French loaves were stuck unwrapped into his bicycle basket. So much for finicky modern hygiene: the horses, the flies . . . but nobody ever died in the café, as far as I know. The poet and cinéast James Broughton was usually among the last few who closed the café at night. John Train would zoom up on a motorbike; zoom off, return, zoom again. About 2 A.M. the weary waiter, Charles, would start sweeping up cigarette butts, paper, etc., making cheerful insults about "these Bohemians." The image of him at work seemed downright emblematic, like Father Time himself sweeping away. Ho-hum, another day, another decade. Oh well, it was all immensely young and stimulating and fun and now seems beyond belief innocent and productive, in this establishment which was literary salon, permanent editorial board meeting, message center, short order eatery, debating club, study hall. Four literary reviews in English, one in French; who knows how many books and other works springing forth from this noisy, smokey, clattery, raunchy, beat-up café?

I had come armed with two letters of introduction, one to Alice B. Toklas, one to Charles Lovatt and Thad Lovett, who lived with a mad Rumanian housekeeper, Sevastitza, in an Art Nouveau apartment with a huge oval window overlooking the Montparnasse cemetery. They gave grand parties where I met favorite and choice characters. Esther Arthur Strachey, for instance, President Arthur's granddaughter. She loved to argue about history, would become quite heated, couldn't contain herself, literally. Charles always steered her to an especially prepared chair with rubber baby sheets under a casually draped blanket.

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"I stand with von Ranke!" she once cried testily, and stood up; the chair overflowed.

I had seen the ancient legendary actress Nance O'Neill in New York, where she had just made her TV debut, ("I only do sitting-down roles, now," she purred.) and Alice B. Toklas made me describe the meeting over and over, for as a school girl in San Francisco she had seen Miss O'Neill at the old Alhambra Theater.

"Lizzie Borden had a crush on her," confided Miss Toklas, "and invited her with all her troupe to spend the summer... she'd asked Nance over and over to recite Cassandra's speech which begins, 'this house smells of blood...'"

Natalie Barney, who'd come from Ohio around the turn of the century and stayed on (Rémy de Gourmont addressed *Letters to the Amazon* to her), had a marvelous weekly salon. One entered a dim cluttered hallway, received by an ancient servant, was led back to a huge room with a big round table in the middle loaded with sandwiches and pastries, a great divan in each of the four corners. Some major personality or beauty presided over his or her court from the center of each divan. Natalie wandered about, beaming, looking much like Benjamin Franklin. She even wore squarish glasses. I felt instantly at home because the 1910 chandeliers, glass grapes in shades of green and amber, were precisely those of the ones in the old Vineyard Restaurant atop the Cawthon Hotel I had known as a child.

The past seemed so recent in the chatter here. Most of those present had known Proust, some were angry at having been used as models for characters in his novel. Some were angrier still for not having been used. They had all seen Bernhardt, and spoke of Mary Garden's *Mélisande* as if they've seen her a week before. Once Colette was there, had brought her scrapbooks covering her vaudeville days. She sat on one of the four sofas, preening like a great pussy-cat. I'm certain she *flung* her mascara on with a tablespoon, then took a toothpick to pry out a peephole. Bettina de Bergery enchanted me. An American lady married to a leftist French lawyer, she was a

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The Percherons who delivered the vin ordinaire *to the Café de Tournon. (Photo: Otto van Noppen and Dominic Beretty)*

Pati Hill with a cat on the Quai d'Anjou. (Photo: Otto van Noppen)

From left to right at the Café de Tournon: GAP, William Pène du Bois, Jane Lougee, the publisher of Merlin, *and Christopher Logue. (Photo: Otto van Noppen and Dominic Beretty)*

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living illustration of what we mean by the word *chic*. (In the South, we say "nicely turned out.") She shone among a dozen ladies of great personal style, attired in a simple apricot silk coat lined with snow leopard.

I had the pleasure of seeing Natalie alone a few times. She liked my book of *Monkey Poems* when John Train published it, and asked me to come read it to her. We had tea and she recounted a wondrous gothic tale about two high-born Parisian ladies who both fell in love with a charming young actress who led them both on merry chases before announcing that she intended to marry...a man. The ladies, in an uproar, became a conspiracy of two, went to Cartier to have a silver knife made, with which to deflower the heretic. No man, they said through clenched teeth, would have that privilege. Natalie's house in Rue Jacob had belonged to the 18th century actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur, and in the garden was a pretty little Temple of Love. The ladies held the actress down on a table in this summerhouse...and there their rite was performed.

Isadora's brother, Raymond Duncan, attended Natalie's salon in dingy white wool Grecian draperies, bare feet in sandals; in cold weather his toes were literally blue. Those Paris winters! He had spent the war years in hiding. When the rumble of the Germans' retreat was still audible, he had clambered over the slippery tile roof of his place in the Rue de Seine and raised the first post-bellum American flag in Paris. Once, in conversation with the Princesse de Caraman-Chimay, he punctuated his remarks by recklessly waving an éclair. He held it too emphatically and a great blob of the creamy filling popped out and splattered the Princess's high-necked frock at bosom level. She stared in disbelief, as the cream slowly dripped.

"*Espèce de monstre!*" she said through clenched teeth. Then she picked up an éclair, pointed it at Raymond and squeezed. But it backfired and she received another load of cream. She dropped the éclair with a little disbelieving gasp. They stared at each other; then she picked up another éclair

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and very carefully dropped it down the front of Raymond's Grecian draperies. With a brisk and inevitable gesture she reached out and pressed his chest at the point where the éclair was lodged and there was an almost inaudible *floosh* sound as it squashed and released the cream.

"Well, if you *will* wear *décolleté,*" said the Princess loftily, and went off to look for water and towel. I couldn't wait to report the episode to the gang at the Café de Tournon, so I left the party early.

The *Paris Review* crowd seemed to penetrate all of Paris. The Café de Tournon was the fixed point of reference, the launching pad, but my, how the crowd got around. Once I went to hell-and-gone in the suburbs to eat sorrel soup at a neighborhood billiards parlor, and three of the editors were already there. At the Opera, the Folies Bergères, one stumbled over one or more. The Flea Market, any café, any restaurant. A race of *Dappertutti.* Three of my favorites who had a way of turning up in this fashion were Guy Pène du Bois, his daughter Yvonne, and our own art director Billy Pène du Bois, who never stopped smiling the smile of an elf who knows too much. But it was George Plimpton, John Train, and that still underestimated gifted original, Pati Hill, who all seemed pleased with the gift of bi-location. If I left them at the Coupole bar, they would be back at the Tournon before I was. Did I see them at La Mediterranée with Tom Keogh and Marie-Laure de Noailles? Five minutes later, when I reached the Deux Magots, I'd find them already comfortably ensconced at a sidewalk table.

Pati Hill, as Eugene Walter mentions, was an habitué of the Café de Tournon and the quarter—one of a number of young Americans who had come to Paris at that time to try a hand at writing. Being an ex-model, she was certainly the most glamorous of the writers starting out, but what was unique about her was a fresh and very distinctive writing style

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and discernment. Her abilities were eventually recognized by publishing houses in the U.S. with the acceptance of *The Pit and the Century Plant.* She has been published regularly in the *Review* since the appearance of a story entitled "In the House Where She Was Born" in the second number of the magazine, in 1953. The following sketch about the Paris days is entitled "Writing About Cats."

I thought they were a captivating and tantalizing bunch, but I was living with a jealous Frenchman in a razorblade factory on the outskirts of Paris and they hung out on the Rue de Tournon.

Later, I found a more lenient lover and moved to the Hotel Helvétia opposite *Paris Review* headquarters.

The room I lived in had been occupied by Jean Garrigue and when I went to look at it it was filled with sticks, stones, moss, seeds, wings, thistles, parts of dandelions, parts of pigeon's eggs and snail whorls, etc.

After I moved in it was filled with borrowed gloves and free lipstick samples, but the aura of nesting and deep adventure lingered.

Sally Higginson soon followed wearing a beaver hat, a beaver coat and carrying a beaver muff.

Eugene Walter said "Lawdy" and "La di da" and cooked us southern delicacies over his alcohol burner.

When it began to snow Sally moved to a suite in the Place Vendôme and we had parties on her red plush carpet.

During one of them somebody took my picture staring intently into the eyes of a young serviceman named Robert Silvers.

Neither of us has any eyebrows or eyelashes because a lighted cigarette has just grazed the gas balloon we were holding between our foreheads.

"You like cats—write about cats," said George.

Everything I wrote got printed by the *Paris Review* and

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nothing by Doubleday, Dutton or Little, Brown.

I thought it must not be much of a magazine to publish such doubtful writers.

My French friend assured me it would not last the winter.

In spring George and Bee Dabney came to the country where I was working on my second unpublished novel.

Bee gave me a handmade yoyo and made a beautiful sketch of the house which still hangs on my wall.

No one was ever like Bee Dabney, though some animals look a little like her.

"Anything the leader of ten million people says is bound to be interesting," George insisted.

I failed to appreciate the truth of this.

Last month I began photocopying Versailles.

It had taken me some time to get started at it but if it had not been for George I might never have started at all.

Max Steele and I made an appointment to make torrid love in the afternoon but changed our minds in a welter of papers, I don't remember why.

I remember my walk to his place by the wall of the Ecole Militaire.

I remember everything he writes when he remembers to write.

Last year my daughter, Paola, wrote her first story (about her childhood in a house a few kilometers from where George and Bee visited).

"Try the *Paris Review*," Max advised.

Paola said, "Oh, I thought that was for *professional* writers!"

I more or less remember Natalie Barney. Offering some sort of hot muffins brought in by Alice Toklas, but what is there to remember?

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They were only figures in our landscape, large though Miss Barney always seemed to me.

I believe it was at Natalie Barney's house that I met Alfred Chester. A landscape himself.

The second and only other picture I have of *Paris Review* days shows the staff and some writers in front of the Café de Tournon.

The café has scarcely changed.

I pass it often and once I had a coffee in it with a young person who wanted to know what it was like in my time.

The more we talked the more I could see that we *are* part of a certain time, a certain place. Have become, incredibly, anchored in a *then,* but as soon as I left the bar the people in the picture re-became Us.

And, of course, the *Paris Review* has always been Itself.

One of the writers mentioned in Pati Hill's sketch above is Max Steele. He was a novelist *(Debbie)* and an established short story writer. It was odd to find him in Paris. He hated the city. He hated Paris because the French lived in it. He was in Paris because a woman psychiatrist lived there who was trying to patch him together after a traumatic breakup he had gone through with a girl back in the United States. He was going to leave as soon as the psychiatrist had finished with him. In the meantime, he went seething through Paris. At times he wore a black French policeman's cape he had procured somewhere with a small bar of pig iron in the nape of the neck, which was a regular piece of equipment installed by the Surêté to make the cape an effective weapon to flail at students in street riots. He refused to learn French. The psychiatrist worked on him in broken English. Among other faults, he felt the French had few original ideas; they were toadies and copycats. He would prove it. In cafés he often ordered up an extraordinary drink, calling out in a loud voice

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—so everyone in the place would overhear—for "un Coca-Cola *chaud*" (one of the few sentences in French he had bothered to master). The bartender, after a Gallic shrug or two, would set a glass of Coca-Cola under the nozzle of the steam-infusion machine, pull the handle and the Coca-Cola would smoke like a beaker in the laboratory of a mad scientist. Max Steele was never seen to drink the noxious stuff himself. The purpose of the exercise, and why he raised his voice so, was to get a gullible Frenchman to overhear him and assume that un Coca-Cola *chaud* was *en vogue*. Just the thought of a Frenchman sitting in some café trying to quaff a hot Coca-Cola was enough to get Steele rubbing his hands with glee.

Many writers came through at that time and stayed for as long as they could, because it was Paris, and inexpensive, and they had good company to find. William Styron came through in the spring of 1953 on his way to the Prix de Rome scholarship. He had just written *Lie Down In Darkness,* highly acclaimed in the United States, but in Paris no one knew much about Styron or his book. The Matthiessens took him to a Breton restaurant near their studio-apartment on the Rue Perceval. Ti-Jos the place was called, short for Petit-Joseph, famous in the Quarter for its fine oysters. After a few plates of these and some wine, Styron began to feel lachrymose and homesick for his native Tidewater country. "I ain't got no more resistance to change than a *snow*flake," he told the Matthiessens gloomily. "I'm going back to the James River and farm *pea*nuts."

Styron was not much happier when he reached Rome. "To top off all my woes," he wrote the Matthiessens, "the other night I woke up in the gutter; a boy was standing there pelting me with grapes."

Fortunately, a few months later Styron met Rose Burgunder, a beautiful young poet from Baltimore, and the following spring the two were married in Rome. The Matthiessens,

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who were awaiting the birth of their first child, sent their regrets from Paris. . . upon which Irwin Shaw, who was living in Rome then, sent a telegram: "What do you mean, you're not coming to Rome? Don't you realize that a man only gets married two or three times in his entire life!"

When Art Buchwald, the humorist, arrived in Paris in the early fifties, he checked into a hotel near the Gare St. Lazare which he thought was a hotel, but which turned out to be a brothel.

"At four o'clock in the morning, I looked out of my bedroom and saw a nude Chinese man running down the hall."

"Didn't you think this strange?"

"No, I figured that this was Paris, and that's what Chinese men did here. But you know something? I lived in Paris for fourteen years and I never saw another nude Chinese man run down the hall. Had I known how special it was, I would have taken more of an interest in where he was going and in the sort of place we were."

In the mid-twenties one of the contributory reasons for the number of Americans in France was the favorable rate of monetary exchange. Twenty-five cents could buy a full-course dinner and one could live well for a year on $1500. Malcolm Cowley remembers that a 500-copy run of *Broom,* an important literary publication of the time, cost $25 to print.

Equivalent economic advantages existed in the fifties. A quarter did not go far, but for a dollar, if one looked, a dinner could be had of *biftek, pommes frites,* and a glass or two of wine. A black market flourished, with a high exchange of francs for the U.S. dollar as well as for a carton of cigarettes. Rents were low. A room in a hotel in the student quarter, with a big armoire in which to store one's belongings, could be rented for fifteen dollars a month. There were small hazards, of course, if one lived at this scale. Once, the Editor woke up

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in his Left Bank hotel room to find his arm swollen almost to the size of his thigh, numb, and surprisingly without pain, as if an arm transplant with a circus fat lady had somehow been effected during the night. Very frightened indeed, he found a doctor in the neighborhood and went to him supporting the huge arm as if it were a separate appendage; after being examined he was told that he was suffering from a violent reaction to the bite of an *araignée*.

"A what?" the Editor asked. A French-English dictionary was produced.

"A spider," the doctor said.

The Editor went back to the hotel and showed the evidence to the concierge.

"Look at the huge arm! *(bras enorme!)* It has been attacked by a spider. Your hotel is infested."

"Ah," the concierge said with Gallic calm and with no concern whatsoever. "The *araignée* was not in the hotel. It came through the window!"

Naturally, with expenses so low, and with such a flux of aspiring writers on hand in Paris, it was not surprising that other literary magazines sprung up. Chief among those were Sindbad Vails's *Points* ("A Magazine for the Young Writer") and *Merlin,* whose editors included Austryn Wainhouse, Patrick Bowles, Richard Seaver, and Christopher Logue. Its publisher, Jane Lougee, was a pretty girl with a dark helmet hairstyle. From Limerick, Maine, she lived at the time with *Merlin*'s guiding editor, Alex Trocchi, who had the face of a faun, with odd, pronounced ears. The editors met in the back of a garage where the magazine had its "offices." The contents were much closer to the *engagé* French counterparts such as *Les Temps Modernes*—an amalgam of existentialism, avant-garde, and politically and socially oriented essays and fiction. Indeed, *Merlin* had an arrangement with Jean-Paul Sartre, the editor/publisher of *Les Temps Modernes*, by

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which he allowed its editors to print anything they wanted from his magazine. *Merlin* was also distinguished for how much Beckett it printed. In addition, it published (very much like its literary forebears of the Twenties) pungent and all-encompassing manifestos: "Merlin will hit at all clots of rigid categories in criticism and life, and at all that is unintelligibly partisan." The magazine published four numbers.

Sindbad Vail, on the other hand, was more interested in what his magazine pronounced on its cover—a magazine for young writers. He came from an appropriate-enough literary background: his father, Laurence Vail had been one of the sixteen to sign the surrealist proclamation which appeared in *transition* and ended with the famous line, "the plain reader be damned." *Points* ran for five years. A memorable issue of the magazine was one with a yellow cover to which the printer had forgotten to add the proper fixative, so that the cover *came off* on whatever surface it was laid upon—a coffee table for instance—and left its imprint behind. . . a kind of instant advertising hardly to be matched until the spray paint cans of the 1960's.

A number of the writers on the Left Bank made a substantial amount of money (a thousand dollars a book) writing pornographic novels for Maurice Girodias's Travellers Companion series, which was an offshoot of his Olympia Press. Alex Trocchi, the editor of *Merlin,* was among the more prolific. He wrote novels; he did translations, among them, Apollinaire's *Onze Mille Vierges.* Late in the evening, on occasion, Trocchi would stand on a table in the Café Bonaparte and recite parts of the translation he had just completed—his Scottish accent softening the scatology so that the readings were more charming than startling. Friends would ask Alex in the streets: "Is there a reading tonight? Have you finished Chapter Four?"

During this time Trocchi wrote a serious novel entitled *Young Adam* which had as its background the gang wars on the Glasgow canals. While the manuscript was doing the

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rounds of U.S. publishers, Trocchi found himself in need of funds; he spent a number of days dirtying up passages of *Young Adam,* and adding a requisite scene or two for Girodias. No sooner was *Young Adam* published as a Travellers Companion (Girodias was able to do this very quickly), than Trocchi received notice from a Boston publisher that his novel had been accepted. To his despair, Trocchi found himself having to explain that the manuscript had been substantially altered and was no longer available.

Usually the writers used pseudonyms for their Girodias efforts, or d.b.'s ("dirty books") as they were called. Trocchi's was Frances Lengel, and under that name in addition to *Young Adam* he wrote *Helen and Desire, The Carnal Days of Helen Seferis,* and *White Thighs.* Other pseudonyms included Count Palmiro Vicarion (Christopher Logue), Faustino Perez, and someone who wrote under the name Wu Wu Meng. The most famous of the Traveller Companion Series, other than the Henry Miller "classics," was the parody of *Candide* written by Terry Southern and Mason Hoffenberg and published in 1958. It was entitled *Candy* and sold, as did all its ilk, for 3.75 francs (75 cents). Its famous line, "Give me your hump!" was a form of greeting one heard around the cafés at that time.

The Editor tried to write such a novel for Girodias. It was based on Robert Louis Stevenson's *The Suicide Club*. . . with the difference that the bored club members, rather than killing themselves off, committed frightening sexual indignities. There was a dreadful character in it with a steel hook for an arm. Bee burst into tears reading it—to think that she was having anything to do with anyone with such a demented turn of mind! Girodias did not like it either. He had never turned down anything anybody in the literary colony wrote for him, but two chapters of this thing of the Editor's were quite enough.

Since there were almost as many artists drawn to Paris by the prevailing economic circumstances, the *Review* hoped to

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enlist their skills to improve the looks of the magazine. This in itself was an innovation in literary magazine formats which traditionally focused entirely on print, so that, however perky its title, the typical literary magazine with the contents listed on the cover and the gray pages of text within always looked like a copy of the *Columbia Law Review.*

The art editor enlisted for this was William Pène du Bois, primarily known for his illustrations of prize-winning children's books. His father, who also lived in Paris, was Guy Pène du Bois, famed from another era, primarily as a representative of the Ash-Can School. He was among the artists that his son asked to contribute to the magazine. A Guy Pène du Bois line-drawing of Francois Mauriac illustrates the author's interview which appeared in the second number of the *Paris Review.*

Other artists were persuaded to illustrate the fiction and to provide art portfolios. Du Bois *fils* did the covers of the first four numbers and then realizing that this *pro bono* labor might engage him into perpetuity he assigned the task to others. One of the du Bois contributions which created a considerable stir in the early days was a portfolio of twenty-odd pages of line drawings from the Livres d'Or of Paris—the large guest books kept by restaurants for the signatures of dignitaries and often sketches by artists, sometimes in payment for a dinner. In one Livres d'Or, du Bois discovered an extraordinary Toulouse-Lautrec line-drawing of a horse...which *Life Magazine* subsequently republished across two of its pages.

Billy Pène du Bois, reminiscing about those early days, has written three little pieces which follow.

EGGS

My wife Jane and I had had the good fortune to be lent a complete house and garden along with a toolshed in the middle of Paris. Plimpton stayed with us for a while. He unfolded himself, clown-like, from a Fiat Topolino. He was wearing a short Aristide Bruant cape, a red scarf and a snap

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brim fedora. It was a cold wet winter in Paris, and George slept in the toolshed with seventy-odd live alley cats. One could easily spot one of George's girlfriends: her anatomy was criss-crossed with cat scratches.

The rent for the house was paid up for six months by a State Department employee who had been transferred to another country. The place came with a freezer full of hot dogs and a cupboard jammed tight with tinned baked beans, emergency rations in case of a communist takeover. The U.S. State Department thinks along those lines. William Styron got wind of this and appeared one morning, reached in his suit coat pocket from which he extracted an egg and said, "I have here a very fresh egg. Could not the three of us make it into a lunch?" This literary query had an Arabian Nights ring to it. "I have here seven grains of semolina. Let the three of us now sit to a feast of couscous!" The three of us sat to plates of hot dogs and baked beans. William Styron came to our house six days in a row, each time with a very fresh egg in his suit coat pocket. Each time we gave him hot dogs and baked beans. Then on the seventh day he came empty-handed so we made an omelette.

TRAIN

John Pell Coster Train next arrived in Paris, staked out his territory like a wolf, and challenged all comers to fifteen rounds of caustic badinage. He was the only one of us with a thin silver pen and pencil set, a Patek Philippe watch and three-piece suit made of matching material, so we made him managing editor.

POET AND PAUPER

Literary magazine people never work. They spend hours on end playing pinball machines in cafés.

The most memorable poet of those early days was not the well-fed Donald Hall but a lean and hungry English lad named Christopher Logue. Christopher Logue lived in a dirty duffle coat and a pair of skinny trousers which were creased

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like the tissue-paper wrapping of a sipping straw when one pushes it to one end to remove it. He wore dangerously pointed shoes which were called periwinkle-pickers. He had a warm smile which revealed a complete set of unmatched teeth.

One sunny summer day when Paris cafés accordion-pleat their fronts, opening up from sidewalk to back wall and bar, Christopher Logue, Sindbad Vail and I were taking turns at a pinball machine. With beers at the bar, Sindbad and I were watching Christopher Logue working the machine closely to tilt and furiously activating its flippers. I believe he had dropped but one ball, had three to go, when a rachitic tattered crone, right out of a Gavarni drawing, bent double over a stout stick, ever so painfully dottered up to starboard of the pinball machine.

Without missing a flip, Christopher Logue noticed this apparition, and then spotted the object of her quest—a ten centime piece she had dropped lying on the barroom floor close by the machine. Quick as a rattlesnake, a skinny foot of his dangerously shod in a periwinkle-picker, shot out and smothered the coin. "Good God!" Sindbad Vail shouted. He could see beyond his mother's millions—the Guggenheim fortunes—into the more fragile aspects of a fellow human being. The bartender, showing incredible nimbleness, vaulted the bar, grabbed Christopher Logue and held him aloft. The old hag bent and picked up the coin and plunked on out into the sunshine. Red with rage, the barman shook Christopher Logue, who in turn, still hanging on to its sides, shook the pinball machine which in turn made a pistol-shot sound indicating that a free game had just been won.

Christopher Logue never got to play his free game. The three of us quickly split, not daring to look back. It was the first time any one of us had been called a *sale énergumène.*

The Editor remembers the State Department official who owned the house with the toolshed William describes in the first sketch. One night at dinner with the du Bois the official

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told a story.

In New Mexico, apparently, he had attended the funeral of Duff Twysden, who was the real-life model for Lady Brett from Ernest Hemingway's *The Sun Also Rises.* The pallbearers had been gathered hastily—in the heat it was important to get the deceased underground as quickly as possible—and at the top of a long slope of cathedral steps in the small hill town where she had died one of them stumbled and lost his balance badly enough so that the others began to collapse and they let go their hold on the coffin. It bounced once and then opened. Lady Twysden emerged. She did not crumple on the steps as one might imagine of a lifeless corpse. The State Department official's eyes widened as he described the awful descent of the shrouded figure, stiff, so that it vaulted from step to step in increasing bounds toward the small knot of mourners at the base of the cathedral steps, the winding sheet unraveling and trailing like a vast scarf behind. "If you had known her as I did," he said, "it seemed absolutely appropriate that she came for us in that flamboyant way. Shall I tell you what I did? I turned and ran."

John Marquand Jr. (his pen-name was John Phillips which he used to dissociate himself from his famous father) became an advisory editor of the *Paris Review* at its founding in 1953. He did very much what one hoped of an advisor. The magazine published his own fiction ("Bleat Blodgette" and "The Engines of Hygeia"); he was the co-interviewer of Lillian Hellman for her contribution to the craft-of-writing series; he discovered for the magazine a long-neglected novella by Malcolm Lowry, *Lunar Caustic.* Furthermore, in his capacity as a social historian, he kept a quizzical eye on the activities of the *Review* personnel, most of whom were his good friends. What follows is a memoir of the earlier days:

Long ago in 1951 the literary critic John Aldridge, who

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some predicted would be the new Edmund Wilson, published *After the Lost Generation*. That was, to my knowledge, the first appraisal of the writers who "came of age in World War Two." It considered Norman Mailer, Truman Capote, Gore Vidal and others: how they stacked up against Hemingway, Dos Passos, Fitzgerald and the rest. These contemporaries did not stack up well, alas, in Aldridge's basilisk eye, though that assessment hardly mattered once you'd read the critic's melancholy estimate of the original Lost Generation. And as to his opinions of the expatriate epigoni who gathered in Paris in 1952 for the Founding of the *Paris Review*, Aldridge was mercifully silent.

One drew from that book a strong inference that by forsaking their native soil for Paris and other parts of Europe the 1920s generation had copped out somehow on their obligations to American letters. Perhaps a result of their inconsistency was the succeeding generation's utter lack of moral values. Moral Values and our dearth of the same were of great importance to Aldridge, and I, for one, was determined to seek them out. At about the same time I had read as entertainment of a lesser order the autobiography of a big game hunter in what used to be French Equatorial Africa. Since I planned to abandon my country and its literature for at least a year, it struck me that it might be possible to seek for Moral Values in French Equatorial Africa. I discussed the idea with my friend Thomas H. Guinzburg, who also was preparing to go abroad. Tom agreed to join me in this quest.

Africa, we decided, would be our ultimate destination, but before we went there Tom had something to do in Paris. He said he was supposed to be starting a little magazine in that city: he and some people named Plimpton, Matthiessen and Humes. It sounded like a law firm, but Tom said it was a magazine and it was going to publish the best new writers available. Plainly Tom had not read John Aldridge; he did not understand that the last place to find moral values would be among "new young writers," especially in Paris. Nonetheless Tom's heart was set upon this venture: the closest we ever got

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to Africa and the jungles teeming with values and wild beasts was on the Rue de la Croisette in Cannes, the City of Flowers and Fashionable Sports, where we remarked a flamboyant blonde leading an ocelot on a leash.

In early November, 1952, Tom Guinzburg and I flew from New York to Paris, arrriving at Orly on a dank and chilly morning. George Plimpton met us; he was more gaunt and exhausted than I have seen him since. His nose was red and running, he wore no overcoat but a very long white evening scarf (silk, I'm certain) that dangled the not inconsiderable distance from his throat to his knees. Peter Matthiessen also was there to greet us. We four drove into town in a Volkswagen, with Plimpton at the wheel. This slight vehicle had recently collided with a larger one and had been restored but partially to the condition in which George had acquired it from its titular owner, Harold Humes, who had returned to New York after a long time in Paris, the City of Lights.

"Partially" restored I say because the new fenders bore only a rust-colored priming coat that contrasted angrily with the mauve painted chassis. Equally conspicuous, it seems, were the irregular license plates, and there must have been something conspicuous, too, about George's driving. On the outskirts of the city we were stopped by a motorcycle patrol, two big French cops in goggles, crash helmets, and black leather.

George uncoiled from the cramped front seat and rose like a jack-in-the-box onto the highway. If he was not so robust as they, he was surely taller than the glowering policemen. Grinning his "aw, shoot" grin, lanky and amiable as Jimmy Stewart, George bid the officers a disarming "Bonjour." There followed an exchange of courtesies, then George was asked for his passport and for the papers to the car. "Passport?" said George. I see him again as he stood on the highway, smiling vaguely now; he sounded surprised and perhaps affronted, as though he'd never *talked* to a policeman. "I must have left my passport at home," said George.

Peter Matthiessen sat beside me in the back of the Volks-

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wagen. I asked why George did not at least produce the papers which proved the car belonged to Humes. "I regret to say the papers are forged," said Peter. So we sat, Peter, Tom Guinz and I, and let our vague and graceful driver talk softly to the policemen in the French language. What is your occupation? I am a student. A student of what? "A student of Beaux Arts," George simply said; and that was all, they waved us on. What other man, embroiled with a traffic cop, would have the elegance to identify himself as a student of Beaux Arts?

Through the long winter I was repeatedly impressed by the sang-froid and savoir-faire with which the Founders of this journal withstood the lack of moral values. They knew their way around town better than I and that bothered me; I was jealous. I had been in France long before them—while a soldier, if you please, during the Second World War. It was hard to make my point without sounding vainglorious, and yet I wanted them to know that I, too, had been in Paris. I had roamed the Place Pigalle when we soldier chauvinists called it Pig Alley and GIs in filthy fatigues and muddy boots were hauled in from the front by six-by-six trucks and dumped loose on a forty-eight hour pass. The whores gathered at the truck stops to select the evening's clients, removing a man's helmet liner, running fingers through his scalp to check for lice. In wartime, in that sea of cocksmen, the Angels of Pig Alley could afford to be choosy. "Il n'est pas beau," you heard them say. "Hier soir j'avais un beau cheri." I was keen in my recollection of such details but the jaded sophisticates of the *Paris Review* found them mostly boring. They said, "Tell us some war stories, John."

George Plimpton, a bachelor like Guinzo and myself, was more indulgent of my nostalgia. I listened to him describe Paris by night; he talked of the Maison des Langues, where a naked mark was massaged with banana oil and the oil licked slowly off his skin by a squad of barebottomed teenyboppers, and of *partouzes* and *spectacles* and *cinemas couchons* for voyeurs of most any predilection, but chiefly of the city's im-

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memorial bordels that had supplied material for many a visiting writer, including Thomas Wolfe and Arthur Koestler. Well, why not Plimp and me?

The Hotel Bar Americain, at Pigalle, was a fair sample of the bawdy world to which George appointed himself my cicerone. He led me into dim-lighted room with a bar and tables and beyond that a parlor in which the patronne assembled the personnel for the ritual of "le choix." The six or eight girls appeared in the parlor not at all *en negligée,* nor rouged nor coiffed nor remotely like a Lautrec poster: they were attired like the insipid, Metro-riding shoppers they very likely were by daylight. None would remove her clothes until a bargain was struck and she was alone with her mark in a little room upstairs. It was in defiance of this decorum that one evening I sought to act out for George a tale I'd heard about the orgiastic ways of the French Foreign Legion. In a burst of ribaldry I clapped my hands and ordered champagne for the house. The bottles were popped and poured for all—for the choix, the patronne, the beefy barmaid and the wrinkled crone who served as upstairs maid. We all drank down and I bellowed for more, and I pounded the bar and I yelled, *"A poil! A poil! Tout le monde à poil!"* And yet for all my urging not a button in the house, not a zipper came unfastened. I pounded and I bellowed, and still to no avail. George looked amused but all those scarlet women merely whooped with mirth.

"You're crazy, big spender," Chantal breathed in my ear. For Chantal was my companion's name; Plimpton had chosen the more amenable Claudine, who had anyway removed a shoe. "You are completely mad." Not at all, I said: this was how they did things in the Foreign Legion. "You want to join the Legion?" Chantal challenged. "Okay babee. *Je suis à toi.*" If I really were a big spender and a sexual Tarzan, I could prove it to her alone upstairs, just us two. Then we were at last in our little room and just as Chantal was about to reveal her charms and I to demonstrate my manhood, Plimpton's Claudine burst open our door in a fury. She commenced to shriek

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at Chantal that *her* American had no money, not a sou; she had gone through his trousers. Then I beheld long George Plimpton in his Brooks Brothers underpants seated boyishly on a bed in the room across the hall, while Claudine in her *soutien-gorge* repeated to Chantal that George had said I was a very rich and magnanimous john on my first night in town and that *I* would gladly finance the evening's revel: Chantal, champagne, pattonne, barmaid, crone, *and* Claudine. Both women began demanding that I make good George's commitment then and there or the patronne would call the cops. And George smiled vaguely, sadly throughout, with his "aw, shoot" dreamer's smile, as the boulevardiers' idyll in the chambers of Venus was terminated in pandemonium and bankruptcy, and with it my most searing experience of the advent of the *Paris Review*.

Among my first mentors on the scene was Terry Southern—a silent, inscrutable presence on the Boulevard Saint Germain. Night after night he sat with one or more equally inscrutable friends like Aram ("Al") Avakian, a jazz enthusiast, and embryo film-maker, in the Old Navy café and stared at our table of earnest Ivy Leaguers. The Old Navy, across the Boulevard from the Place Mabillon and the Odéon Metro station, was not in fact a câfé but a pedestrian bar-tabac. It provided bitter coffee, watery beer, wines and digestifs and a couple of prewar pinball machines trademarked in Chicago. I suppose its quaint English name derived from a brand of cigarettes that might have been popular when the authentic Lost Generation was in town and when expatriates hung out in the famous places named Flore, Deux Magots, Dôme, Coupole. The Navy was certainly not where you would have met Sylvia Beach or James Joyce when they were into little magazines, but it was where Terry Southern and Al Avakian hobnobbed with bizarre companions talking a strange—"hey, man," "ho, man," "aw, man," "man!"—patois. Not the speech of Archibald MacLeish or E.M. Forster who were friends of the *Paris Review*.

If after many evenings of being solemnly scrutinized by

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Terry in those cramped premises one tried to acknowlege his presence with an overture of any form—an innocent wave or friendly nod, or wink or mere "hi there"—which could be construed as collegiate and uncalled for, it was mercilessly ignored. There was no penetrating that Texas cool. Eagerly we mistook Terry for a "hipster." One's search for values had not overlooked the seminal essay by Chandler Brossard on the hipster's subculture which appeared well before Ginsberg's *Howl* or Mailer's *The White Negro.* We believed we had come near to new existential mysteries that might be vouchsafed us if only we interlopers played our cards right and kept our cool in the Old Navy.

One was particularly seized by a young poeticule who had recently returned from Rabat. There he'd had a disappointing love affair. His girlfriend had bitten off the lobe of his ear. He carried that morsel of his flesh preserved in salt inside a metal jujube box. This *flâneur* and singularly unfavored youth was a cynosure for us apprentices to Bohemia with our buttondown collars and rolled-up sleeves, coughing in the fumes of our Gauloises Bleus. To be sure the frazzled sandalfoot was as American as apple pie—his father may have been a member of the Century Club or a realtor in Tenafly, N.J.—but for us he was from another galaxy. The Rabat nightmare, the lover's wound, the poet's air all made him a Rimbaudian figure. "A mythological literary type," we said.

Compared to Terry Southern's banditi this one was positively gregarious. He said "Hello"; he let us see the salted earlobe. And he had a connection with the Orient that enhanced a literary person's respect for the self-damned nature of the artist, his dedication to the systematic derangement of the senses. A friend of his had flown in from Hanoi with tins of liquid opium, which he spooned like honey down his throat and poured over the couscous on which he fed in Arab restaurants. The result was further to relax his superego and free him to confront his daemon. He divulged his innermost aesthetics in a flash: "You have to burn out. Burn out, baby. Go beyond art."

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As an Advisory Editor of the *Paris Review* it was my duty to save for posterity a dark soul's oeuvre before his renunciation of Literature was complete. I hoped to send on to the Poetry Editor something to match *Un Saison en enfer.* I urged this *maudit* to show me a bit of manuscript. So it was that as dawn was breaking over the Old Navy I was suddenly handed a greasy page executed in green ink by a meticulous Palmer method penman.

Into The Funk
Gotta get into the Funk
Debunk
Debunk Art
Like Henry Miller would do

These are only the lines I can recall. That the rest are now lost to us is a fact for which I carry the blame. A certain slovenliness of procedure prevailed at the Founding of this periodical. Manuscripts were mislaid, sometimes indefinitely, in cafés and public lavoratories. Although in later years, as the names of cultivated housewives in Westchester and the Hamptons swelled the masthead, and the Advisory Editors' roster reached its present telephone-directory proportions, manuscripts have slipped unread and unnoticed for months beneath Frigidaires and Exercycles, these are often recovered.

Advisory editing was a lot tougher in the early days. I was so struck in the impact of that verse that the page fluttered from my fingers and try as I sincerely did I never found it on the floor. The only copy of "Into the Funk," and a holograph at that, may still be retrievable from some cockroach crevice in the Old Navy, but I don't think so.

My consternation for the vanished page was however immensely relieved by, of all people, Terry Southern. Terry had observed the furtive submission of the Ms. and the suspiciously abrupt disappearance of its bearer outside into the existential dawn on the Boulevard St. Germain.

"It's not worth looking for," the Texan said rather loudly,

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the first sentence I ever heard him say. "It's the work of a false poet. *Un faux artiste.* AND I SAY GOOD RIDDANCE TO THEM BOTH. It was a plagiarism, you know. A RANK PLAGIARISM." To my astonishment he cleared his throat and chanted in a voice like Dylan Thomas, the above quatrain from "Into the Funk" verbatim. "That no-good stole it. Stole it every word from my dear friend Al Avak. Avak is a poet at heart," said Terry and he bowed smartly to the proud moustached person at his side.

But we were going to publish Terry Southern, strange as he was. Those who knew Terry Southern best were careful not to tell us that when he first came to Paris under the G.I. Bill, slender and silent as the owl he kept for a pet in his rented room, Terry had been about as callow as the rest of us. He had worn a necktie then, tied in a big Windsor knot, and a blue pin stripe suit with wide padded shoulders. His persona had not yet developed into the aloof enigma one met in the Old Navy.

A new generation hardly born in that epoch is inheriting this erratic but stoutly enduring quarterly. In Paris there was an oracular figure, older than we, and wiser, who haunted all the night places where we sat. He wore jodhpurs and riding boots and hawked religious pamphlets which he promised as our salvation. None of us ever accepted a pamphlet. To us this proselytizer was just another figment of the Paris fun. We hooted and jeered at his approach. He always went away, but at the door he'd turn and face into our derision and declare, "God's truth: *"La jeunesse passe."*

The Editor remembers the evening Marquand describes in the Place Pigalle bordello quite differently—namely that Marquand newly arrived in Paris and flush with the proceeds of a book-club sale of his novel, *The Second Happiest Day,* got carried away and purchased not only champagne for everyone in the Hotel American Bar but the *entire house* itself and everybody in it to do with exactly as he wished for one hour. Word got out into the streets that an *fou americain* was doing

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this; quite a few *poules* came rushing in from the neighborhood beats to see what they could garner from his largesse. The Editor remembers the giggling from an upstairs room where John sat amongst them. The Editor remained below, sitting decorously in the parlor chatting with the Madame while the girls hurried in from the streets. He remembers one in particular—a huge 250-pounder whose name was either La Blanche or La Maison Blanche...he believes it was the former name, though the latter would be more accurate. She was enormous; he recalls the loud rustle of silk from her voluminous dress as she swept by on tiny stilt-like heels. He remembers the squawk of dismay drifting down the stairwell at the moment, presumably, when La Maison Blanche presented herself at the doorway to Marquand's room, clearing her throat to let everyone in there know that she had arrived.

Many people felt that the *Paris Review* was somehow involved with the C.I.A. as a recipient of its funds through the agency of the Congress for Cultural Freedom. That was not true, though over the years it has been very hard to shake the rumor. Terry Southern, who was in Paris in the 50's, the young Texan described in John Marquand's chronicle and then beginning his literary career, came around the office a number of times and recently recalled *his* suspicions, thus:

For many years, one of our senior staffers was employed (as were many other *Review* staffers) as a top operative in Paris with both the KGB *and* the CIA—using the *Review* and its literary activities as his "cover." I first became aware of the whole cloak-and-dagger business at the *Review* when, as I was entering the offices one afternoon, I caught a fleeting glimpse of two figures, in *trench coats,* atop one of our large editorial desks, writhing in what was clearly an impassioned sexual embrace—"going at it," in point of fact, like a pair of maddened wart hogs. Their conduct in itself was not unusual. The *Review*

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offices were certainly no stranger to excess in every form —indeed, the great din and clatter, the flailing and thrashing, the ceaseless torrent of "oohs" and "aahs" emanating from *Review* offices, and audible to passersby and in adjacent shops, was a *vrai scandale* and a source of the deepest chagrin to many of us. Great God, when I think back on the number of *éclairs, Napoleons, frou-frous* and other *friandises variés* sent crashing to the floor of the neighboring pâtisserie, from the hands of the startled customer or patronne in response to the blood-curdling ecstatic shriek of one of the *Review* girls, "LE VOILA! CA Y'EST! AIEE-EEE!!" which all too frequently resounded from one end of the Rue Vernet to the other...I should have perceived however, (and doubtless *would* have, had not my senses been dulled to torpor by P. Matthiessen—if, indeed, that *is* his name—and his damnable wog-hemp!) that this "coupling" was no casual "bit of the old in-and-out," as our editor-in-chief called it, but more. Their garb—*trench coats* (collars turned up, belted, buttoned—*partially* buttoned) was, of course, the real clue. In my näiveté, however, I assumed that some of the more impressionable members of our crowd had fallen under the influence (hopefully brief) of the multi-national group known simply as "Les Amis" or more fully as "Les Amis du Toile Caoutchouctique"—a fairly odd lot, in my view, whose tastes and practices involving "rubberized-canvas" were enjoying a certain vogue among the Quality Lit Crowd.

The first publisher of the *Paris Review* was Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, half-brother to Aly Khan, and the second son of the famous potentate H.R.H. Aga Khan, who occasionally put himself on a pair of scales and was paid his weight in various forms of tender, as a kind of tribute by his Ismaili Muslim followers. Sadri—as everyone knew him—was Harvard-educated, on the *Lampoon* there, and interested in arts and letters and those of his contemporaries who practiced them. He was persuaded to take on the role of publisher in 1954 during the running of the bulls in the summer of that

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year in Pamplona—being asked by the Editor as the two stood in the cobblestoned streets, waiting for the rocket to go up down by the pens signifying that the bulls had been let loose. It was an unfair time to ask anything of anybody...since what one wanted to do was rid the mind of everything except the thought of what was in the street and coming up behind. So Sadri said yes quickly ("Oh, for God's sake, yes!") and then concentrated on his running technique.

His name appeared at the top of the masthead in the *Paris Review* #8. He rarely came to the offices. He was busy representing his father in their constituencies around the world. But if it had not been for a financial commitment, the *Review* could not have continued. The sum was not at all large by publishing standards, but it was enough not only to keep the magazine alive in Paris, but to generate a sense that he was there to help should the need arise.

In 1956 he married an astonishingly beautiful girl, Nina Dyer, the former Baroness Von Thyssen. She had a black panther that she walked at the end of a leash. She would lie on her back on the beach with the panther on top of her, his paws crossed at her throat, looking down into her face with his yellow eyes. T'Iamo, the panther's name was. He had very little to do with anyone other than the Princess.

She had an amazing affinity with animals. The Editor saw a goat try to climb into her lap at Sadruddin's château-farm outside Paris. The Japanese representatives to Vichy who had lived there during the Occupation had planted oriental trees and shrubbery and built a teahouse on the grounds, but after the collapse of Vichy the place was deserted and had been let to grow over. The driveway was choked with vegetation, like a woodland path. The Editor drove out with the Prince in his sports car, its top up, and as the car moved carefully down the driveway, it was through a caress of willow boughs, heavy with rain, the droplets spattering on the leather of the car seats beside them and on the back of their necks.

The Princess came out of the château with a crowd of dogs with her. Close in beside her was a pair of Afghans, so that it

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was impossible to see her feet on the cobblestone; it looked as if she were being borne along by the dogs, one hand resting slightly on one of their backs. As she reached the side of the car, a parrot flew out of the darkness of the château door behind her—a macaw...tail feathers streaming, wings beating frantically, and for an instant the Editor thought it was going to land on her shoulder simply to embellish this scene of her extraordinary rapport with animals. But he flew in a wide circle above the courtyard and disappeared back into the gloom of the château.

The interior was in the process of being decorated. In the Great Hall the only piece of furniture was a wooden-legged card table at which the three ate lunch. The great dogs lay about, staring at the Princess, their elbows scrabbling and knocking on the stone floor as they shifted nervously about. The parrot was underfoot, the eerie sound of his claws clicking against the stone as he went from one table-leg to another, wiping his beak sharply on one, and then gnawing on other. The Editor tried to contain his nervousness, his toes curled inside his shoes, but the Princess seemed as relaxed as if the parrot by her feet was as harmless as a fallen napkin. It felt safer outside when they went to see her black panther in his cage, and the goats.

Their lives changed, Sadri's father died. The marriage fell apart. Sadri's responsibilities, and his sense of them, increased. His wide knowledge of global problems was recognized with his appointment by U Thant, then Secretary General of the U.N., as High Commissioner for Refugees. But despite his great responsibilities the *Review* always seemed to remain an involvement. When Sadri gave his first speech to the General Assembly a press release placed on the desk of each delegate made special mention of his publishing position with the *Paris Review.*

When the new publisher took on the financial obligations of the *Review*, they were in truth small—not more than $500 owed to the printer on the Rue Sablière—but his presence on

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the masthead gave a great sense of stability to the magazine. Also of considerable importance was that he persuaded his father, the Aga Khan, to establish an annual fiction prize. His father not only set up the prize but entered the competition with two entries of his own. They arrived in white vellum folders—short stories of considerable if somewhat antique charm, both markedly influenced by his close friend and neighbor in the South of France, Somerset Maugham. The Aga Khan was not discouraged that the judges (Brendan Gill, Hiram Haydn, and Saul Bellow) passed over his stories; he again offered the prize the following year (though no further stories of his appeared at the office in the mail) and his son has continued the prize in his name to the present day.

There was another important award whose beneficiaries appeared in the magazine—the Gertrude Vanderbilt Humor Prize. This award (of 1000 dollars) was established in 1959 by the wife of Harold S. Vanderbilt, the financier and America's Cup yachtsman, to help alleviate the solemn tone of contemporary fiction. She never laughed at the stories which won the prize bearing her name. She read them dutifully when they appeared, "hoping for a little guffaw" (as she put it), but she always came away disappointed. Nonetheless, she never renounced the idea of the prize itself, though on occasion the editors' choices seemed almost obdurate. An early winner of the award, for example, was Terry Southern's "Grand Guy Grand"—about the bizarre behavior of a billionaire who squanders his money in the most irresponsible and eccentric manner imaginable. Mrs. Vanderbilt sighed when she finished the story and wondered why Southern had not included as one of his character's lunatic traits that of helping a small literary publication.

The Quat'zarts Ball is held in early July. Members of the *Paris Review* staff were occasionally invited by the French art students who give the affair. The march to the site of the Bal

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started in the early evening. Just about any kind of excessive behavior was condoned that day. There was always a motif... with a costume to suit it, which very often came off during the march. The paraders, semi-nude, would break way and help themselves to food and drink from people sitting in the street-side cafés. All of this was treated with resigned amusement by the Paris populace. They gave up their glasses of wine with a shrug. The police behaved. It only lasted for 24 hours—from noon to noon the next day. A college friend of the Editor's went up to Montmartre after the Quat'zarts one year and sat naked on a bar stool, chatting merrily with people coming in for breakfast or an aperitif, until at noon a *flic* sauntered in and told him politely that the twenty-four hours of the Quat'zarts were over: it was time to get dressed. He took a taxi, which the doorman at his hotel paid for, and he went naked through the lobby up to his room. Everyone knew that on that day it was nothing out of the ordinary.

The tradition had gone on for years. In the twenties as many as three thousand people attended them...in huge ballrooms such as the Luna Park at the Porte d'Auteuil. Harry and Caresse Crosby—the glittering voluptuaries described in Malcolm Cowley's *Exile's Return* and Geoffrey Wolff's *Black Sun*—went every year from 1923 until 1929. In 1923, Crosby returned from the Bal (as Wolff described it) "drunk and naked in a taxi, having been removed from his Roman toga, his underdrawers, and his money." In 1926 the motif was Incan, and Crosby, painted in red ochre, went wearing a necklace of three dead pigeons, while his young wife, Caresse, arrived with him at the Salle Wagram barebreasted, wearing a turquoise wig; she was paraded around the ballroom in the jaws of a papier-maché dragon. The next year (the motif was Cambodian) Crosby went painted green; he increased the number of dead pigeons in his necklace to seven, and he carried along ten live snakes in a bag. Two days later Crosby wrote his mother "...at about one o'clock it was WILD men and women stark naked dancing people rushing to and fro... From our loge I opened the sack and down dropped the ten

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serpents. Screams and shouts. Yet later in the evening I sat next to a plump girl who was suckling one of the serpents. Dear me! Somewhere about two o'clock lovely nude models ivory-white against a black velvet curtain standing upon a dais. Deafening applause."

The motif was Hun the last year Crosby went (six months later he killed himself and his mistress, Josephine Bigelow, in a studio in New York City's Hotel des Artistes); after the Bal he awoke to find himself one of seven in bed, not counting the family whippet, Narcisse, and a stranger standing in the corner in a pale blue undershirt playing "Paris C'est une Blonde" over and over again on a phonograph machine. Crosby described all this in letters to his mother.

The Editor went to the Bal de Quat'zarts a few times. He did not describe the evenings to his mother. Sometimes, he could not remember enough to describe if he had wished to. But it seemed very much like what it had been like in Crosby's time.

One summer the Editor went with a group which included some of the *Merlin* crowd—its editor, Alex Trocchi, his girl, Jane Lougee, Christopher Logue, and some others. The theme that year was Greek. Everyone wore sheets cut to tunic length.

It was at the Wagram. At ten, after the march was over, the doors were shut, locked, and they would not be opened again until dawn. The crowd milled around the dimly-lit hall. Those who wished to remove themselves from the hectic goings-on that would begin below peered down from the boxes and balcony-seats.

Order was kept by a group of art students whose bodies were painted from head to foot in black ochre. The *cadré noir* this contingent was called; it moved together in a tight bunch, rapidly, through the vast straw-strewn rooms carrying long wooden staves which were used to pry young couples apart if either member seemed to be objecting to the other. The *cadré noir* were duty-bound not to drink, so that their judgment in such cases would not be impaired. Nobody else was bound by such requirements; many of the celebrants wore

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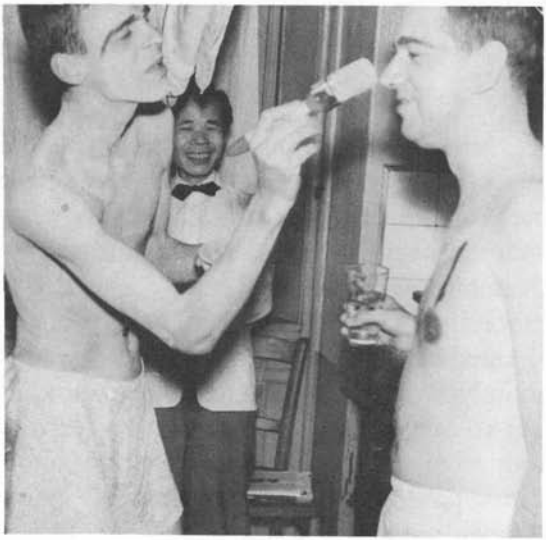

Preparing for the Quat'zart Bal... GAP (at left) touching up the nose of Whitney Tower, then a correspondent for the Cincinnati Enquirer, *subsequently an editor/writer at* Sports Illustrated.

There seemed to be a certain amount of dressing up. Eddie Morgan and Eugene Walter, on the left and right respectively, flank a group which includes John Train (in the Arab head-dress), Bee Dabney in the pierrot costume with the champagne bottle and glass, GAP wearing a false burnt-cork mustache. The man in the foreground wearing the hat (there was quite a lot of wearing of hats as well) is Bill Whitehead, who was then the self-confessed world's greatest expert on Hollywood B-films about pirates, and is now a professor in the Midlands.

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tin cups to drink from that hung from chains or thongs around their necks. The cups thumped on their naked chests as the frenzy of the dance began.

The music for the dancing was provided by a military band that sat safely out of harm's way up in the second balcony. The music blatted down—much of it from tubas and other horns...a kind of military stomp. The dancing was indecorous, and often disintegrated into long crack-the-whip lines...a file of half-naked dancers and *snap*! the two or three at the end would sail off on the fly into the straw heaps set about around the circumference of the hall.

At one point in the evening, each of the ateliers performed a "spectacle" up in one of the boxes or, for the larger effects, on scaffolding constructed in the balcony. Invariably, what was illuminated in the beam of a searchlight was a kind of "living statue" tableau. A grand prize was offered for the most spectacular. One of the ateliers suspended a naked girl spread-eagled high in the hall. The searchlight discovered her and the crowd gasped. She was painted a cerulean blue from head to foot. Because of the shadows in the dome above her she appeared to hang in the air without support...as if suspended by the volume of air she had inhaled in fright at being up so high: the whites of her eyes glinted in the searchlight glare. When the spot on her went off, the crowd below, staring up, began to call for her again, "La Bleu, la Bleu!" and the searchlight suddenly blazed anew, but the place high in the gloom of the hall where she had been suspended was empty; the harsh blue-white beam poked around the hall looking for her, illuminating distant faces, eyes blinking, but the blue girl was gone.

The Editor's hosts, the smallest of the ateliers, did not have a tableau prepared. The students were embarrassed about it. Alex Trocchi told them rather grandly, with only fifteen minutes or so to go before the searchlight picked out their box, that his group would put on a living tableau on their behalf that no one in the hall would forget, and which, to boot, would probably win first prize. The tableau would

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feature Alex himself and Jane, the beautiful young publisher of *Merlin*, copulating on the velvet balustrade of the box, visible to the crowds below, their bodies glowing in the searchlight glare while the rest of his group stood in the shadows of the box with long palm fronds and fanned them.

All of this came as somewhat of a surprise to the French student-hosts, and also to Alex's friends, especially Jane. But such was the excitement of the moment—the booming from the military bands, the frenzied movement of the dancers, the searchlight in the darkness—that the scheme seemed inspired. Jane rushed up the little circular staircase to the box above to prepare herself. Sheafs of hay were collected to act as palm fronds. Alex reached for a tin cup hanging from a friend's neck and had himself a drink.

When shouts from above indicated that it was time for him to get into position, Alex started quickly up the circular staircase to where Jane, lying naked on the box-railing was waiting for him; in the darkness and in his hurry he conked his head on an overhang just at the entrance to the box and knocked himself out cold. He tumbled back down the stairs. While he was being ministered to, laid on a bed of straw, shouts drifted down the stairwell inquiring what was going on...it was just seconds away from the searchlight...where was Alex?

When the searchlight reached the "tableau" it illuminated the back of a naked girl half-reclining on the balustrade, her head turned away looking back, as if expecting someone, into the recesses of the box where in the shadows, a single figure (the Editor) was discernible waving a stalk-life sheaf of straw. No one knew what to make of it. The searchlight gazed on the scene for an interminable fifteen seconds or so and then moved on. Afterwards, there was a rumor that the atelier had won a prize for "symbolic effect."

Alex was furious. "Why didn't one of you take my place?" he asked. Nobody was quite sure how to answer that.

The printing of the early numbers of the *Paris Review* was

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done in a gloomy plant on the Rue de la Sablière. A single light bulb hung over an ancient flat-bed printing-press that looked like a steam locomotive lying on its side. Proofreading the big sheets that exuded from between the roller-wheels of this vast Brobdingnagian structure was never easy in the dim light of the composing room, and no one seemed good at it anyway. An advertisement for the Alliance Française announced that it was "the oldest and last expensive" language school in Paris, which of course—as was pointed out by the horrified advertisers—was supposed to read "the *least* expensive..."

Perhaps the most memorable printing error from the Sablière days occurred in the *Paris Review* #5 when a poem by Christopher Logue was somehow settled snugly in the innards of a long epic by Patrick Bowles entitled "The Visitors." Both poets were extremely upset. John Train, the managing editor, said of the matter, trying to put the best face on it possible, that he felt that both poems had been somewhat improved by their unnatural coupling.

When Bob Silvers became the Paris editor in 1956 he moved the printing operation from Paris to Nijmegen, Holland. Every time the magazine was about to be printed, a small contingent would "go up to Nijmegen" or make "the Trip."

The printing plant in Nijmegen was run along somewhat archaic principles: women were not allowed in the printing-machine rooms. When Joan Dillon, who was the assistant Paris editor, would appear on the premises with corrected proofs, the Dutch workers would stop what they were doing and gaze moodily at her. Mr. Van Zee, the head of the plant, called his workers together and informed them that Miss Dillon was a red indian, indeed a descendant of Pocahontas. For some reason the Dutch were assuaged by this odd disclosure, and subsequently when she appeared in their area, they ignored her.

Maxine Groffsky, the last of the Paris editors, always spoke

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of the trip to Nijmegen as being seemingly as long as a trip to America:

"One had to leave from the Gare de Lyon at 6:00 A.M. There was a change somewhere in Holland where one waited on a platform with crates of peeping chickens and tulip shipments. Holland seemed to me always to be very cold. Finally, the Nijmegen train would arrive. When it eventually pulled out, it just barely crept through the countryside. I always thought that was to compensate for the small size of the country ... that the trains were made to travel slowly to give the people on board an idea of great distance.

"In Nijmegen we stayed in the Esplanade Hotel for four or five days. Everyone spoke English. Everyone sounded like Bill de Kooning. Everyone was helpful. It was terribly boring. The movies in town were in Flemish. Finally, I gave up going to Nijmegen and everything was done by mail."

The masthead of the *Paris Review* has always been one of its features—largely because it is one of the more populous listings not only in literary magazine history but even amongst general-interest mass circulation magazines. In a study it made in 1976, the *Paris Review* turned out to have sixty names on its masthead. Of its brethren, *Partisan* listed forty-five; *Antaeus*, twenty; the *Hudson Review*, thirteen; *Transatlantic Review*, nine; *Ploughshares*, five; and *Unmuzzled Ox* only four. The *Paris Review* was far ahead of the *New Republic* (35), the *Atlantic Monthly* (31), *Esquire* (50), the *National Lampoon* (55), and the *New Yorker* which only listed *seven* names, Mr. William Shawn, its editor, not among them.

The reason for this vast masthead is that since its beginnings the magazine has not been able to compensate those who have come hoping to work for it. One of the inducements, delivered in somewhat crestfallen fashion, was that anyone who stayed with the magazine for a month or so would be "put on the masthead."

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"You mean to say there's no question of a salary?"

"I'm afraid not. You'll learn a lot though. Good experience."

"But I'm not sure I can afford it."

"Well, there's always the masthead."

"The what?"

"The masthead. You'll get put on the masthead."

Once on the masthead, it was almost impossible to get pruned away. There are thought to be some people on the masthead who are deceased. No one knows for sure.

The purpose of keeping the names on the masthead is in the hope that those so honored would feel an obligation to keep their interest up...scratch around for material, or even better, financial aid.

That has not turned out to be the case. Editors, assistants, the Apotheckers and Musinskys moved on to better things. Some of the editors felt that the magazine should die off—that was what happened to all its great predecessors in Paris anyway...*transition, Blast, Transatlantic Review, Exile,* the others...they had short, butterfly existences.

One editor who never felt this was Blair Fuller, who was the Paris editor in 1960-61. He never wished to shake off the weight of the magazine; during his subsequent career as a writer, teacher, and administrator (he is the director of the Squaw Valley Community of Writers) he has continued an active interest in every aspect of the magazine. What follows are his memories of its early days:

After several years working in West Africa, I had got an advance on my novel, *A Far Place*, and had chosen to finish the book in Paris. The *Paris Review* had published a story of mine in its second issue and, at George Plimpton's urging, I had sought out the office as soon as I had found a place to live and write. I met Bob Silvers, then the Paris Editor, and had begun to read manuscripts and do odd jobs for the magazine in the afternoons.

The founders of the *Review*, Peter Matthiessen, Harold

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Humes, and the editors, John Train, Donald Hall, and Plimpton had gone home to America as had, a few years earlier, the flock of post-war G.I. Bill students, many of them aspiring writers. By 1955, France, with a sharply inflating currency, already at war in Algeria and soon to experience Dien Bien Phu, was scarcely as attractive to artists as it had been. The resident American writers were relatively few, and were in Paris for practical reasons.

I saw Richard Wright occasionally at the Café de Tournon, where he was a regular. I had met him in Accra when he was collecting the material for his book on the emergence of Ghana as a nation, *Black Power*, a phrase that I believe his title coined. In the fall of 1955 he attended the Bandung Conference and there witnessed, with the deepest visionary excitement, the birth of the "Third World," a phrase I first heard spoken by him.

At the Tournon, he was usually wearing the demeanor of a respected and gregarious French intellectual—rumpled suit, raincoat, umbrella, and beret—and it was difficult to associate him with the pain in *Black Boy*, to remember his communism, or to recall to what extent he would have been socially uncomfortable in the United States walking the street with his white, American wife.

Alfred Chester was sometimes seen and heard nearby in the cafés of St. Germain-des-Près. Wearing a bright red wig, penniless and shriekingly "gay," Alfred was said to be a refugee from a scandal at Columbia's graduate school. In the spring of 1956, Bob Silvers and John Train published a collection of his brilliant stories, *Head of a Sad Angel*, and Alfred absconded with a sizeable portion of the revenues. His clear defenselessness, however, protected him as no other armament could have.

On the other side of town, leading a busy and glamorous Right Bank life, was Irwin Shaw. John Phillips introduced me to the Shaws one evening at a party at their house. Stella Adler and her then husband, Harold Clurman, were also guests. "I was really beautiful," Miss Adler told me.

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"You are beautiful," I said.

"I mean *really* beautiful," she said. "Wasn't I, Harold? Tell him."

I later played tennis with Irwin, actor Mel Ferrer, and screenwriter Cy Howard at a splendid tennis club in St. Cloud where we lunched afterwards. Howard's stream of Hollywood wisecracks had the effect of removing all of France from the scene.

As Paris Editor, Bob Silvers was mostly concerned—and thus I was—with finding European writers to publish in translation, and with finding artists who would give us drawings to publish in "portfolios" within the magazine. The artists Eugene Berman, Pavel Tchelitchew, André Masson, Ottaviano, Zev, Antoni Clavé, Oskar Kokoschka, Anita de Caro, Jean Jones and Pierre Tal Coat all appeared in issues number ten through fifteen. We published far fewer European writers but they were equally interesting, and just as diverse: Kenneth Tynan, Henri Michaux, Jean Genet.

Genet often drank in the evening at a St. Germain bar, Le Village. He was short and portly, absolutely bald in middle age, an aging cherub in a leather jacket. As he gestured and smiled animatedly to his companion, both of them sitting on a banquette behind a tiny cocktail table, his imaginative powers and his prison history would have been difficult to guess.

In the course of the winter I glimpsed Samuel Beckett one day in the anteroom of his publisher's office. He was tall and thin, and shabbily dressed. His tweed jacket looped up at the rear and hung low at the pockets. I knew of him because the *Review* had earlier published an extraordinary section of his novel, *Malone Dies*.

Then, as now, most of what the *Review* published came from America. Like all new little magazines, I should think, the *Review* had begun by publishing writers who were known to its editors. How else can good things be found to publish for little or no money in a new and obscure journal? The editors were a strong group in this respect, and particularly,

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perhaps, in poetry, the record is remarkable. Donald Hall published virtually every American poet who is well known today in early issues of the magazine. In issue number nine (I pick at random) the poems are by Robert Pack, Adrienne Rich, Louis Simpson, James Wright, Cecil Hemley, Thom Gunn, Joseph Langland, and Wilfred Watson. In the summer of 1955, the first Paris Review Prize for Fiction ("established through the generosity of His Highness Prince Aga Khan for the advancement of contemporary literature") was announced. Whether it was the money offered, ($300 first prize, $200 second prize) or the caliber of the judges Plimpton had inveigled into serving (Hiram Haydn, Brendan Gill, and Saul Bellow) the magazine was suddenly offered material in a quantity that it had not seen before, and from writers who, until the contest, had probably never heard of it. The winners were published in issue twelve, spring of 1956, which also included Jean Stein's famous interview with William Faulkner. First prize was shared by Gina Berriault and John Langdon, and second prize went to Owen Dodson. Good stories, I thought, and I laughed, reading Plimpton's letter which accompanied the manuscripts, when he said that the judges had missed the best things, but that we would publish some of them in subsequent issues. "Honorable Mentions" in the contest, indeed, include these names: Evan S. Connell Jr., Nadine Gordimer, Frederic Morton, Terry Southern, and Richard Yates, and stories by others on the list whose names are not current— Jack Cope, William Fain, Lawrence Sturhahn—turned out to be fine stuff. In this period we also got and published two things which had not been submitted to the contest but which in my opinion were the best submissions of all. They were a part of Evan S. Connell's novel, *Mrs. Bridge*, and a part of Jack Kerouac's *On The Road*.

One also remembered, of course, the daily life of the times ...those late winter afternoons keeping warm in cafés with Bob Silvers and Gaby von Zuylen, who had turned up from New York with a note from George, and sometimes Tom Keogh and others, mainly of Bob's acquaintance, talking

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about the *Review*'s problems and prospects, and those of the rest of the world. Several years later Bob would return to New York to become Associate Editor of *Harper's* and then, in 1963, to found the *New York Review of Books*, which he continues to edit.

An undergraduate at the University of Chicago at the age of thirteen and the Yale Law School's youngest student ever at seventeen, Bob had dropped Law School midway, became a reporter, and then Chester Bowles's Press Secretary by the time he was twenty-one. Early in 1953, President Eisenhower appointed Bowles, a Democrat, Ambassador to India, and Bob was scheduled to go to New Delhi as his Press Attaché when he was drafted by the U.S. Army. He was stationed in France, took his discharge there, when John Train and George recruited him to run the Paris office.

It took me time to learn a number of things about him. In Paris he was suffering from chronic insomnia, was chronically fatigued as a result, ate voraciously for strength, and sometimes vanished into waking sleep. He nonetheless read faster and spoke with a quicker grasp and a greater breadth of knowledge than anyone I had known.

He sought to improve the look of the magazine by moving its printing from Paris to the G.J. Thieme printery in Nijmegen, Holland, and using heavier, whiter paper stock. These improvements began with issue #11. For the printings of issues #12 and #13, I drove up with him to Nijmegen. After work we drank Dutch gin at little rug-covered tables in cafés, and sometimes were treated to dinner by the owner of the plant, Mr. Van Zee, whose courtesy was impeccable and whose English was maddeningly slow—very hard on Bob's insomnia. One dinner in a restaurant constructed within a medieval castle, just the three of us sharing the fondue speciality, is the longest meal in my memory.

On our first trip, we continued on to Amsterdam and met Gerard Kornelis van het Reve, an early contributor to the magazine. He always signed his letters with his full name along with the mysterious salutation "Time, Strength, Sexu-

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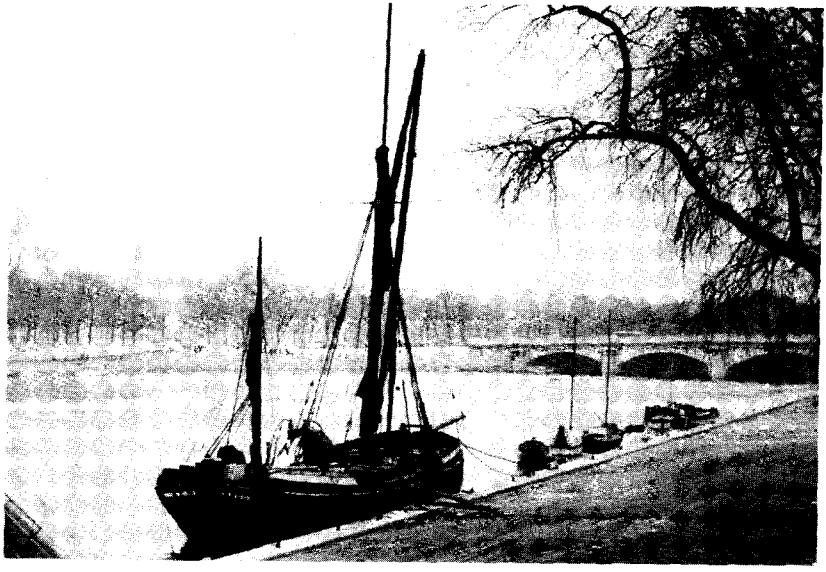

The Duchin river barge from which the Review *was edited during the floods of 1956.*

Robert B. Silvers, the Paris editor from 1956-1958, and Prince Sadruddin Aga Khan, who became the publisher in 1954.

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ality, Money." The letters would begin, Dear Mr. Silvers or Mr. Fuller, and would continue, approximately: "I understand that you have been seen in the Luxembourg Gardens begging little girls for samples of their toenail parings, wrapped in something I am too discreet to mention..." When we met Gerard Kornelis van het Reve, he was not disappointing but not so patently strange as his letters. Amsterdam, which I had not seen before, was dank and dark. Van het Reve was dark, too, and soft of voice. He sneered a good deal, in silence. He spoke of money. He showed us student cafés as though we should take an interest in them, although they were of no interest to him. He showed us the whores sitting behind their polished, picture windows, each in her carefully contrived setting—one a "kid" in blue jeans and sweater, reading a pop magazine, the next one, candle-lit, in a black velvet dress with waist-length hair. He seemed curious as to whether the women would appeal to American lusts, although he had passed that way long since.

When Robert Silvers became the Paris editor in 1956 he moved the office to a loft in the Editions Stock offices in the Rue Casimir-Delavigne, just around the corner from the Rue Garancière. Then, for a time the magazine was published out of an office on the Rue Vernet just off the Champs-Elysées. It was the one foray of the magazine onto the Right Bank. A defrocked priest lived down the hall...and also a man named Williams who had been on the Long March with Mao Tse-Tung in the 1930's and had played bridge with him every evening in the encampments.

For a time (1956-57) the magazine was edited in part from a Thames River grain carrier moored near the Place de L'Alma, conveniently near Chez Francis across the cobblestones of the square, the restaurant of the Madwoman of Chaillot. Peter Duchin who had a half-ownership in the barge writes:

"It was the center then of *Paris Review* activity, not only because Bob Silvers, the Paris editor, lived on board, but be-

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cause we had no phone. That meant that anyone (poor starving writer, poet, or correspondent) who wanted to deliver a manuscript or have an editorial conference was forced to come by the barge. There was a stand-up piano on board so the editorial conference would invariably find me in the middle of a jam session with musicians like Alan Eager, Chet Baker, Kenny Clarke, David Amram.

"Plimpton used to stay on the barge when he came through Paris from New York, his feet sticking out of the bottom of the army cot he slept on. He would get up in the morning (late) and amble up the street to the Hotel Plaza Athenée to write home letters on their embossed stationery assuring his family that all was well in Paris and that his lodgings were splendid.

"In the spring of 1956, communication with the barge became more difficult: the flood waters of the Seine covered the quais and reached the elbows of the stone statues of the Zouave soldiers on the face of the Pont Alma—the greatest flood since those of 1910, when rowboats were out on the Place de la Concorde and the waters reached the *necks* of the Zouaves. We had the barge anchored in mid-stream—with a line, a kind of breeches-buoy arrangement, attached to a tree ashore over which onto the barge we would pull in baskets of supplies (Teddy and Gaby Van Zuylen sent out splendid patés and the best wines) and pull ourselves hand over hand to the quai in the barge dinghy when we wished to go ashore. Once, when Bob Silvers was hauling himself into shore, the dinghy slipped out from under him and left him dangling above the Seine wearing my Hotchkiss sweater. Fortunately, he was close to the quais. The waters of the Seine were swift and angry. They were for weeks. A dead cow floated by and thousands of wine bottles."

Joan Dillon was the daughter of Douglas Dillon, the Secretary of the Treasury in the Kennedy administration, a graduate of Foxcroft, subsequently Princess of Luxembourg and

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now Duchesse de Mouchy. When she worked for the magazine it would not have been applicable then to think of her as one of the Apotheckers. A charming and practical person, the artistic side of things interested her less than the magazine appearing on time and that the office should bear some semblance of order...a concern which lends a certain poignancy to a reminiscence of an evening when the magazine had its office in the Rue Vernet on the Right Bank. "I was working alone in the office," she wrote. "Nelson Aldrich, who was the Paris Editor then, was out delivering. He was due back about 5 P.M. Suddenly a couple of *horrors* pushed through the door speaking a language incomprehensible to me. I recognized at once that my intruders were Allen Ginsberg and Peter Orlovsky. They were doped to the hilt. They had an idea that we had the original correspondence with Ezra Pound and wanted to go see it. I told them this was not true and asked them to leave. They tried to get at my files (the first existent in the Paris office...Robert Silvers just stacked his papers on the floor). I defended the files physically, behaving abominably, as I had no wish to clean up the mess they were sure to make. They remained, talking their strange language—'Mother-this... Mother-that.' I began to stamp envelopes for a future mailing drive so as to look busy. Then they decided to take another tack; they lay down on the floor to make love. It was just about 5 P.M. then—the hour when friends usually popped in to ask one for a drink up at the Stockholm, which was the neighboring cafe, after work. At least five people looked in and fled without doing a thing!

"Then the telephone rang. It was Nelson. I politely told him that we had guests and who they were. Nelson's reaction was, 'Oh, my God, do you think they can tell I have a tuxedo on? I've been asked to a fancy dinner. I was going to stop by but now I can't. You cope.' "

"The situation was solved by a slight, well-dressed English friend who worked for the Ogilvy advertising agency. He appeared at the door and flew at the tangle of whatever and booted them out with inimitable English scorn and ridicule. I

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saw the two of them a few years later at a party. They had become successful. They were surrounded by lawyers and business people. Both were wearing ties and ill-fitting blue suits. It seemed a change."

A feature of the magazine from the start has been the interviews on the craft of writing. One of the early ideas was that while it would be difficult to elicit original material from established authors—the magazine could hardly afford their work—it might be possible to get them to talk about writing in an interview. Their names would appear on the cover. That would help sales and subscriptions.

The magazine was fortunate that in 1953 the Editor was studying at King's College, Cambridge, where a great literary personage resided ... E.M. Forster, "Morgan" as everyone, both students and faculty, called him—a somewhat rumpled, very shy personage who lived in rooms overlooking the Great Lawn of the college and was then considered the greatest living novelist in the English language (*Passage to India, Howard's End,* and so forth) though in fact he had not published a novel since 1924. Forster was seventy-four in 1953, the year the *Paris Review* began in Paris. At the time he was writing an opera with Benjamin Britten (*Billy Budd*) and he would ask undergraduates, "What...um...do you know about writing operas?"

That was very much in the tradition of the college—that intellectual curiosity was shared among those within its walls, whatever their reputation or age. Typically, Forster took an interest in the *Paris Review.* The Editor had come back from Easter vacation in Paris that year and told him of the plans to start up the publication. There had been talk of limiting criticism in the magazine, and if a contemporary author was to be the subject, the hope was to interview him first-hand rather than relying on an interpretive study. In fact, would Forster agree to be the first interviewee?

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He agreed and the interview, which was conducted by P.N. Furbank and F.J.H. Haskell, one writing down the answers in pencil while the other concentrated on the questions (tape recorders were still a few years away) was a feature in the first issue of the *Review*. In it Forster talked about the problems that made it difficult for him to write fiction, namely, what he called "fiction technicalities." The form of the interview established that of subsequent interviews, over a hundred conducted to date, many of them compiled in the five volumes of *Writers at Work*, published by the Viking Press.

One of the most distinguished interviewees on the craft of writing, Graham Greene—his interview appears in the *Paris Review* #3—would not allow his interview to appear in the Viking collection. Every time a new volume was planned, he was asked if his remarks could be published but the answer was always a polite no. His nephew, Graham C. Greene, worked for the magazine in London at one stage. It was thought that perhaps that would do the trick. Surely he'd now agree to appear in the Viking volume—the Viking people were his publishers to boot! His nephew asked him. Sorry. No.

The Editor's theory always was that the author's reluctance went back to the time when he was interviewed in 1954. Simon Raven, subsequently a novelist of considerable note, and Martin Shuttleworth—both King's College classmates of the Editor—had been asked to do the interview. Greene had agreed. The two interviewers had an extremely boozy evening the night before they were scheduled to meet Greene. They arrived at Greene's door feeling quite wobbly, especially Raven. Indeed, his queasiness overcame him just as Graham Greene answered the bell and, with a welcoming smile, was standing framed in the doorway to his flat, his hand outstretched; at that instant Raven was sick as discreetly as he could be under the circumstances into the only receptacle at

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hand, which was his own hat.

The *Review* missed many writers it would have had the chance to talk to if it had been slightly more dedicated to the task, and less contemptuous of the odd notion that time passes and opportunities are lost. In Paris, Colette died in 1954, on August 11, after a small sip of champagne. Paul Claudel died in 1955. Apparently he only wrote for a half-hour a day, and yet he produced fifty volumes. He would have been interesting to talk to. Some say that the last thing Thomas Mann ever heard on his deathbed was a *Paris Review* interviewer at his door...''Now wait a minute here...I have an appointment.''

Some writers, of course, though asked, turned down the opportunity—J.D. Salinger, Samuel Beckett. The magazine had its best chance to interview Samuel Beckett when Patrick Bowles became the Paris editor in 1962. Bowles, a fine poet who had previously associated with the *Merlin* contingent, was Beckett's translator—occupied with the curious task of helping the Irish-born writer translate his novels of the period (*Molloy, Watt,* among them) which were composed in French back into his native English. The two sat at a café table and argued about the correctness of a word as if they were scholars working on a medieval manuscript by a Flemish monk.

Bowles had a curious habit—which was that presented with a tough question, he would place his hands to his head and squeeze as if their pressure would produce an answer. In the Paris office nothing made him press his head harder than to be asked why Beckett would not agree to a few questions about the craft of writing.

John O'Hara would never submit to an interview. That was odd because for a couple of years he would entertain the Editor at Princeton after the football games. But then that stopped. When O'Hara was approached for an interview, the letter and telephone messages went unanswered. Something had gone wrong. The Editor scratched his head and wondered how to make contact. He wrote him a letter on Porcellian

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Club stationery in the hope that O'Hara would recognize the green boar letterhead (one of his famous stories, "The Pig," is about a Porcellian member), but even this feeble stab at catering to the author's well-known snobbish attitudes did not work. Neither did intermediaries speaking on behalf of the magazine. The oddest thing was to call him on the telephone. As soon as the Editor introduced himself, O'Hara would fall silent, but he would not hang up the receiver. The Editor could hear him breathing, rather hoarsely, at the other end.

"Mr. O'Hara? Mr. O'Hara?"

No reply. The breathing would go on. One's inclination was to stay on the line—perhaps the author was having a spell of laryngitis, or perhaps he was *thinking*. . . at the very least his resolve would break down and he would say something.

"Ahem. Mr. O'Hara? Mr. O'Hara?"

Finally, it seemed a game—the two breathing moodily at each other, with the loser eventually the one who would give in, shrugging his shoulders, and hanging up the phone. It was the Editor. The interview was never done.

An indication of what might have been wrong was offered by Alfred Wright, an editor-writer at *Sports Illustrated* and a friend of O'Hara's who often stayed with him in Quogue, Long Island. "The trouble was," Alfred explained, "that you made the mistake of interviewing Ernest Hemingway before you asked him. That rankled; he told me so in so many words. You must remember," Alfred went on. "that he was not only a very competitive, but a very sensitive man. Budd Schulberg, who lives in Quogue, used to say that he was as sensitive as an oyster without a shell."

"Is that so?" the Editor said.

In 1954 the Editor saw Hemingway for the first time standing at the end of the long corridor in the Ritz that connects the Place Vendôme lobby with the back of the hotel on the Rue Cambon. The corridor is noted for the glass cases that line its

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length displaying the wares of various jewelers, couturiers, and parfumeries. Among them is the vitrine of a shop which specializes in miniature lead figures: a detachment of mounted Coldstream Guards stood for years in its case in perpetual formation until one day an English gentleman walked the length of the corridor holding his cane by the foot and swinging its knob-head against the glass cases, first to one side, then the other, leaving a train of desolation behind him. He did it not in order to loot the cases, it was discovered when he was apprehended at the end of the corridor by hotel employees alerted by the racket, but simply to vent some internal and mysterious rage. The Coldstream Guards lay strewn in and out of their case as if scattered by some monstrous minie-shell.

At the Rue Cambon end of the corridor stood a bookstall, which had mostly magazines for sale, among them the *Paris Review* supplied by a staff-member who carried a small bundle to the Ritz at the publication of each issue. It was here that the Editor spotted Hemingway. The Editor and the small group with him had just left a fancy wedding reception for Joan Dillon, the daughter of the Ambassador to France, later herself to work for the magazine. The group was jovial, its members swaying dangerously towards the display cases as they meandered down the corridor toward the Ritz bar on the Rue Cambon. Someone tried to shake the display case with the Coldstream Guards inside to see if any of the lead soldiers on their horses would topple over. They remained upright. Apparently, since the time the Englishman's cane had crashed among them, the bases of the horses were fixed to the velvet shelf.

The Editor had consumed a substantial amount of champagne at the wedding reception, but when he saw the famous author at the bookstall, he held out his arms across the width of the corridor to keep the group from continuing further. In abrupt silence they all watched Hemingway pick up a copy of the *Paris Review*, the second issue—its blue cover illustrated with a white vase—and then reach in his pocket for money *to*

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buy it.

Subsequently, the Editor was introduced to Hemingway in the bar. It was Hemingway's favorite bar in Paris. He had ordered seventy-three martinis for his friends when he came into the bar a few hours after General LeClerc had liberated Paris in 1944. It always put him in a good mood to come back. He asked the Editor to join him. Drinks were ordered. Hemingway talked about the pleasure of shooting clay pigeons from the stern of the *Ile de France* on which he had crossed a few days before: a man who shot with him had missed every bird until those watching from the deck wondered if it wasn't on purpose so he could watch the discs settle prettily into the wide turbulence of the wake.

After a time the Editor nervously broached the idea of an interview—could Hemingway be persuaded to talk about the craft of writing for the magazine? Hemingway agreed, but when the Editor suggested that an interesting form for an interview might be to conduct it during a day's walk through Paris, past all the places that had meant so much in Hemingway's life there—the apartment above the sawmill on the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, the Closerie-des-Lilas, the Shakespeare and Co. bookshop on the Rue l'Odéon, perhaps past where he had lived in the Rue Cardinal Lemoine or where Gertrude Stein lived at 27 Rue de Fleurus, and wasn't that where Ezra Pound had sat on a delicate little chair and broke it so that he wasn't asked back again?... In the middle of this litany Hemingway, whose eyes had widened as it went on, interrupted and said it was a godawful idea. He was willing, if reluctantly, to give a straightforward interview, but he was damned if he was going to tramp around Paris to do it. The interview was eventually done. It appears in the *Paris Review* #18.

Hemingway remains the only person the Editor has ever seen buy a copy of the magazine.

The novelist, Irwin Shaw, was always very much on hand in various places on the Continent while the magazine had its

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Paris offices...Klösters in Switzerland where he skied ("looking very much like a boulder coming down a mountain" as an observer described him), St. Jean de Luz, Rome, the South of France, Paris itself...Wherever he settled, Shaw was hospitable to those associated in any way with the magazine. Indeed, the practice for many editors leaving Paris for a week's vacation was to find out Shaw's whereabouts and then take lodgings or rooms somewhere nearby, the more inexpensive and rundown the better, because Shaw, as a host, would provide every contingency of food, drink, or entertainment. His houses were focal points for Americans from the literary, and also the movie world, when they arrived in Europe. In later years, James Jones and his wife, Gloria, provided the same kind of gathering-place at their home on the Ile St. Louis.

Here is what Irwin Shaw remembers of his *Paris Review* friends:

When, in an article in the New York *Sunday Times Magazine,* Gay Talese described the group of young Americans who frequented my apartment in the 1950's and 60's and went on to found the *Paris Review*, Talese wrote that they were looking for a Hemingway. At the end of his piece, as I remember it, he declared that I was not Hemingway. Whether he meant this as a compliment or not only time will tell, but it seemed to me that what the young men were really looking for were all the pleasures and educational opportunities the city could offer them. As far as I could see, they found them in abundance.

As a group they differed greatly from the aspiring writers I had known in Brooklyn and Greenwich Village when I was their age. My contemporaries, growing up in the depression, were ferociously competitive, honest in their opinions of their friends' work to the point of snarling hostility, fanatically and openly ambitious, poor, and out of grim necessity ready to do any kind of writing that promised to support them and their families. This included writing soap operas, advertising copy, newspaper fillers, and in some cases lurid pornographic novels

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to order, under a variety of assumed names. They could be seen after night school arguing in downtown cafeterias in the unmusical accents of the streets of New York about the merits of Proust and Hemingway as they sat hunched over thirty-five cent blue plates and nickel cups of coffee. Their idea of a vacation was a ride on the subway to Coney Island with drab but insanely virginal girls who condemned them to nights of desperate celibacy or desolate marriages; and behind them you could almost hear endless bitter debates in their homes during which they were branded by their parents as loafers who refused honest jobs to pursue the chimera of The Great American Novel.

In contrast, the literary hopefuls of the Paris contingent spoke in the casual tones of the good schools and could be found, surrounded by flocks of pretty and nobly acquiescent girls, in chic places like Lipp's on the Boulevard St. Germain or on the roads to Deauville or Biarritz for month-long holidays. They were mild-mannered, beautifully polite, recoiled from the appearance of seeming ambitious and were ready at all times to drop whatever they were almost secretly composing to play tennis (usually very well), drive down to Spain for a bullfight, fly to Rome for a wedding or sit around most of the night drinking. As far as I could see, none of them had a job and although they all lived frugally in cheap rooms they gave the impression that they were going through a period of Gallic slumming for the fun of it. One guessed that there were wealthy and benevolent parents on the other side of the Atlantic.

They were invigorating to be with and voiced what opinions they had softly and I was happy to have them drop in and drink my booze, both in Paris and in St.-Jean-de-Luz, where I spent my summers in a big barn of a house, overlooking the valley of the Nivelle. There they appeared, ready for long nights at the Café Basque and picnics on the beach, to which Ben Bradlee, less powerful then than now, and I would ride through the sun-tanned traffic in an open car holding a huge flower vase of ice-cold daiquiris on the way to the elegant

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bodies sprawled on the expensive sand along the edge of the blue sea.

Perhaps with a tinge of my youthful jealousy of young men like that I did not let them off wholly unscathed. Using an innocent anecdote about a near-drowning I had heard from three of them, in writing a story about the incident, I had, for the purposes of art, shamelessly transmuted the three characters, making one boy a coward, crafty and disloyal, the other betrayed and simple-minded, the girl immoral and a tease. The principals recognized themselves immediately when the story was published and laughed, amused, at whatever malice the story contained.

In those sweet summers laughter came easily.

It was that comparatively serene time when America, at least, was not engaged in any war and the phrase, The Silent Generation, was used to describe the young men and women of the era. While my friends talked a great deal and were unaggressively in favor of Adlai Stevenson, they bore President Eisenhower no malice and the description, unfair as it was, was perhaps as fitting for them as any other. They went off on no crusades, they did not seem to be tempted by the Left, either French, American or Russian, and if, for want of a better word, they might have been termed capitalists, they were not intense about the system which cradled them. The political turmoil in France over Algeria did not really involve them, as they could only be spectators, not actors in the drama.

They were too young to have seen much of World War II and one way or another had escaped Korea and were free of the permanent dark spots within the soul that marked writers like James Jones and myself, who were also in Paris at the time and who thus had a different view of the world from them.

Unlike other little magazines, such as the *Kenyon Review, Poetry, Story* and *Partisan Review*, to name several that have come and gone or have changed unrecognizably, the magazine they debonairly were conspiring to produce had no thesis to promote except, as it turned out, that of eclectic excellence.

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I must confess at this late date that I was somewhat surprised when a group that I considered rather light-minded and dilettantish turned out a quarterly of such bold and professional quality.

I should have been warned that something serious was in the air when the *Paris Review*'s first award for a short story was given to a very young man named Philip Roth, presented by Aly Khan in the rather incongruous luxury of his mansion facing the Bois de Boulogne. Even so, given the wandering habits of the editors and contributors and the exigencies of the careers ahead of them—novels to write (Styron, Matthiessen, Marquand Jr., Harold L. Humes, Blair Fuller) and explorations of the Amazon, Africa and the Arctic (Matthiessen again), activities such as boxing professional heavyweights, living through a training camp of the National Football League as a rookie, photographing the biggest elephant in the world on its native grounds, playing the triangle with a symphony orchestra, swinging from a circus trapeze and memorializing these excursions, among many others, in hilarious books and television shows (Plimpton), I privately predicted a short life for the infant publication. And now, lo and behold! it is twenty-five years later (where has all the time gone?) and the magazine is still with us, elegant and vital and from its pages has come a series of searching interviews with writers of all sorts that has made an important contribution to the understanding of modern American literature. The people who were responsible for it then and whose names still are associated with it, though graying or balding here and there and not as quick on the tennis court as once they were, are just as pleasant to be with as they were then, and, if they were inclined to boast, as they are not, could look back with satisfaction and say, "Look what we have accomplished."

At any rate, my house is still open to all of them, even if it isn't in Paris or on the Basque Coast, and the booze is still free.

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One of the serious problems about publishing the magazine in Europe was that upon arrival in the U.S. the shipment was carefully inspected by a U.S. Customs, which was far more conservative and rigid than even the U.S. Mails. As anyone knew who came through Customs in the 50's, a copy of Henry Miller's *Tropic of Cancer* or any of Maurice Girodias's publications, even Nabokov's *Lolita*, could subject the traveler to confiscation of the book, and fines. Every shipment of the *Paris Review* that came through New York was scrutinized as carefully as if it had arrived under the shirts in a tourist's suitcase. It was held under threat of being bonded and then destroyed on the city dump if its contents did not pass inspection.

So, in Paris, the Editor was very careful. It was not only the U.S. Customs who put a curb to the publication of scatological stuff. The Editor was raised in a New England family in which the strongest language ever heard was his mother's, "Ye Gods and Little Fishes!"—and this only at times of extreme distress. Thus, it was not surprising that four-letter words disappeared from original manuscripts being prepared for the printer.

Sometimes, the author, and quite justifiably, would kick up a fuss. In the first number of the magazine, a state trooper in Terry Southern's short story, "The Accident," tries to calm an irate motorist by telling him, "Don't get your shit hot." The Editor changed the offending word to "Crap," and then finally, just as the issue went to press, the Editor sighed and removed *that* word, so that the officer's command was a somewhat subdued, "Don't get hot."

Southern took exception to what had been done to his text. He turned up in the Rue Garancière office and protested with such vehemence that at one point the Editor found himself saying, "Terry, don't get so hot!" which did not help matters.

Peter Matthiessen tried to put matters right. He remembered of the incident: "Terry had then submitted a 15 page letter of protest, and as this document could not be digested

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by our new and slender publication, and as I was the only one who knew of the location of his dark abode, I set off to reason with him. Terry refused to open his door. I don't know what was going on in there, but through the door he told me that he refused to shorten his monstrous letter, even when I pointed out that it would take up one-third of the next issue. So, in high dudgeon, I threw out the letter and composed an *in erratum*, after which we parted company for several years."

The *erratum* read as follows: "Terry Southern is most anxious that the *Paris Review* point out the absence of two words from his story 'The Accident': The sentence 'Don't get hot' *should* have read, 'Don't get *your crap* hot' —an omission for which we apologize to all concerned."

Art Buchwald, the humorist, felt that it was the funniest *erratum* notice he ever expected to run across. He wanted to write about it in the Paris *Herald* but he knew that the editor there did not have enough nerve to print the word *crap*. It was a problem that bedevilled everyone then.

In charge of the department of the U.S. Customs in New York which dealt officially with problems of this sort was a Customs officer named Mr. Demcy. His office was on Varick Street. The desk down from him was occupied by the Customs official who specialized in woolen goods. Mr. Demcy's field was literature. Danish nudist magazines lay on top of his desk. His judgment as to whether these were obscene was a simple one: if pubic hair showed, pornographic! The only nudist magazines which could be admitted into the country were those which had been air-brushed, so that the offending areas of the young women playing volley-ball had taken on the alabaster sheen and innocence of children's dolls.

When the Editor returned to New York in 1956, he would regularly visit Mr. Demcy to discuss the contents of a newly-arrived issue. . . which would not be allowed off the docks until Mr. Demcy had given his O.K. The two would argue about what was obscene. Mr. Demcy, who read each issue

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from cover to cover, had a theory that since there was no legally workable definition of obscenity, each case "stood on its own merits" and that if prurient the material might endanger a "young person" or what Mr. Demcy called a "susceptible reader."

Thus, there was a great deal of discussion in the musty office on Varick Street about the typical *Paris Review* subscriber and his possible "susceptibility." Mr. Demcy agreed that the *Paris Review* reader probably would not be depicted on the cover of the *Saturday Evening Post* ("not a typical Norman Rockwell, if you know what I mean," he once said) but that nonetheless the subscribers might well be family people with youngsters who could happen upon a copy of the magazine and get to browsing through it.

The Editor, on the other hand, provided a counter-portrait—a crag-faced subscriber who was a fusty ex-professor living alone in a made-over Vermont barn, working on his novel about parricide, a writer-manqué who subscribed to the *Review* only to verify that his own stuff was better than what was being published; as soon as he had done with it, he smugly tossed the magazine into the Franklin stove.

A great falling-out with Mr. Demcy occured with the *Paris Review* #21, which arrived on the New York docks on the eve of a longshoreman's strike. The Editor pleaded with Mr. Demcy to let the issue through customs before everything closed down. He assured Mr. Demcy, who had not seen an advance copy, that nothing in the issue would outrage the sensibilities of the Custom official's hypothetical "reader." He did not mention a story by Alex Trocchi, an excerpt from his novel, *Cain's Book,* in which a few formidable expletives appeared. The Editor knew of them, of course, but they seemed so proper to the context of the story and its characters that he surmised that even Mr. Demcy would appreciate their appropriateness.

He was wrong. Mr. Demcy let the crates of *Paris Review* off the docks but in checking a copy the next day, he ran across the line, "Give me that spike quick or I'll slit your fucking

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throat!'' (To find this, a single line, in a magazine of almost 200 pages of print and poetry suggests how zealously Mr. Demcy tried to protect his constituency.) In a rage he telephoned the Editor. How dare the Editor have said that there was nothing salacious in the issue? Why, what about this ''slitting throat'' line in the Trocchi story (Mr. Demcy could not bring himself to say the offending word)? He went on to say that the next morning he was sending the U.S. marshalls out to bond the issue. Most likely, it would end up being burned on the city dump. Where was it?

The Editor refused to tell him. He asked Mr. Demcy if he had read the T.S. Eliot interview in the same issue? Was it not fine? Mr. Demcy was not placated. Where were the copies? Again, the Editor would not say. Mr. Demcy hung up. Since the crates were in the distribution company's warehouse, which Mr. Demcy might well guess, and dispatch his marshals there, the Editor led a crew of *Review* people to the warehouse that evening; a number of crates were spirited away to various cellars in the Village.

Eventually, the proper authorities in Washington reviewed the issue No. 21 and determined that it was not anything that should end up on the city dump. The subscribers eventually got their copies. Thereafter, the gap between the antiquated codes of the Customs and those of the U.S. Mails, whose censorship authority had been so drastically changed by the implications of various court cases, especially Roth vs. the United States in 1957, became indistinguishable; the *Review* never had to deal with Mr. Demcy again.

He retired in 1965. He was always very proud of a book he published during his years with the Customs people. It was entitled, *How To Cope With United States Customs*—dedicated to his mother, whose name was Reggie. The Editor received an inscribed copy.

Once, the freighter carrying the *Paris Reviews* from Europe collided with another in New York Harbor and was in danger

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of sinking. Every morning the editors looked at the pictures in the *Daily News* of the ship, listing markedly, with a hole in her side. The mailing of issues was delayed for over a month. There was some thought that the subscribers should be informed (. . . *due to a harbor collision,* etc.). About that time a Cleveland businessman had complained to the Better Business Bureau that because his *Paris Reviews* were not arriving on schedule, he had cancelled his subscription and felt that others should be warned of the magazine's tardiness. But John Train, the "so-called managing editor," felt that the Cleveland businessman was in the minority and there was only an obscure chance that the typical *Paris Review* subscriber was poised by the bay window, drumming his fingers on the sill, waiting for the postman to appear down the lane.

Indeed, many of the subscribers did not look forward to receiving the *Paris Review at all.* An aunt of the Editor took a look at the contents of the *Paris Review* #58, in particular a story named "Flesh, the Pleasures of," and boiled the issue in a pot.

Donald Hall was the magazine's first poetry editor. A Harvard graduate, an editor of the *Advocate* there, a classmate of the Editor in Archibald MacLeish's English S course, he was studying at Oxford in 1953 when the magazine was first being discussed. He had won the Newdigate Prize for Poetry at Oxford for a work entitled "Exile" which was published in the first issue.

Allen Ginsberg wrote the Editor that Donald Hall would not know a poem if it buggered him in broad daylight. Perhaps it was Hall's early conservative "White Guard" phase which explains Ginsberg's assertion. Many of Hall's poets wrote in iambic pentameter, many taught English, many *were* English. . . . The second issue included Geoffrey Hill's "Genesis"; later followed Thom Gunn, Charles Tomlinson, Ted Hughes, and Donald Davie. Early American

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contributors included Bly, Wright, Simpson, Dickey, Levine, and Merwin.

X.J. Kennedy took over briefly as poetry editor for 1961-3 and carried on printing mostly traditional poems, featuring work by Donald Justice and James Simmons among others. With Tom Clark, who took over from 1963 for almost a decade, the wheel as they said in those days came full circle; the magazine made up for modernist lost time, printing Zukofsky, Olson, Oppen, Bunting, Creeley, Dorn, Snyder, Duncan, Ginsberg, Ashbery.... The East Village/Bolinas axis contributed Berrigan, Padgett, Coolidge, Kyger, Sanders, Waldman, MacAdams, and Aram Saroyan. The dead helped out in the form of Frank O'Hara who posthumously contributed some of his best works.

Towards the end of his tenure Tom Clark became bored with his usual criteria for selection, and by his own admission began to accept poems coming in over the transom by poets who had never been published before or would be subsequently. Many examples of this unique selection process can be found in issues #50-#54. There was a certain amount of grumbling in the home office at publishing these curious things, but never any real pressure applied to make Clark abandon his methods of selection. Perhaps, though, it was with some relief that the office was eventually informed that Clark had decided to pass on the reins...handed in 1973 to Michael Benedikt. Each poetry tenure has lasted about seven years, and seems to have some kind of itch involved as the cycle draws to its close. Benedikt's resignation was hastened by his being asked to carry a small packet of rejection slips back to Boston with him. Somehow this suggested that he was being thought of as a "beast of burden," as he put it, by the people in the office, which was surely not compatible with the heady duty of soliciting and picking poems for publication. He resigned.

Benedikt had occupied the chair from 1974 to 1978, and like Clark printed many young poets. He printed again some of the poets with whom the magazine had started (Bly,

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More than one participatory journalist emerged from the editorial board of the Review. *Above is Donald Hall, the poetry editor (1953-1961) in spring training with the Pittsburgh Pirates in 1973. A book* (Playing Around) *described his experiences—one of sixty which this most prolific of the* Review *staffers has produced to date. . . including biographies, juveniles, text books, poetry and essay volumes, editions, anthologies, and one encyclopedia.*

Maxine Groffsky, the Paris editor from 1966 to 1973, distributing the Paris Review *#38 to La Pochade in St-Germain-des-Prés.*

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Simpson, Merwin) but especially brought the magazine up to a new movement of the young: Orr, Gregg, Epstein, Boiarski, Saleh, Soto...

In 1978 Jonathan Galassi, a poet and editor at Houghton-Mifflin, took over, who like Benedikt published some exemplary translations, not to mention new poems by Grossman, McMichael, St. John, and Charles Wright. It may be that Geoffrey Hill's "Genesis" (#2) finds its weighty counterpart thirty years later in Frank Bidart's "The War of Vaslav Nijinsky," which is to be published in the *Paris Review* #80.

Margaret Anderson, an editor always eager for the "new," once announced that she had toted up the number of "isms" or schools her magazine, the *Little Magazine,* had supported, and it came to twenty-three. Obviously, as many demarcations have appeared in the *Paris Review* but none of these have been "supported." The choices have been dictated by the editors' tastes, which have been eclectic. The subscribers were never considered, as they must be in the editing of commercial magazines. Nor did the contributors' influence dictate the contents as they do in any number of small cult-magazines. Indeed, the practice was to turn down works of those who had been published a number of times in the magazine to give a chance to someone else, lest the *Paris Review* could be thought of simply as a showcase for a few individuals. "Well, haven't we published enough of this person's stuff?"

The one exception to this rule was the serialization of Harry Mathews's long, brilliant, and intricate novel *The Sinking of the Odradek Stadium,* which began to appear in the winter of 1971 and went on until the summer issue of 1972, prompting such remarks as "Hey, has that stadium gone down yet?"

The championing of Harry Mathews's work was carried on by Maxine Groffsky, who was the last Paris editor before the

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center of operations moved back to New York in 1972. Fictionalized as Brenda Patimkin in Philip Roth's *Goodbye, Columbus* (a novella first published in the *Paris Review* in 1958) her effect on the male was described in the first scene of that work: the young hero's "blood jumped" when she caught the bottom of her bathing suit "between thumb and forefinger and flicked what flesh had been showing back where it belonged."

This kind of effect continued in Paris. Her arrival at the Dôme or the Rotonde inevitably caused a great stir—a turning and peering of heads over banquettes and in the far reaches of the room people stood to watch her entrance, and check on her companions. What she wore could not contain a fine undulation when she moved. A poet, once watching her, suddenly remarked:

> *"...when I cast mine eyes and see*
> *that brave vibration, each way free,*
> *O how that glittering taketh me."*

"What on earth is that?" the Editor asked.

"Herrick," the poet said. "I don't remember when I learned that damn line, but Maxine makes it ring in my head. She brings a lot of poets to mind," he went on. "Herrick's just one of a bunch of them."

Maxine ran the magazine from 1966 to 1973. In the summer of 1967 she edited the magazine in a villa on the Via Antiqua north of Rome which had been taken over for the season by Brigid Bardot and Gunther Sachs. "They were as interested in what I was doing as, I guess, they could be," she once told the Editor. "They tended to like comic books. Roger Vadim was making *Barbarella.* He and Jane Fonda were a couple of houses down the road. There were a dozen people in the house—free-loaders, friends, beaux. I was there with Harry Mathews who was writing the script of an expressionsist film about a woman in love with an animal."

She is now a successful literary agent in New York. The vivid impression she makes has not diminished in the slight-

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est. Richard Cohen, an English fiction editor, recently described in *Publishers Weekly* a meeting with Maxine while on a visit to New York: "My first appointment is at 9A.M. with Maxine Groffsky. I have yet to buy a book from her, but she has excellent taste in serious fiction, and is anyway a delight to meet. We talk about books, until Maxine learns I have a tear in the seat of my trousers. Out comes patch and needle, and soon I am talking about the New American novel in my underpants."

In the United States, the magazine had a number of offices—the first set up by Thomas H. Guinzburg at 2 Columbus Circle where the Huntington Hartford Museum afterwards stood, and then a railroad loft at 401 East 82nd Street with a burlap-sack curtain which separated the front office from the "back room." A number of transients took up a temporary residence behind the burlap sack. Alex Trocchi stayed for a while after boredom had overcome him on the stake boat he lived on in the New York harbor. He was a caretaker out there—tending to the great barges attached to his stake boat until dock assignments became available for them. A winter on the barge was as lonely as lighthouse service. . . compounded by the sight of the lights of downtown Manhattan shining across the dark water, close, and yet Trocchi was only able to get there once a month when a tender came out to fetch him.

The present office is in a ground floor room on East 72nd Street in New York City. The Editor and his family live upstairs. A lion-trainer's chair, laced and ripped by claws, hangs from the ceiling, its seat inscribed with a salutation by Dave Hoover, the star of the Clyde Beatty-Cole Bros. circus to commemorate an occasion when he took the Editor into the lion's cage with him. There are also hooks in the ceiling from which to hang the staff's bicycles to give everyone more room below. It was the Editor's idea, but it is too arduous a feat to

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hoist the bicycles to the hooks, so the machines crowd the stairwell outside, and are chained to the lamp standard out on the street. The office is crowded.

Harold L. (Doc) Humes's name usually came up when people began talking about the *Review.* When he had returned from Paris he had busied himself with his own work. He wrote two novels, both excellent—*Underground City* (1957) and *Men Die* (1959), published by Random House. His vast energies went into overseeing everything that was being done in their production. He went to the printing plant and saw them through the presses. At every stage he had advice to offer. He parked his huge motorcycle in Bennett Cerf's anteroom at Random House, and often the publisher would arrive for a day's work to discover Humes asleep on his office couch.

People spent a lot of time *removing* Humes, as one of his friends complained half-heartedly. Editors at Random House wondered how to remove him from his part-time residence. He was removed from a riot in Washington Square shouting the obligatory "In a time of injustice, the place for an honest man is in jail," from the rear of a paddy wagon. He invented and built a paper house on the estate of the Editor's parents in Huntington, Long Island, promising to remove it after a month; it stayed for two years until finally the Editor's parents, kept awake by the plunk of guitars and the sound of revelry drifting up the meadow from the neighborhood kids who had discovered the structure and used it as a kind of clubhouse, had it removed themselves. Columbia University worried about Humes on its premises. They asked him to leave. One spring day in 1969 he suddenly began dispersing money—$3000 he had received in his father's will—handing it out to those he referred to as "interesting-looking cats. We're spreading a little sunshine." The handouts were in $100 and $50 denominations and were given out in the street

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to anyone who struck his fancy—mostly students. "It's only bread," Humes said of the money. "From the breadbox—the bank." The idea of the giveaway, he told the newspapers, was what he called the "amplification factor"—the theory that money multiplies its productivity with each exchange. He announced: "We make perturbation and then time the return of the reverbatory wave."

Columbia University was not amused. Nor in later years was Harvard University. Officials tried to remove him from the campus where he had taken up a kind of roving residence. He gave seminars in students' rooms ... warning them and mesmerizing them with tales of international and cosmic intrigue. Finally, the college had him arrested for trespassing and he spent some time at the House of Correction in Billerica, Mass. He has said since that Harvard was prodded into pressing charges, most likely by the C.I.A.

Humes had begun to change back in the early sixties. The trouble, he says, started when he "collided with British intelligence." Apparently, he "knew too much." In Barnstead Hospital in Sussex, England (a place he refers to as a "brain laundry") a microwave implant, so small that it could be put on the point of a hypodermic needle, was settled into one of his teeth while he was sleeping. He has described the device as apparently not unlike a radio except that it bypasses the ear; its effects appear in the thought-processes, and cause emotional distress, writer's block (Humes has not been able to work on his literary projects without becoming ill), anger, and mental distraction. He became what the French call "*télé-guidé.*" Humes would wonder why he suddenly got on a bus to a small village outside Rome, say, with no conscious idea of why he had determined to go there.

On December 26th, 1969, (he is very exact about the date) while walking across the Princeton campus Humes discovered one of his implants (he believes a number of them were inserted) affixed to a piece of chewing-gum in a microscopic-sized oval of what looked like pink dental gum. He also found a whisker of tungsten and some additional miniaturized

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mechanical devices.

It is natural enough to discuss all of this with Humes, or at least ask him questions.

"Well, now, Doc, can a dentist take a look at your teeth and discover an implant there and remove it?"

"Of course," Humes told the Editor. "That is if you've got an honest dentist. . . one who's not part of the Organization, not one of *them.*"

Who are *they,* one wants to know.

Humes describes them as "a whole bunch of people left over from World War II—international nationalists who for thirty years have been trying to keep nations at each other's throats."

Has he ever seen *them?*

Oh yes. Once he had driven by Mansion House in London and seen their big cars, among them Gulbenkian's Rolls-Royce, parked outside in rows with the chauffeurs standing by the long front hoods.

These people are up to "mischief"—a favorite word of Humes—and he feels that his own function in life is to discern manifestations of "global mischief" and to inform those authorities who are not in cahoots with *them* and their various secret services what is going on. He subjects his friends, invariably by telephone, to constant calls to alarum. He can be very convincing. One of his friends said, "As I listened to him my stomach was in a knot. I kept remembering Gore Vidal's wry description of a paranoid as someone who knows *all the facts.*"

What is particularly fascinating about the phenomenon of Humes's plug-in to international shenanigans is that he has an ally—a black monitoring box circling the earth. According to Humes, it was put up by a group of M.I.T. engineers shortly after the nuclear infestations started after World War II. Apparently, the scientists felt that humankind had to be watched by a kind of detection device to warn the populace of excesses and what the U.S. Constitution refers to as "public danger." Thus the black box is a variety of doomsday clock. It

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even has a name—Fido—and has been described by Humes as a complex set of computers which have the "characteristics of a St. Bernard's dog and the tactical inventory of Lassie." However, the box is not straightforward; it does not broadcast simple warnings that anyone can hear, but instead produces a number of signs or portents which must be interpreted. Humes sees himself as a self-appointed watchman, a kind of cosmic tea-leaf reader. Cloud formations, electrical failures, hailstorms in summer, water shortages, gypsy moth infestations, train derailments, huge starling flocks, the Red Tide off Newport. . . any phenomena of this sort are cosmic messages manifested by the black box (invariably signalling "mischief") and which are "sent down" for Humes to interpret. One summer he spent aloft on a room high in New York's Essex House reading portents in the cloud formations drifting over Manhattan. He would then call his friends to explain to them why they should reach their congressmen or senators and convince them to convene so that he, Humes, could explain to these men of consequence and power what was happening. His monologues are long, non-stop, brilliant, and larded with the aside "Dig?" the Beat Generation equivalent of the now ubiquitous "y'know." A favorite receiver of these calls was the Editor, whose father had been Ambassador to the United Nations with Adlai Stevenson and who Humes believed—even after he had long left the position—was capable of convening the General Assembly so Humes could address *its* members. "Dig?"

Sometimes, Humes takes matters into his own hands. On one occasion, he told friends. with a terrible war imminent (according to the black box), he sat down in a chair in the middle of his room and acted as an intermediary between the C.I.A. and the K.G.B., both of whose organizations had bugged his room. Humes talked to both sides, swiveling his head and speaking into the respective hidden microphones, for over an hour, until he was able to persuade the upper echelons to come to their senses; the cataclysm was averted.

Humes from his earliest days with the *Review* had never

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been one to hold conventional views. A great touter of *cannabis* (marijuana), he believes that heroin addicts can be detoxified by the ingestion of *cannabis* combined with deep massage techniques he has invented. Apparently the massages are terrific. When he was in the correction facility at Billerica he practiced on both wardens and prisoners, who were grateful and quite sorry to see him leave. He continues to give massages. In a street-front window facing Central Square in Cambridge, he and his young "interns" (he has a number of disciples who hang on every word) give free massages; passers-by can look in the big plate window and see a beneficiary sitting in a straight-backed chair, his coat off, eyes half-shut, a contented smile, being worked on.

Always, there were actions that still suited Matthiessen's description of him in Paris so long ago—"appealing, aggressive, warm-hearted..." In 1978 he turned up at James Jones's funeral in Bridgehampton, Long Island, with an enormous boulder in the back of his car. He had seen the boulder in a field near the Finger Lakes. He had never met James Jones, but something about the great rock made him feel that it would be an appropriate tribute. He was on the trip alone, but when he got to the Jones's house, it took three men to get the boulder out of the back of his car while he stood by—as would be the case—and gave directions. Those watching shook their heads thinking of the labor and effort for one man to pry the rock out of the ground and get it *into* the car. It sits on the Jones's lawn to this day.

The Editor's apartment on East 72nd Street in the walk-up overlooking the river had a lot of activity. The food the Editor served was bland—invariably Dinty Moore's Beef Stew and Uncle Ben's Minute Rice, each in their separate wooden bowls, with loaves of French bread on the side to dip in the gravy. Perhaps the guests got tired of it. In the early 70s the habits changed and the procedure was to meet and spend the

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evening in restaurants ("Let's get together up at the Large Lady's"). Maggie Paley, who was a charming and valued associate on the magazine remembers those times before that happened:

When the *Paris Review* was ten years old, Plimpton ran it out of his New York apartment. On the walls of his bathrooms were photographs of the young Americans having fun in Paris with whom he'd started the magazine. Most of them were in New York now, having some literary success. Their names continued to appear on the masthead and they were known as the "Paris Review crowd." The fun had not stopped.

In New York Plimpton was well-known for giving parties. At the first of his parties I went to, Jacqueline Kennedy, then the First Lady, was there, and Gay Talese was taking notes for an article on the *Paris Review* crowd that would appear in *Esquire.*

Talese's article was called "Looking for Hemingway." It described the romance of the typewriter and the male idea of the writer as war hero. Accompanying the article was an *Esquire* chart of the New York Literary Establishment. The *Paris Review* was in the "hot center." Plimpton's apartment, in a crowd, was as hot as you wanted to get.

The purpose of the *Paris Review* was to give writers of quality a place to publish. At his parties Plimpton extended this function by introducing writers to agents, editors, other writers, good ideas, and beautiful women. He was the most relaxed of hosts. Parties usually started at six and after a few hours he'd serve some Dinty Moore's Beef Stew and a brie cheese. Clean, square-cut Gordon's gin bottles were lined up at the bar. Intense literary flirting went on. In the crowd everyone felt at home. They put their cigarettes out in cups, plates, and scissors-holders and forgot their scarves and sweaters. Sometimes, late, a couple would sneak off to the bedroom, to thrash on the bed amid the remaining coats. Plimpton considered these assemblies a business activity.

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I wanted to work with him. At the time I had an editor's instincts. I wrote, but not for publication, and admired writers who took themselves seriously. I thought it would be a privilege to help them. I began reading unsolicited manuscripts. They were mailed to me in bundles from the Flushing office and were on the whole unpublishable, though I read them through to the end to see how the writers worked out their plots. I yearned in vain to discover a star. Plimpton got those few stories I thought he might enjoy. He was often out of town on writing assignments and always months behind in his reading. One summer he edited the magazine from the Detroit Lions' training camp.

Fiction had to be "right" for the *Paris Review,* and in the end that meant something Plimpton liked well enough to publish. Though the magazine had no subject except good writing, he paid attention to anything about expatriates in Paris. Paris in the fifties, bohemian poets in cafés, love and literature on Left Bank afternoons, jazz at night—I hadn't been there but it was easy to feel nostalgia for all this. I bought Django Reinhardt albums for Plimpton's apartment and we'd listen to them in the office, having the first drink of the evening.

Maybe once or twice a week I worked in his living room. Empty, it was huge, with old, polished floors, comfortable couches and four windows facing the East River. His ashtrays were trophies from club racquet sports tournaments, in which he always seemed to place second.

When he wasn't on the phone or typing in his office, Plimpton spent time watching the boats go by, and the traffic jams on FDR Drive. I used to wonder why—did the sight of others moving slowly, and having trouble getting where they were going, clear his head? Sometimes he played on the piano long, melancholy pieces that sounded like the tide rippling in and out. He'd composed these himself, in the manner of Debussy. I listened closely. I wanted to be him.

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Another view of the activities at 541 has been supplied by Elaine Dundy, the former wife of Kenneth Tynan, the critic, and herself a novelist *(The Dud Avocado)* and essayist:

Norman Mailer tells me that what he most recalls about the *Paris Review* parties in the fifties and sixties was their charged atmosphere. "All those writers," he says, "myself included—walking rigidly through that packed room towards the drinks, our heads erect, only our eyes swiveling sideways to identify the enemy."

Twenty years ago Stephen Spender, comparing the English Literary Scene with the American one, wrote that the former resembled a cozy conspiracy while the latter a battleground or brothel. Clearly he had done his research at the fortnightly literary salon held in the *Paris Review*'s offices on 72nd Street which was also the apartment of host George A. Plimpton. For over a decade it was the only Quality Lit game in town.

I, too, remember those parties filled with their dangerous, challenging, sometimes near-fatal mixture of novelists, critics, editors, and publishers stewing together in the pressure-cooker of that long narrow room. And I remember the thrill of fear with which one realized that once across the threshold the only exit offered seemed to be the icy East River darkly flowing outside the windows.

However frightened, no one seriously engaged in the literary scene dreamt of missing these regular confrontations and no one dared come unarmed. Norman Mailer brought his seconds, his boxing chums. Terry Southern brought his fellow hipsters, Boris, Kooky, and Shadow. Bill Styron brought his charming wife, Rose. And Jimmy Baldwin brought the fire next time. I, myself, wore several suits of armor. Sometimes I came as a wife, sometimes as an adventuress. I never came as a novelist, except as an amateur one, deflecting the foe with assurances that my first novel was a fluke; for what was immediately apparent in those days was the lack of serious literary ladies. The women there, highly decorative for the most part, were strictly utilitarian: wives, mistresses, girl-

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friends past and girlfriends possible. In all the years I attended these soirées I never once came across Mary McCarthy, Carson McCullers, Eudora Welty, Flannery O'Connor, Katherine Anne Porter or even Lillian Hellman.

Only now recollecting in tranquility these discordant gatherings do I realize what was taking place was not merely a series of black comedies or shell games. What emerges for me now is something ineffably poignant. Beneath the surface squabbling, sniping, and stalking, the antagonism went deep and it was real. It was an antagonism based on warring philosophies. Each of the young men there—the writers, poets, editors, and publishers—genuinely stood *for* something... which meant each was against something else.

Hip, Beat and Square were philosophical concepts that translated themselves into literary styles. The poets Ginsberg, Orlovsky and Ferlinghetti were, of course, Beat. Mailer at that time was so obsessed with Hip that in *Advertisements for Myself* he ran a list, pages long, of things he considered hip with their dreaded square equivalents: "nuance," for instance, was hip and "fact" square. Styron's novel *Set This House on Fire* hadn't gone past the fifth page before the "I" of the story was stalwartly declaring himself a Square. Southern's philosophy was that of the arch-prankster-intriguer: the gadfly in the Venetian manner of Mosca or Iago.

By word and deed guests expressed themselves with unrestrained freedom. Often the words were very funny. I remember Mailer attacking a rival as "White, Protestant and wrong," and Southern informing a startled middle-aged wife in a hat that "There are more things in heaven and earth, Mrs. Sprague, than are *dreamt* of in your philosophy." Mike Nichols reported the following exchange upon being introduced to a Hipsteress:

Nichols: "How do you do?"

Hipsteress: "I thought you'd be cleverer than that."

Clashes were not only verbal but, at a fair rate, physical. Sometimes they involved animate objects, sometimes inanimate. It was in dealing with these skirmishes that George

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Plimpton excelled. Benevolently watching over us all with a sort of awed enthusiasm, our host, with his infinite tolerance of his guests' vagaries and umbrages which could end in fisticuffs, collapsed coffee tables, broken glass, or tears, really made the whole thing go with a stylish swing. One guest, momentarily out of control, who had saved up her money and apologies for a month before confessing to bashing an enormous wall mirror in the room, was quickly absolved by him with a generous "It's all right. It was bound to happen one day." That grateful guest was I.

One of the questions most asked about the *Paris Review* is what goes on in Flushing, which is the address listed on the title page. Out there, in a small room in a house on a tree-lined street, Lillian von Nickern conducts the business affairs of the magazine—seeing to the subscriptions, the billing, and so forth—and she has been doing this since 1953 with a short hiatus in the early sixties. Very few people on the magazine have been out there. On occasion, visiting writers, new in town, go out by a series of subways and buses to Flushing by error, expecting to find a beehive of editorial activity: half-filled coffee pots, perhaps a poet standing on a table reading from his own work, or even better, from the work the visitor himself had submitted the week before. . . the editors sitting around transfixed. . . to find instead the tranquillity of a suburban street, a dog waving his tail from behind the screen door, children calling from the back of the house. Lillian von Nickern offers the writers coffee, sympathizing with them over the arduous travel route to Flushing; after a discussion about the difficulties of the writer in contemporary times, she sends them back to New York.

One of the more ambitious money-raising projects was a succession of "Revels" (appropriately named by Fred Seidel).

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These were fund-raising benefits held in New York, dances mostly, of which the first three were held in the Village Gate in Greenwich Village, one in a vast honeycombed West Side discotheque named the Cheetah, one in an abandoned church amongst a grove of trees on Welfare Island in the East River—this in 1969 before Welfare became Roosevelt and the island was attached to Manhattan by a tramway—and the last one on a decrepit sidewheeler steamer moored at the South Street Seaport. The Revels were memorable affairs, with so much effort spent by staff members that often the fund-raising aspects of the events were forgotten.

What many people remembered about the Revels was the use of mixed-media devices—especially films, which were shown simultaneously on a multitude of screens. These were artfully spliced by Christopher Cerf of the *Review* from reels of 16mm stock purchased at cut-rate out of 42nd Street camera-shop bins—many of them old Pathé newsreels so that the revelers would look up to see on the great screens hung around the halls, or, in the case of the island Revel, set among the trees, a curious variety of image. . . a ping-pong match, a chimpanzee on a bicycle, the slow, writhing collapse of the suspension bridge at Yakima, Washington, a zoot-suit fashion show, a sequence of a monster grasshopper attacking a Quonset hut from a science-fiction film, a Krazy Kat cartoon, a series of rocket failures at Cape Canaveral in which the missiles would bestir themselves briefly and then sit back down on their columns of flame and disappear in gigantic explosions. . . all of these activities going on concurrently and silently, the projector beams criss-crossing, the screens in a constant movement of image. This kind of visual decoration was very much of an innovation then.

The Editor was invariably in charge of the movie projectors. He hurried through the crowds from one to the other. Sometimes he ran the big reels backwards: a rocket would mend itself and sit back down on its column of billowing flame and extinguish it; a ping-pong match lost very little in reverse, and the giant grasshopper, retreating awkwardly from his victims,

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took on a poignant helter-skelter demeanor.

The effort put into the Revels was at once an advantage and a detriment to the success of the affairs: people bought tickets and came, but the expense of making the occasions memorable often cut sharply into the receipts. At the Welfare Island Revel, for example, two rented pianos were placed out in a glade of shade trees. The evening was cool, the weather threatening. Very few discovered the pianos. James Blake, the ex-convict writer who had written an extraordinary prison chronicle for the magazine entitled "The Joint," played one of the pianos at two in the morning. . . a slow barrel-house . . . a few people standing to listen in the light of hurricane lamps hung from the trees, with the great skyline of midtown Manhattan behind them through the leaves, and the faint hum of traffic coming across the water from the East River Drive. A couple of hours later a rain shower swept through and ruined both pianos. Almost all the profits from the Revel were paid to the piano rental company. . . indeed the total realized from that Revel, to which almost a thousand people came, was about fourteen dollars.

What Malcolm Cowley described as unique about the *Paris Review* in the history of literary publications was that it was willing to use commercial devices in promoting itself. He referred to the practice as "enterprise in the service of art." From the magazine's beginnings, portions of the editors' energies were devoted to getting it subscribed to, and distributed as widely as possible. Posters were pasted up on Paris walls by flying squads supplied with paste and brushes; for years the tatters of a *Paris Review* affiche remained affixed to the ceiling of the lavatory in the Café du Dôme. The grandest (and most foolish) of these enterprises was the so-called "Booth" which was introduced at the New York World's Fair in 1964. It stood outside the Pavillion of Paris on the Avenue Harry S. Truman down from the Astral Fountain and the "Vatican" where the *Pièta* was on display. The booth

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INTERVIEWER
What about Ronald Firbank?
WAUGH
I enjoyed him very much when I was young. I can't read him now.
INTERVIEWER
Why?
WAUGH
I think there would be something wrong with an elderly man who could enjoy Firbank.
THE PARIS REVIEW

The Paris Review *Booth on the Avenue Harry S. Truman at the New York World's Fair, 1964 and 1965. Maggie Paley of the* Review *is the girl inside the booth in the foreground.*

A pre-Revel outdoor dinner served in a mist at the southern tip of Welfare Island under the walls of an abandoned mental institution with the New York skyline lighting up at dusk. The figure at right with the E on the baseball cap is Elaine Kaufman, the proprietress of the East Side restaurant which provided the dinner.

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was designed by the magazine art editor, William Pène du Bois—a charming mushroom-like structure with a moveable roof that was winched up along a center flagpole. It was built in Katonah, New York, at no great expense, by a firm of swimming pool specialists. It was occasionally referred to as the "smallest pavillion at the Fair." It was made of wood, only ten by ten. But the booth had great style. There was a metal flagpole at each point of the roof, which was octagonal. The sides of the booth were decorated with blow-ups from pages of the *Paris Review*—both artwork and text—a chunk of Céline, Hemingway, Frost, a line or two from an interview with Evelyn Waugh:

> *Interviewer: What about Ronald Firbank?*
> *Waugh: I enjoyed him very much when I was young. I cannot read him now.*
> *Interviewer: Why?*
> *Waugh: I think there would be something wrong with an elderly man who would enjoy Firbank.*

Passersby would circle the booth, reading it. The salespeople in the booth were as decorative as the booth itself—a series of very young, pretty girls, a few of them French, all of whom were in love with the managing editor of the magazine at the time, Peter Ardery. In the booth they usually worked in pairs. They would arrive early in the morning, crawl on hands and knees into the booth from the little side-panel, crank up the roof and set up the counters for the day's work; at closing time the roof would be cranked down and the girls would emerge like hedgehogs from a burrow onto the Avenue Harry S.Truman. Most people walking by took the structure to be an information booth. On a weekend day, a thick ring of people would cluster around it, the ones in the back rising up on their toes and shouting over the heads of the others to get directions to the "Vatican."

On sale was the *Paris Review* as well as the other literary magazines. It was a brave display—not unlike what is in the window of the Gotham Book Mart on 47th Street, except not

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as dusty. A feather-mop duster was kept in the booth, and sometimes a brisk wind swept down the Avenue Harry S. Truman and riffled the pages of the magazines.

The booth was open for the last five weeks of the Fair's 1964 season—by the end of which time the total gross sales had amounted to $379.70. The best day brought in thirty dollars, the worst—a rainy Tuesday—a few cents more than a dollar.

While a more prudent organization might have foregone the second year of the Fair, the *Paris Review* decided that an intensification of effort might bring better results. The booth was expanded into a complex by adding three bookstalls, modeled after those on the quais along the Seine. Enrique Castro-Cid, the Chilean sculptor, was persuaded to build a four-foot tall weatherproof robot which was to stand in front of the booth and do something to attract attention. No one actually saw what it looked like or indeed what it was programmed to do. There was word that it looked like a giant erect green grasshopper; within was a voice box which was to produce a sound or a sentence to alarm passersby and make them stare at it—at which point the grasshopper would wave an antenna-like arm at the booth. This was conjecture, because Castro-Cid became entranced with the sculpture and as it slowly took form in his studio he decided not to risk it on the Avenue Harry S. Truman.

Nonetheless, in its second year of operation things went much more briskly. The booth sold French magazines, such as *Elle,* records, books, little French flags on black wooden stands, French cigarettes, posters, Charles de Gaulle face-masks, tinny Eiffel Towers and Statues of Liberty, some fitted out with red light bulbs, just a tremendous glut of doodads and gimmickry. And in there somewhere, just a pie-slice of them now on the counter, were the literary magazines—*Hudson, Sewanee, Partisan,* the less-known affairs of the heart, and the *Paris Review,* along with *Paris Review* T-shirts and sweat shirts. The big sellers were shopping bags and French cigarettes. One of the booth girls thought that the de Gaulle face-masks might catch on. So she wore one. What

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a sight it was to approach along the Avenue Harry S. Truman and see a Charles de Gaulle (sometimes a pair of them if she had a friend working with her) peering out of the shadows of the booth! One day she saw someone coming down the avenue whom she recognized as a close relative—an aunt maybe, or a cousin. She had the option of calling out through the mouth of the de Gaulle mask, "Hi, Aunt Genevieve," or whomever. But she didn't. She just let that person cruise on by—past that strange little complex with all those crazy things for sale.

After the Fair closed, the booth was moved to a small promontory on a duck pond in Bedford Village, New York, onto the property of Joseph Fox and his family. Jill Fox, who read manuscripts for the *Review,* wrote of it recently: "Ah, the booth! I imagine it is now crouched low in wild undergrowth ignored by man—a haven for small rodents and bees. There was a time—for years—that we raised the roof and the flag each spring and lowered them in the fall. The ropes and pulleys got cranky and frayed over a few seasons and harder to deal with until (to the children's delight) the roof was left down permanently. The boys had used it right along as a meeting and storage place. I entered it for the last time (on hands and knees, of course) and was so startled by the arsenal of home-made weapons, porno, maps, and cigarette butts that I decided a change was necessary and moved us all to N.Y.C. where things got considerably worse."

In 1975 Bernard F. Conners became the publisher of the *Review.* He succeeded Sadruddin Aga Khan, who had become immersed in his duties as the U.N. High Commissioner for Refugees.

The Editor had known Conners since their military days in Italy. When Conners left the Army, he joined the F.B.I. He spent nine years in that organization, involved in cases ranging from espionage (the Rudolph Abel affair), kidnap-

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ping (the La Rossa case) and the Victor Reisel blinding incident. He was the first F.B.I. agent to be sent on board an airplane to look for a bomb. "That was in the mid-fifties when that sort of extortion was unknown: there were no known procedures," he once told the Editor. "We hardly knew what a bomb looked like."

He left the F.B.I. to become an assistant to the president of Canada Dry. Touring the country to learn the bottling business, he became the director of merchandising and then, branching out on his own, he began acquiring bottling properties whose advertisements started appearing in the pages of the *Paris Review* when he became its publisher.

His interest in the magazine came coincidentally with a novel he wrote about the F.B.I.—*Don't Embarrass The Bureau* it was titled. It was in the course of discussing the book with the Editor, and asking his advice, that Conners heard about the *Paris Review* with its never-ceasing financial problems and that it was lacking a publisher. He wondered aloud if he could help. Naturally, almost before his musings were done, he became its publisher. He could afford to do so. He had made an immense success of his career in soft drink distribution. With his family he lived in a Tudor mansion on a considerable estate in Loudonville, in upstate New York near Albany. He was in the process of building a gatehouse at the entrance of his property—a Tudor-style structure with an arch across the driveway; a spiral staircase led to a bedroom with a library off it, and bay windows to look through and see the sleek tops of the limousines going by underneath. . . certainly the most substantial gatehouse, if not the *only* one, built in the United States in recent decades.

And yet there was little about Conners which suggested the tycoon—no airs whatsoever. His looks had not changed since his army days—trim, a Marine's haircut, a boyish demeanor, and a remarkably self-effacing attitude about himself so that the perquisites of his success—such as a Rolls-Royce Silver Cloud—never really seemed to suit him: he got into the car as if he were hitching a ride.

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Possibly what Conners wished to be was an athlete. Of the *Paris Review* publishers, he was certainly the most athletically gifted. True, Sadruddin Aga Khan was an excellent skier and raced large powerboats in the Mediterranean, but Conners was not only a Golden Gloves champion—a featherweight when he was barely 15 years old, and a light heavyweight when he was 20—but as a football player at St. Lawrence University, he was the leading ground-gainer in the United States, at least for the first eight games which constituted St. Lawrence's entire schedule. He was typically humble about that statistic: "It wan't difficult considering the opposition. Every time I took the ball I immediately found myself in the other team's secondary." Nonetheless on the strength of those statistics, Conners had a tryout with the Chicago Bears. "It was the most ephemeral of experiences," he reported, "just long enough to take a shower."

Up until a few years ago Conners, at an age where most people are content with a round of golf or the Labor Day country-club tennis tournament, continued with his football, playing in the Atlantic Seaboard League for such semi-professional teams as the Hudson Vikings and the Albany Maulers.

"The Maulers? M-a-u . . . ?"

"No, I'm afraid it's the Mallers," Conners said. "For the Albany Mall."

One of the highlights of his tenure as publisher to the *Paris Review* was a large fund-raising party Conners gave at his estate in the spring of 1975. The guests were Loudonville neighbors and friends. Part of the arrangement was that each had to buy a subscription to the magazine. People in evening dress wandered around the grounds, "The *Paris Review*? The *Paris Review?*"

Conners had ordered a green and white striped party-tent, along with a polished, inlaid portable dance-floor. There was an eleven-piece band including one chap who played the English Horn. Galvanized tubs filled with ice and bottles of Mumms champagne stood about in amazing profusion, like trash cans in a state park. "The *Paris Review?* The *Paris*

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Review?'' Just before dusk a stack of parachutists dropped out of an airplane three or four thousand feet above the guests. They trailed orange smoke behind them for a while and then the parachutes billowed open. They landed down the slope. The Conners children ran down to meet them. That wasn't the only aerial activity—not by a long shot. Conners had hired a helicopter to take a party of guests up for ten minutes to look down on what was going on, and perhaps, since that majority of the guests were neighbors, to fly off and look at their own estates from a new perspective. Every ten minutes the *whack-whack-whack* of the copter's blades cut into conversation around the bars. ''The *Paris Review*? The *Paris Review?*'' The Editor put on a small fireworks show when it got dark—about twenty Japanese chrysanthemum shells, the loveliest he could find.

Conners felt the Editor should explain what was going on. The guests should be addressed with a justification, a speech. He led the Editor up to the third floor of the mansion and showed him through a window out onto a small porch that looked down on the lawn below and the guests milling about in the darkness. ''Tell them what's what,'' Conners said, and he disappeared to get the waiters below to scatter across the grounds and announce that the guests would have a chance to discover why they were there.

Eventually they were gathered. They stood with their glasses of champagne, looking up, their faces pale in the soft evening light. The Editor spotted the parachutists in a group at the edge of the lawn. He wondered what to say. He stood with his hands on the stone of the balustrade like a dictator. The scene was very theatrical. The Editor was tempted to call down:

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,

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Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrumps, that rejoice...

But he resisted. "The *Paris Review,*" he shouted, "is a small literary magazine..." hardly believing the circumstances of his saying this line as the dinner-jacketed crowd shifted uneasily below.

Since everyone who came to the party had to subscribe to the *Paris Review,* for a while the magazine had over 200 subscribers from Loudonville—probably the heaviest per capita density of subscribers to a magazine in the country, including the *Reader's Digest.* The monopoly did not last long. No one seemed to resubscribe when the subscriptions ran out. Now there is only one subscriber in Loudonville—Bernard F. Conners.

The magazine tried very hard to ease the publisher's financial obligations by initiating projects to raise money on its own. One of these was a poster program underwritten by Drue Heinz and directed by Jane Wilson. Wilson (herself an artist of considerable note) asked a number of her peers to produce posters promoting the magazine in an edition limited to two or three hundred, signed by the artist, and with the proceeds to benefit the *Paris Review.* A large number of artists—very likely out of affection for Jane, but also, perhaps, out of respect for the publication, became involved in the project—among them Richard Lindner, Robert Motherwell, Ellsworth Kelly, Louise Nevelson, Ernest Trova, Saul Steinberg, James Rosenquist, Robert Rauschenberg, Marisol, Jack Youngerman, Roy Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenburg, Willem de Kooning, and Andy Warhol.

Warhol's poster was a blow-up of a bill to the *Paris Review* for two bottles of vodka from an East Side liquor store. At that stage of his career Warhol was producing varied objects such as the helium-filled silver pillows which drifted eerily around

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his art studio, the so-called Factory. He did not involve himself directly in his art. It was manufactured by his apprentices. He further removed himself from the traditional behavior of the artist by refusing to sign what was being produced. His "works" were signed by a rubber stamp with his name on it, invariably stamped on the piece of art by one of his minions. When he agreed to do a poster for the *Paris Review* he wanted an artifact associated with the magazine which would be reproduced and then stamped. What did the *Review* have that might be appropriate?

The Editor suggested a subpoena from the law firm of Greenbaum, Wolff, and Ernst which had been served on the magazine for the non-payment of a bill. The document was quite fancy. It had been elicited because a member of that firm, Harriet Pilpel, a distinguished lawyer known for her large hats, had been hired by the magazine to look into the possibility of achieving tax-deductible status. After a day in Washington Mrs. Pilpel determined that the magazine, being by definition a profit-making concern, was not eligible. The Editor was informed of this by telephone, and duly a large bill arrived by mail. The amount was so large that the Editor felt that there should be concrete evidence that some work had been done. Since the amount of the bill was equivalent to what a first novelist would get as an advance from a publishing house in those days, the Editor asked Greenbaum, Wolff, and Ernst to supply a report consisting of a substantial number of pages—he specified at least one hundred—on Mrs. Pilpel's trip to Washington. She could flesh it out if she wished with a description of the train ride and some observations on the weather. The text could even be triple-spaced. But the Editor wanted something he could *heft* to show for the money spent.

The law firm was not amused. It demurred and after a while the subpoena arrived. It was this document that the Editor thought Andy Warhol could use for his poster. The print type was large and ornate; it was something of an historical document as well, since law firms, especially prestig-

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ious ones, almost never go to court to collect their fees... much less from itinerant literary magazines.

But Warhol preferred the liquor bill.

"Oh, it has...er...um...it's nice..."

"You don't like the subpoena?"

"Well, oh...um...it's nice too...but...um..."

So the liquor bill for the two bottles of vodka was enlarged to poster size and printed. Warhol was very upset at the finished product. Apparently, he wanted his poster to remain the same size as the original liquor bill. He had not instructed that it was to be enlarged.

"But Andy, do you mean to say that you wanted the poster to be four by six *inches?*"

"Ah...ah...ah...um."

The Editor pointed out that the sales potential for such a miniscule poster would be marginal. No one would ever *guess* that it was a poster. Besides, his signature stamp was too large to fit on the smaller version. If it were stamped on, it would obliterate the bill. No one would be able to figure out that it was a Warhol work.

"Oh...ah...ah...oh!"

So he finally agreed on the poster-sized liquor bills stamped with his signature. The liquor store had one framed and it hung in the window for a year.

Tlooth was the curious name of a brilliant and rather difficult novel by Harry Mathews. *Tlooth* (parts of it appeared in the magazine) was the first novel published by the Paris Review Editions, a book-publishing offshoot affiliated with Doubleday and Company for three years...publishing books which included two—by Joy Williams and Louis Zukofsky—which were nominated for National Book Awards. Not untypical of the *Review*'s tradition of commercial enterprise in the service of art was the magazine's attempt to promote *Tlooth* by having its odd title skywritten over the Greater New

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York area. The skywriting people said that for $350 the title could be written 1500 feet up over three locations—Far Rockaway, Yankee Stadium, and Jones Beach. The notion seemed irresistible—those mammoth, mysterious letters drifting in the sky.

"If the wind's down, those letters'll stay up there for a half-hour," the man at the skywriting offices at the Flushing airport said. "You'll get a visibility of three maybe four million people spotting that word. What does it mean?" he asked. "Some kind of brand name, uh, for toothpaste, maybe?"

"Well, that's not quite..."

"It's not Czech for fuck or anything like that?" the man asked.

He need not have worried. The Doubleday promotion people did not think highly of the idea. It seemed an extravagance. They doubted that potential readers of *Tlooth* were to be found sunning themselves on Jones Beach, or in the bleachers of Yankee Stadium. The idea was tacky—like stenciling a book title on the pavement. Predictably, a small ad appeared in the *New York Times Book Review.* Nor did the promotion department authorize a somewhat less ambitious display...which was to skywrite the letters over the city of Duluth, which was not only cheaper but rhymed.

The third publisher of the magazine was a young record producer, Ron Dante. He lived down the street from the New York office of the magazine. He liked to say that he won the magazine from the Editor in a pool game, which is a fine story (and accurate as an assessment of the Editor's ability at pool compared to Dante's) but unlikely, since the magazine was not the Editor's to lose. Besides, the *Paris Review* as legal tender was hardly an attractive example of gambling booty, at least not if its never-ceasing financial obligations went along with it. More likely, Dante noticed on his occasional visits to the office, and when he played pool with the Editor, that

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faces were long at the end of 72nd Street, and that this was because of financial strain. He said at one point that he was in a position to do something about it.

Dante's background, which was out of the pop music field, was far removed from either of his predecessors. Blessed with a clear and adaptable singing voice, Dante's first musical recording triumph was a "ghost group" in which he sang all twelve voices from bass to falsetto on a single record entitled, "Sugar Sugar." The record, which was produced in 1969, and supposedly performed by a "group" known as the Archies, sold an astonishing 10 million copies around the world.

Dante made a specialty of this unique method of producing records: he did all the voices of a "group" called the Cufflinks. Because of his exceptional range he was able to make this "group" sound (as he has said) "like a real gang."

His solo voice, especially in its higher range, became a staple in television's singing commercials—for Pepsi-Cola ("you've got a lot to live!"), American Airlines ("doing what we do best!"), Lifesavers ("Lifesavers...part of living!") and Budweiser ("when you say Budweiser...you've said it all"), among others. "People could not turn on television without being assailed by my voice, but they never saw my face," Dante once said. "That was good, because no one could ever guess that all those voices were one and the same."

In the early 70's, while recording a Doctor Pepper commercial, Dante met the Pinnochio-faced pop-composer and pianist, Barry Manilow, who was then working as an accompanist and arranger for Bette Midler. By then a record producer, Dante suggested that the two form a partnership. Their first success was a Manilow song entitled "Mandy." Every year since that record's appearance in 1975, Manilow-Dante albums and singles have been on the annual best-selling charts.

In recent years Dante has branched out as a producer in other fields—with particular success in the theater world: two plays with which he was involved (*Children of a Lesser God* and *Ain't Misbehavin'*) won Tony Awards. In 1978 he

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Bernard F. Conners, Publisher (1976-78)

Ron Dante, who became the publisher of the magazine in 1978.

A reunion of Paris Review *associates in November, 1976, in the Editor's apartment. From left to right in back row: William Styron, Drue Heinz, Thomas H. Guinzburg, Peter Matthiessen, John Phillips Marquand, Jr., Blair Fuller, and Robert B. Silvers. In the front row are Maxine Groffsky, GAP, Donald Hall, Patsy Southgate, and Rose Styron. In the immediate foreground is Mr. Puss. (Photo: Jill Krementz)*

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succeeded Bernard F. Conners as publisher of the *Paris Review*. He does not wish to preside over its demise. "The last organization I was involved with which went down the drain," Dante remarked at an early meeting, "was appropriately enough a singing group called The Detergents. The swan song was a dreadful tune named 'Leader of the Laundromat.' But that was so long ago I can barely remember."

One of the curious aspects about the magazine, especially as time goes on, has been the feeling of support given it by those no longer actively involved. When he came through Paris in the early seventies William Styron would drop in the little office on the Rue Vernet. Maxine Groffsky remembered that he would always ask with great concern, "Maxine, how are we doing on subscriptions?"

"I'd look at him in surprise," she recalled. "We had all of 213 subscriptions in Europe. I'd say, 'You must be kidding, Bill.' But he *did* care. People who had been associated with the *Review* came to the office as if they were on a pilgrimage. They sat around. They wanted to know if everything was O.K. They cared. They had a wistful and nice nostalgic feeling about it."

Apparently, friends, as well as the writers and editors had a proprietary feeling about the magazine and the people who worked on it. Jacqueline Onassis wrote a note about the 25th Anniversary: "A 25th Anniversary issue of the *Paris Review*? That cannot be. It and you belong to the time when everything was beginning.

"The *Paris Review* weaves in and out of my Paris memories. All the most brilliant and romantic young men were involved with the magazine and all the girls were vivid. We were discovering a city, discovering Europe, literature and art *sur place* —slight expatriates all, determined that our lives would not be mundane.

"There was a certain amount of running off to Pamplona

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and talk of the Black Sun Press!

"I remember sitting with you in an airless hole of a night club on the Boulevard Raspail when I was a Junior Year Abroad student. You, rather pale in a black turtleneck sweater, told me how the blue notes of saxophones through smoke-filled haze ushered in the dawns for you, and how you would walk the gray Paris streets in the first light back to a strange bed. Your evenings sounded exotic to one who was spending hers swaddled in sweaters and woolen stockings, doing homework in graph-paper cahiers.

"Later you told me that when you established the Aga Khan Prize for fiction, with a donation from the Aga, he had sent in his own story to compete for the prize. I think you should publish his contribution in your 25th (or 50th) Anniversary issue.

"Every time I open a *Paris Review*, I pause at William Pène du Bois' drawing of the Place de la Concorde. You can feel his delight in every element translated into every line. That drawing represents the way I felt about Paris.

"Now there are students running off to Paris to be like you. Congratulations, dear George."

Many of the people in the background of the *Paris Review* sent messages upon news of the 25th anniversary of the magazine.One of them was Archibald MacLeish who had taught a number of the editors in his English S class when he was the Boylston Professor of Rhetoric at Harvard in the early fifties, and they were undergraduates. Mr. MacLeish wrote as follows: "I would never have believed, left to myself, that a Harvard writing class, meeting on the top floor of Widener in the winter dusk—even a Harvard writing class composed of such as you and Don Hall and Blair Fuller and the rest—would produce what the *Paris Review* has turned out to be. I was as proud of it when it first appeared as if it were my own doing, which, of course, it wasn't, but yours and Peter Matthiessen's and Sadruddin Aga Khan's. And now that it has survived for a quarter of a century and become one of the distinguished

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publications of the time, I find it hard to credit my own recollections of those distant days.

"Oh, English S had a role to play but not through me—through you and those young faces I can still see in the dim light of that one window. I suppose that was why I responded as I did when you asked me for a manuscript page to go with my *The Art of Poetry XVIII* in number 58. What I sent you was not a proper manuscript but an unpublished poem about George Barker's eulogy of Dylan Thomas who had just died —unpublished, as I wrote you, 'because Dylan's death was too great a loss and George Barker's piece was too deeply felt to fool with in a tone like this.' It was called—my poem—*Whistler in the Dark,* and it is still unpublished except for its appearance under somewhat false pretenses, in the *Review.* It would comfort me if you would publish it properly, not as a manuscript but as itself—as a poem—my homage to your magazine and to the others and to you. Thus:

Whistler in the Dark

George Barker, British poet,
wrote a eulogy of Dylan Thomas:
calls him whistler in the dark
and great because the dark is getting darker.

Is it? Was the dark not always darker?
Have we not always had these silver whistlers?
Listen! . . .
That's Chaucer like a bobolink.

I think it's not the darkness growing darker
makes for whistling well. I think
it's knowing how to whistle.
Listen!
That's Dylan trilling like a lark.

Obviously one cannot do more than suggest the history of an enterprise such as the *Paris Review* with sketches of this

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sort. There is not enough here about the contributions of Thomas H. Guinzburg who set up the New York business end of things in 1953; or of Molly McKaughan, an attractive and energetic Smith graduate who ran the office in the mid-seventies and was responsible for arranging the magazine's operations in the U.S. when everything was pulled back from France and the bills were finally paid in Nijmegen; there should be something about the horse, Paris Review (by Noholme II out of Pride of Paris) which won the Prince of Wales Stakes at York in 1974 and not much subsequently, and is now standing peacefully at stud in Australia; any mention of Australia should bring to mind Vali, the orange-haired gypsy-girl from that continent with the blue jeans and the worn red ballet slippers who danced at L'Escale under the fishnet ceiling; and what about the softball games in the long grass at the country-places outside of Paris on the weekends, or the weekends at Haar-Zuylen where Gaby and Teddy invited those who had been to Nijmegen to the castle whose great hall had a carriage in it as a piece of furniture. There should be a description of Philip Roth receiving the Aga Khan Fiction prize at a rather formal ceremony in Paris and his unease upon being asked by Prince Aly Khan, who had not read the story, to describe the plot before the assemblage... which was difficult to do gracefully since the story ("Epstein") concerned the woes of a retired Jewish paper-bag manufacturer who thinks he has come down with a venereal disease. Perhaps there should be a description or two of the dramas, the Great Gestures—the time Gregory Corso put a huge revolver to his head in front of the Café des Deux Magots and said he was going to pull the trigger because he was "disappointed" in France and the French (how Max Steele would have applauded, eh, Max?) and how the French police took him away and then released him almost instantly. The French police understood about the Great Gesture. They took away his pistol, but he returned to drink with the very patrons at the Deux Magots he had intended to jolt out of their chairs. There were others who tried—Christopher, for unrequited

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love, who travelled down to Barcelona planning to emulate Samuel Beckett's story "The End" by rowing out of sight of the detested shore and pulling the bailing plugs in the bottom of the dinghy to settle into the sea, but it was winter, and boats were not available for hire, and he didn't have enough money to buy even the most decrepit, so that Alex Trocchi, who had found where he was going, discovered him sitting mournfully on the beach with a tin of poison with not enough left of his funds to buy a can opener to go along with it: out on the beach he had tapped at it speculatively with a little stone. When the two returned, the writers working at the little tables out on the sidewalk in front of the Café de Tournon began to add the obligatory "Barcelona" scene into their manuscripts. There were others who succeeded where Christopher had failed. Oskar Dominguez was one, the Surrealist painter from the Canary Islands who went everywhere with Marie Laure de Noailles, majestically ugly (he'd had elephantiasis apparently) and possessed of a brutal handshake that one was warned about in the salons (the Editor once heard a sharp whelping cry and looked over to see William Faulkner writhing in his grip) and who cut his wrists and ankles and painted a mural in the blood of his lingering suicide on the walls of his little apartment. The French authorities sealed off the room; talk went around that a Commission was going to inspect the "painting" to determine whether the apartment should be declared an artistic landmark; the Editor subsequently heard that the work was judged *sans importance.* But that could be checked out. There should be more about the city, what Paris was like then. What had John Ashbery said about it?—"Once you have been happy in Paris, you never can be happy anywhere else—not even in Paris." Yes, and how appropriate considering how things were not the same: the Rue Perceval, where the Matthiessens had entertained in their studio with the sunlight dappling the floor through the ivy on the skylight, had vanished in a cluster of modern buildings including a fifty-five story skyscraper called the Antigone

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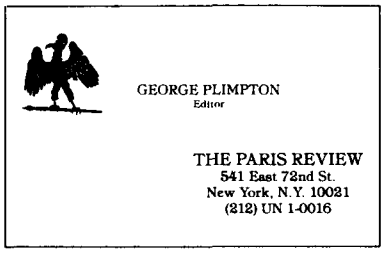
which had a press club in it, a swimming pool, a shopping center, and a hall for public meetings. One could leave that out of the sketches and what had happened to Les Halles. Better to have more about Bob Silvers, or Eddie Morgan, and the James Jones's apartment on the Ile St. Louis with the police dog—Sir Dog he was called—waiting at the top of the stairs and the bar made from a pulpit, and the tall windows looking out on the Seine and the old-model tugboats whose tall smokestacks folded back on great hinges so they could get under the bridges. There is not enough about Fayette Hickox, who is the present managing editor and the master of delicate notes explaining why manuscripts have yet to be judged or might even have gone astray, or about Alex Trocchi escaping across the Canadian border from the drug authorities wearing two of the Editor's suits, one over the other, along with a number of the Editor's shirts and underwear, all "borrowed," so as not to attract attention with a suitcase. There is no room in this issue for all this. It will have to wait —perhaps until the thirtieth anniversary. That would be appropriate enough. But the only guarantee that such an anniversary issue will be printed —especially if in its fashion it arrives three years late—would be if its subscribers and supporters continue to indicate an active interest in those whom Archibald MacLeish calls the "silver whistlers" and in the publications of their work.

That is easy enough. Below is the Editor's calling card —both sides. One side, it will be noted, is a subscription blank. He presses them on family and friends. He leaves them on bus seats and slips them into the occasional open pocket. No harm done. No harm in filling one out.



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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

FICTION

Jerry Bumpus teaches creative writing at San Diego State University. His most recent book of short stories, *Things in Place,* will be followed this year by two more collections, *Special Offer* (Carpenter Press) and *Heroes and Villains* (The Fiction Collective).

Raymond Carver is the author of two books of stories, *Will You Please Be Quiet, Please?* and *Furious Seasons,* and two books of poems, *Winter Insomnia* and *At Night The Salmon Move.* He teaches in the creative writing program at Syracuse University.

William Gass received the National Academy of Arts and Letters Medal for Merit in Fiction in 1979. He is the author of numerous short stories and essays, and two novels, *Omensetter's Luck* and *Wille Master's Lonesome Wife.* "Summer Bees" is from his novel-in-progress, *The Tunnel.* He has been a professor of philosophy at Washington University since 1969.

Terry Southern is the author of *Candy, Blue Movie,* and *Red Dirt Marijuana and Other Tastes.* His screenplays include *Barbarella, Easy Rider* and the screen adaptation of his novel, *The Magic Christian.*

POETRY

John Ashbery was recently appointed art critic of *Newsweek.* He lives in New York and teaches at Brooklyn College. His most recent book is *As We Know* (Viking/Penguin).

Amiri Baraka is a poet, playwright, and political activist. His most recent books include *Selected Poetry* and *Selected Prose and Drama.* A book of his essays, *Daggers and Javelins,* was published this past winter by Garland Publishers.

Michael Benedikt is the author of five collections of poetry, including *The Badminton at Great Barrington; Or, Gustave Mahler and The Chattanooga Choo-Choo,* forthcoming from the University of Pittsburgh Press (Pitt Series).

Joe Brainard, poet and artist, is currently at work on portraits, self-portraits, and nudes. This winter he did the set for the Joffrey Ballet production of *Post Cards.* His new book, *Nothing to Write Home About,* will come out in Spring 1981. He lives in New York City.

Tom Clark edited poetry for *The Paris Review* from England, New York and California in the years 1963-73. He is the author of 18 volumes of poetry (including *When Things Get Tough On Easy Street: Selected Poems 1963-78*), six non-fiction books including, most recently, *The World of Damon Runyon* and *The Great Naropa Poetry Wars,* and a novel, *Who Is Sylvia?.* He lives in Colorado.

Robert Creeley is the Gray Professor of Poetry at S.U.N.Y./Buffalo. He lives three-quarters of the year in Placitas, New Mexico. His books include *Le Fou, Words, A Day Book, Presences: A Text for Marisol,* and *Away.*

Donald Davie is the Andrew W. Mellon Professor of the Humanities at Vanderbilt and an Honorary Fellow of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge, and Trinity College, Dublin. His recent book *The Other Church* will be followed this year by a new collection of poems, *In the Stopping Train.*

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James Dickey lives and teaches writing in South Carolina. A limited edition of his poem, *The Zodiac* (Doubleday), was published this past November. He is working on a novel due for publication in late 1981 or early 1982.

Kenward Elmslie in 1980 produced: a collection of poems, *Moving Right Along* (Z Press), a comedy entitled *City Junket,* produced off-Broadway by the Eye & Ear Theatre; and *Rare Meat* (Watershed Intermedia), a cassette retrospective of his songs and performance poems. Currently, he is woodshedding in Calais, Vermont, completing the book and lyrics of a musical play based on the exploits of Lola Montez.

Elaine Feinstein is an English poet and novelist. She has also translated from the Russian *(Selected Poems of Marina Tsvetaeva).* Her sixth novel, *The Shadow Master,* appeared in 1979.

Allen Grossman is the author of *The Woman on the Bridge over the Chicago River* (New Directions). His earlier books are *A Harlot's Hire, The Recluse* and *And The Dew Lay All Night Upon My Branch.* The poem "Bow Spirit" is from a larger work in progress called *A Little Sleep: The Poems of a Man's Life.*

Thom Gunn was born and educated in England, before moving to the United States in 1954. His most recent books are *Selected Poems* and *Jack Straw's Castle* (both Farrar, Straus, Giroux). He was the recipient of the W.H. Smith Award for Poetry in 1980. He lives in San Francisco.

Donald Hall was the first poetry editor of *The Paris Review.* At present he is at work on the *Oxford Book of Literary Anecdotes.* He lives in Danbury, New Hampshire.

John Hollander was recently elected to the National Institute of Arts and Letters. His most recent book is *Spectral Emanations* (Atheneum).

Richard Howard has recently translated the *Flowers of Evil* into English. It will be the first complete translation of the work to be done by one person; it will be published by Godine.

X.J. Kennedy is a former poetry editor of *The Paris Review.* He has written eight books of verse, including the forthcoming *Did Adam Name the Vinegarron?* (Godine). He lives in Bedford, Massachusetts.

Galway Kinnell received the Award of Merit Medal for Poetry from the American Academy of Arts and Letters in 1975. His *Mortal Acts, Mortal Words* was published by Houghton Mifflin in 1980. He has been the writer-in-residence at many colleges and universities, including the University of Teheran.

Kenneth Koch is a professor of English at Columbia University. He is the co-author with Kate Farrell of *Sleeping on the Wing: An Anthology of Modern Poetry with Essays on Reading and Writing.*

Maxine Kumin received an award from the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters in the Spring of 1980. She will be Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress beginning in January, 1981. She is now completing a collection of short stories for Viking. Her most recent book, *To Make a Prairie,* is a collection of essays in the University of Michigan Press series of poets on poets.

Denise Levertov was elected to the Academy of Arts and Letters in 1980. Her most recent books are the *Collected Earlier Poems 1940-1960* (published

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1979) and *Life in the Forest* (1978); both are published by New Directions. She won the Lenore Marshall Poetry Prize in 1976. When she is not on tour giving poetry readings, she makes her home in Massachusetts.

Philip Levine is the author of *7 Years from Somewhere* and *Ashes* (Atheneum). Working with the young Mexican poet Ernesto Trejo, he has translated and edited *Tarumba: the Selected Poems of Jaime Sabines.* Levine has returned to Fresno State College after serving as poet-in-residence at Vassar and Visiting Professor at U.C. Berkeley. In 1980 he received the National Book Critics Circle Award in Poetry, and recently he read at The White House.

John Logan recently was recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship. He is on leave from State University of New York at Buffalo, where he teaches. He will publish two books in 1981: *Only the Money Can Change the Dream* (Ecco Press) and *The Bride of Change* (Boa Editions).

Christopher Logue lives in London. He was one of the early contributors to *The Paris Review.* His modern versions of Homer are well-known; his new translation of the *Iliad* is forthcoming. At present he is at work on plays in verse.

Robert Mezey teaches at Pomona College and at the Claremont Graduate School. His books include: *The Door Standing Open: Selected Poems 1954-1969, Couplets* (1977) and *Small Song* (1979). His collections, *Poems From the Hebrew,* was named an Outstanding Book of the Year by the *New York Times* in 1973. He was the recipient of a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1979.

Herbert Morris lives and works in Philadelphia. His work has previously appeared in the *Paris Review.*

Howard Moss is the poetry editor of the *New Yorker.* He received the National Book Award for his *Selected Poems* in 1972. Avon Books recently published his anthology, *New York: Poems;* Sheep Meadow Press his *Two Plays: The Folding Green and the Palace at 4 a.m.;* and Atheneum a book of essays and reviews entitled *Critical Conditions.*

Joyce Carol Oates was recently elected to the American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters. Her recent works include *Bellefleur* (Dutton) and *Unholy Loves* (Vanguard). She is a visiting professor at Princeton.

Ron Padgett is the author of *Tulsa Kid* (Z Press) and *Triangles in the Afternoon* (Sun). He directs the Poetry Project at St. Mark's Church in New York, and edits Full Court Press Books.

James Schuyler is the author of *Crystal Lithium* and *Hymn to Life.* He has written two novels, *Alfred and Guinevere* and *What's for Dinner?.* His *The Morning of the Poem* was published by Farrar, Straus, Giroux in 1980.

Anne Sexton died in 1974. She began writing in 1957 at her psychologist's suggestion. Her books include *To Bedlam and Part Way Back, Live or Die,* which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1966, and *Love Poems.* In 1967, she won the Shelley Award for Poetry from the Society of American Poets. Her *Collected Poems* will be published in 1981 by Houghton Mifflin.

David Shapiro was appointed art critic of the *New Yorker* in 1979. His books include *January, Poems from the Dead, A Man Holding an Acoustic Panel, The Page-Turner,* and *Lateness.* He teaches at Columbia University.

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Frederick Seidel is the author of *Final Solutions* (1963) and *Sunrise* (Viking/Penguin, 1980). For the latter book he was awarded the National Book Critics Circle Award and the Lamont Prize. He is collaborating on several screenplays with director Mark Peploe. He lives in New York City.

Louis Simpson's new book of poems, *Caviare at the Funeral,* has just been published by Franklin Watts. A book of his essays, literary criticism, reviews, interviews—titled *A Company of Poets,* is to be published by the University of Michigan Press. He is at the University of Pittsburgh.

William Stafford is the author of *Stories That Could Be True* (Harper & Row, 1977). A collection of his prose pieces about writing, *Writing the Australian Crawl,* came out from the University of Michigan Press in 1978. Recently, he has been writing and traveling to give lectures and readings.

Gerald Stern is a professor at Somerset College in Somerville, N.J. He is currently on a Guggenheim Fellowship. His last book, *Red Coal,* was published in 1980 by Houghton Mifflin, which will publish his new book, *The Rose Warehouse,* in Spring, 1981.

May Swenson is the author of *New & Selected Things Taking Place* published by Little, Brown in 1978, which was a nominee for the National Book Award in Poetry in 1979. In 1980, she was elected a Chancellor of the Academy of American Poets. She has been a Guggenheim Fellow and has taught at Bryn Mawr, the University of North Carolina, the University of California at Riverside, and Purdue.

Charles Tomlinson's most recent books of poetry are *The Shaft,* and *Selected Poems;* a new volume, *The Flood,* is due in Summer, 1981. He has recently published *Some Americans,* autobiographical prose, and *The Oxford Book of Verse in English Translation.* He is a reader in English Poetry at the University of Bristol, an honorary fellow of Queens College, Cambridge, and a fellow of the Royal Society of Literature.

Charles Wright has been a Fulbright professor at Padua and Rome. He lives in Irvine, California. Wesleyan published his last book, *China Trace,* in 1977. He is currently working on a new book tentatively called *Cadmium Blue.*

INTERVIEW

Marina Warner is a British journalist, novelist and biographer. She won the London *Daily Telegraph* award for Young Writer of the Year in 1970. She is the author of *The Dragon Empress* (1972) and *Alone of All Her Sex: The Myth and Cult of the Virgin Mary* (Knopf, 1976). Her most recent study is *Joan of Arc: The Image of Female Heroism,* to be published by Knopf this spring.

ART

Alice Aycock was born in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in 1946, and lives in New York. Her drawings and large-scale sculpture have been included in exhibitions at The Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney Museum of American Art, New York, and the 1980 Venice Biennale; and in one-woman exhibitions at John Weber Gallery, New York.

Carole Caroompas was born in Oregon City, Oregon, in 1946, and lives in Los Angeles. She has had a recent one-woman exhibition of drawing and

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collages at Baum-Silverman Gallery, Los Angeles; and has given readings and performanes at the Los Angeles Institute of Contemporary Art, and LACE, Los Angeles.

David Hockney was born in Bradford, England, in 1937, and currently lives in Los Angeles. His paintings, drawings, photographs, and prints have been exhibited widely, including major one-man exhibitions at the Stedilijk Museum, Amsterdam; The Museum of Modern Art, New York; and the Whitechapel Gallery, London. He has had recent shows at Petersburg Press, and André Emmerich Gallery, New York. Hockney has recently designed sets and costumes for operas presented at the Glyndebourne Festival, England.

Sol Lewitt was born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1928, and lives in New York. His drawings and sculpture have been included in numerous exhibitions, including a major retrospective exhibition at The Museum of Modern Art, New York, in 1978; and a recent one-man exhibition at John Weber Gallery, New York. Lewitt is co-founder of Printed Matter, an organization that publishes and distributes artists' books.

Philip Smith was born in Miami, Florida, in 1952, and lives in New York. His drawings have been exhibited at Artists Space, The Drawing Center, and Brooke Alexander Gallery, New York; his writings on artists are frequently published in *Arts* Magazine.

THE PARIS REVIEW SKETCHBOOK

The authors of the larger contributions to the Sketchbook are listed here in order of appearance. **George Plimpton** is the author (with **Jean Stein**) of a biography of the Warhol superstar, Edie Sedgwick, which will be published by Alfred A. Knopf in early 1982. **John P.C. Train** is the author of the treatise, *Remarkable Names of Real People,* recently published in paperback by Clarkson Potter. **Pati Hill** continues to live in Paris, and at present is engaged in photo-copying Versailles. **Eugene Walter** recently repatriated to Mobile, Alabama from Rome; he is at work on his literary memoirs entitled *My First Hundred Years* from which his sketch of the Café de Tournon is taken. **William Pène du Bois** lives in the south of France; he is collaborating with the poet Mark Strand on a juvenile entitled *The Planet of Lost Things* to be published by Clarkson Potter in 1982. **John Phillips** is author of *Dear Parrot*, published by Clarkson Potter in 1979. **Terry Southern** recently completed a screenplay entitled *Grossing Out*, which is concerned with nuclear armaments. **Blair Fuller** is the author of a novel, *Zebina's Mountain* (Harper & Row, 1975) and a number of other books. **Peter Duchin** is the well-known orchestra leader and composer. **Joan Dillon**, the Duchesse du Mouchy, was until her husband's death, the Princess of Luxembourg. **Irwin Shaw**'s most recent book is *Bread Upon the Waters* (Delacorte, 1980). **Maggie Paley** reviews books for *50 Plus* Magazine and is a freelance writer living in New York. **Elaine Dundy** is the author of a biography of the English actor, Peter Finch, *Finch, Bloody Finch*, published in 1980 by Holt Rinehart Winston. **Archibald MacLeish** had his *Six Plays* published by Houghton Mifflin in 1979; he is currently at work on his autobiography. The photographs by **Otto van Noppan** and **Dominic Beretty** appear through the courtesy of The Willoughby Institute.

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ERRATUM

The article on Edie Sedgwick by Bobby Andersen that appeared in issue #78 lacked an introduction that should have accompanied it. It is reprinted here:

The following excerpt is from a book on the life and times of Edie Sedgwick, who was perhaps the most famous of Andy Warhol's superstars. Coming from a distinguished New England family, she went on to personify the excesses and extravagances of the Sixties. The book, to be published in late 1981 by Alfred A. Knopf, is in the form of a series of monologues of those who knew Edie at that time. This particular section is a monologue taken from an interview (the interviews were conducted by Jean Stein and edited by George Plimpton—the authors of the book) with Bobby Andersen. A young film producer, Robert Margouleff, employed Bobby Andersen to take care of Edie (her room at the Chelsea Hotel had been gutted by fire) during the making of a film entitled Ciao! Manhattan! *Miss Sedgwick starred in the film.*

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   Managing Editor: Fayette Hickox, 525 Hudson Street, New York, N.Y.
   Business Manager: Lillian von Nickern, 45-39 171st Place, Flushing, N.Y.
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Managing Editor

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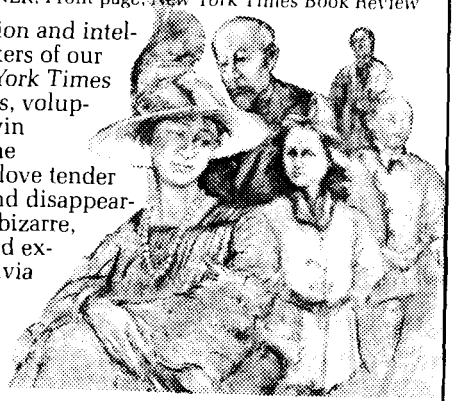

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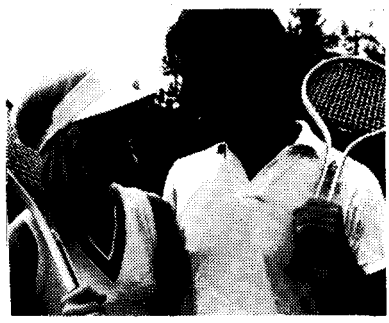

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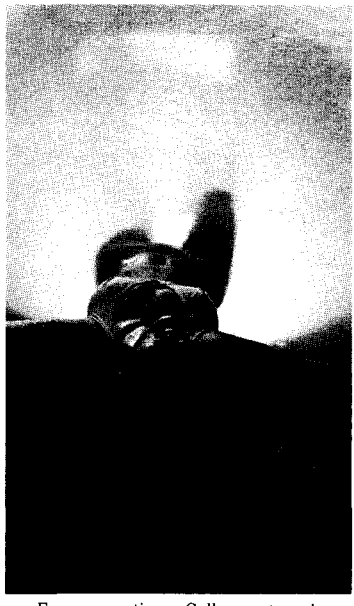

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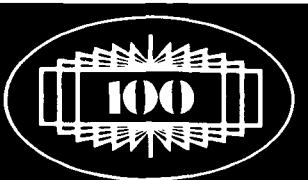

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Vol. 5 No. 3 NOVEMBER 20/DECEMBER 20, 1980 ONE DOLLAR FIFTY

Cornell Double Exposure

By HOWARD HUSSEY

It becomes clear as we ecounter no less than 275 of oseph Cornell's objects that a ew of this calibre would dazzle nyone anywhere. Cornell truly eaks a universal language.

As I came upon Bébé Marie, an mortal friend of Cornell's, who me forward from the magic ests to share her timeless ventures with him. I emembered that she had also en a fine hostess at 3708 Utopia arkway for many, many years. hen the front door was opened Cornell for his guests, Bebe rie was already standing atop blanket chest on the porch to

(Continued on Page 4)

JOSEPH CORNELL - "Untitled [Bébé Marie]," early 1940's, construction, 23 3/8 x 12 5/16 x 5 1/4 inches.

Boucher Reassessed

By ROBERT De NIRO

When I was asked to write *out the current Boucher ex* ition at the Wildenstein Gal- y, my first reaction was to re- that if the subject were tead, Fragonard or Chardin, ould feel more enthusiasm. these latter three artists e inspired my own painting drawing. How little time I've at before the Bouchers' in the *Museum compared to my*

(Continued on Page 4)

NCOIS BOUCHER ame de Pompadour at her ite", 1748, oil on canvas, at enstein, 19 E. 64th St., gh December 19.

German Intuition And Revolt

Expressionists At Guggenheim

By GORDON R. FAIRBURN

There is a vast, deep, yawning crater on this planet which is the German soul, stretching across northern Europe, unbridgeable, unfathomable, unfulfillable. While the lands in the South bordering on the Mediterranean, witnessed the birth of Christianity, its nurturing and its Church's incumbency, Germany provided the setting for the Protestant revolution, the Big Argument, an ongoing rebuttal at the heart of northern culture.

The warmer climate may contribute to the South's spiritual condition of acceptance, which engenders art of classicism, delight, and equanimity, all for art's sake. The North, however, being further from the source and enduring an adverse climate which both frustrates the congregating of men and further

(Continued on Page 5)

ERNST LUDWIG KIRCHNER - "Dance Training (Ballet training)," 1910-11, oil on canvas, 47 x 35 1/4 inches, at Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., Photo: Minneapolis Institute of Arts.

A/W Interviews:

Art Views From Abroad

Abstract Fusion Of Zao Wou-Ki

By NICHOLAS KING

Zao Wou-Ki is one of those well-known painters, exhibited in many American and European museums, who deserves to be known better. A Chinese who has lived most of his adult life in France, he has achieved in most sophisticated form that legendary fusion of oriental and western culture, a fusion on which his paintings and ink wash drawings, now at the Pierre Matisse Gallery, make their eloquent and instructive comments.

Zao is pigeon-holed as an abstract expressionist which will do for the moment since his work is non-figurative in the conventional sense, and since his

(Continued on Page 5)

Moynihan Looks Back And Ahead

By SEAVER LESLIE

Rodrigo Moynihan, R.A. is among the most skillful living English painters and portraitists. The current show of his work at the Robert Miller Gallery through Nov. 22, includes a group of still lifes, some oval shaped, some fonds, some rectangled, but all having, alas, much contrived vacant space. These are not his best pictures. They do not exemplify the best qualities of this painter.

Moynihan's pictures have always looked as if they were painted with ease, but he admitted in a recent interview, "I'm not very gifted in a way. It takes a lot of time and struggle to really develop an idea. I'm seventy and

(Continued on Page 12)

Alice Neel Portraits

By PATRICIA BAILEY

Alice Neel has given many reasons for painting portraits -- she is collecting souls, she has said--but I believe that her work has been a way of diminishing her personal sense of separation from life. Beginning as a

ALICE NEEL, Graham Gallery, 1014 Madison Ave., through December 13.

ERNEST BRIGGS - "White Cloud", 1978 Ofion Canvas, 76 x 52¾ inches, Gruenebaum Gallery, 38 E. 57 St.

sensitive young woman from Philadelphia's Main Line, the bridge she has had to construct to become a modern American artist has given her work a taut, expressionist quality; but it has been built with its eye on her goal of rooting her work not in the ivory tower of the art world but in the fertile soil of real life. In the process it has given her, and us a metaphor for seeing the

(Continued on Page 6)

Sonia Delaunay Effortless Design

By ANNE HOLLANDER

The late Sonia Delaunay nicely suits the present taste in women and in artists. She was a talented woman of great creative energy and an obviously sanguine temper, and she did exactly as she liked all her life. She chiefly liked being an artist, and she managed to be one full time and at full strength for seventy-five *years, without doubts and self-*doubts, and without missing out on anything else -- love, sex,

(Continued on Page 13)

Up From The Fifties

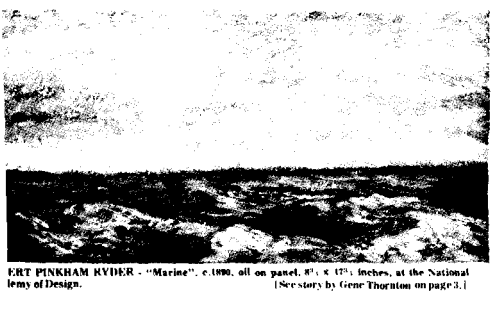
Briggs, Held, Leslie Exhibit

By NIKE HALE

Ernest Briggs exhibits this month at the Gruenebaum Gallery. A painter whose work was known and caught critical *attention from the early days of* the '50's when he first studied with Clyfford Still in California. Briggs has not often shown in recent years in New York. His present work insists on receptive clarity and an abstract ethic of courage and soft compassion. Avoiding redundant debate, he sticks close to his point. He pursues his quest for a relentless image and his respect for the classic elements of art

(Continued on Page 10)

National Academy Brings Out Its Landscapes



ERT PINKHAM RYDER - "Marine", c.1890, oil on panel, 8⅝ x 12⅛ inches, at the National demy of Design.

[See story by Gene Thornton on page 3.]

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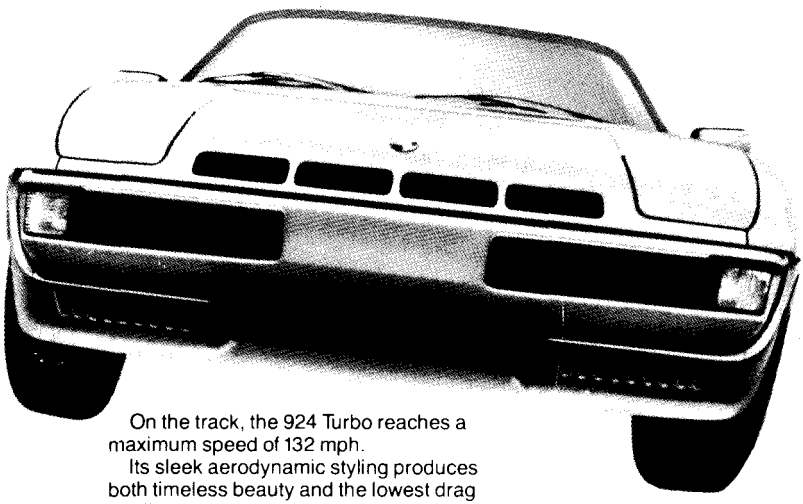

On the track, the 924 Turbo reaches a maximum speed of 132 mph.

Its sleek aerodynamic styling produces both timeless beauty and the lowest drag coefficient of any street Porsche: 0.34.

Its unique Porsche transaxle design results in balanced braking and improved cornering.

Once you test drive it, all comparisons end.

Porsche 924 Turbo

At your local New York, New Jersey & Connecticut Porsche Audi Dealer.

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